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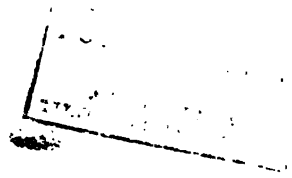

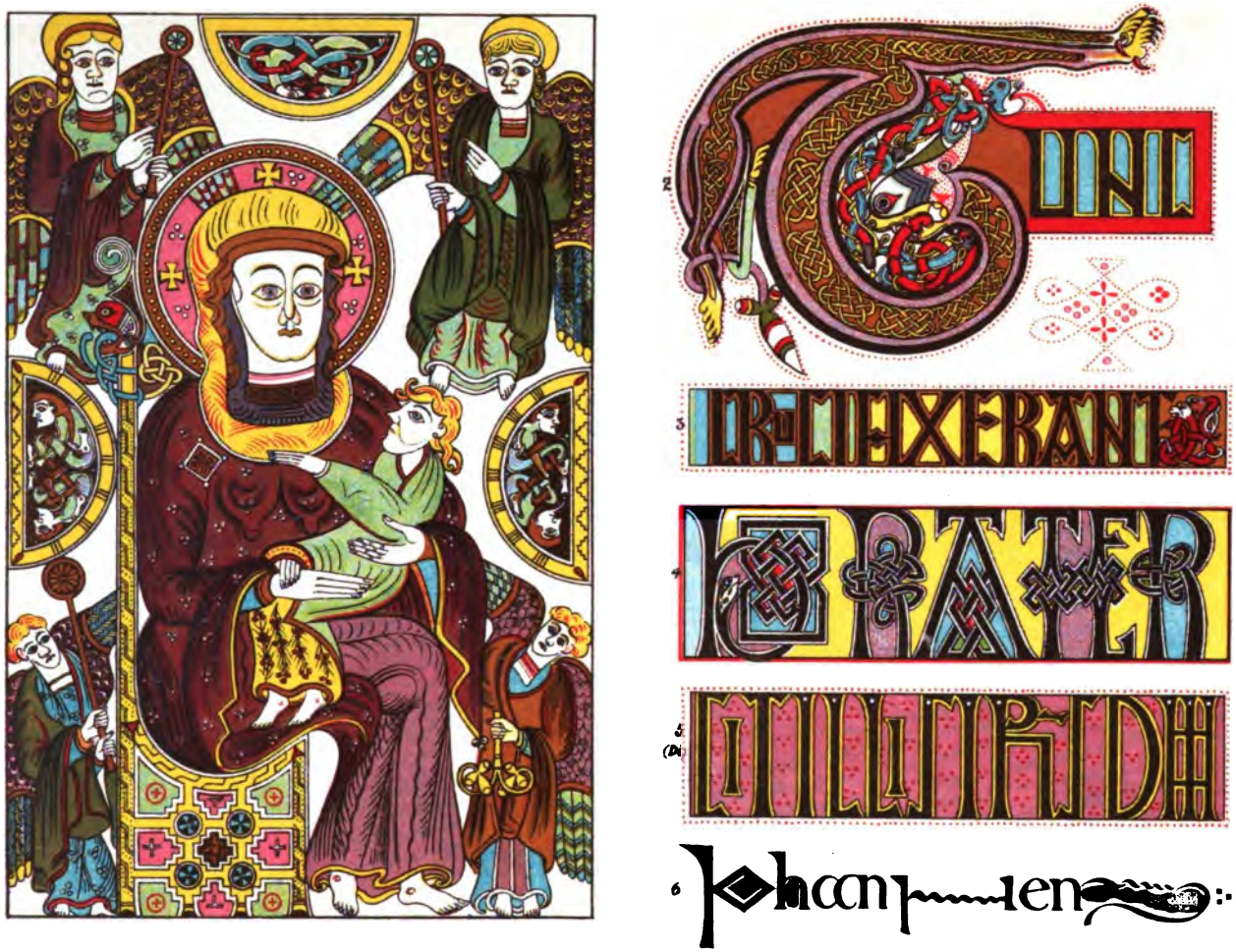

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This copy of the Gospels, traditionally asserted to have belonged to St. Columba, is unquestionably the most elaborately executed MS. of early art now in existence, far excelling the famous Gospels of Lindisfarne in the Cottonian Library.

The Book of Kells.

(Irish. Seventh Century.)

This copy of the gospels, traditionally asserted to have belonged to St. Columba, is unquestionably the most elaborately executed MS. of early art now in existence, far excelling, in the gigantic size of the letters in the frontispiece of the gospel, the ornamental details, the number of decorations, the fineness of the writing, and the endless variety of initial capital letters with which every page is ornamented, the famous gospels of Lindisfarne in the Cottonian Library. The volume consists of 339 leaves of very thick and finely glazed vellum, measuring (although sadly cropped) 13 inches by 9½, a page of text containing sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen lines, the writing occupying 10 inches by 7.

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THE

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A COLLECTION OF THE BEST LITERATURE, ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN,
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

EDITED BY

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KEEPER OF PRINTED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, 1851 TO 1899

LEON VALLÉE
LIBRARIAN AT THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS, SINCE 1871

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Volume Twenty-five

PUBLISHED BY

THE CLARKE COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON
MERRILL & BAKER, NEW YORK EMILE TERQUEM, PARIS
BIBLIOTHEK VERLAG, BERLIN

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME XXV.

		PAGE
Introduction: by Émile Zola		xiii
Mirza-Schaffy, the Wise Man of Gjändsha	*Friedrich von Bodenstedt*	33
The Specter Caravan	*Ferdinand Freiligrath*	39
Coming Home	*Johann L. Runeberg*	41
Godiva	*Alfred Tennyson*	42
Clough's Poems	*Arthur Hugh Clough*	44
The Latest Decalogue		44
The Hymn Unhymned		45
In Whom is no Variableness		45
Come, Poet, Come!		46
Consider it Again		47
Say Not, The Struggle Naught Availeth		47
Roots and Flowers		48
Rome and the Apennines		49
The Unlucky Weathercock	*Maurice Jokai*	51
The Struggle	*Baroness von Tautphœus*	56
In April	*Emanuel Geibel*	69
Schopenhauer's Essays	*Arthur Schopenhauer*	70
Feathertop	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	80
The Detective Police	*Charles Dickens*	99
On the Track of the White Whale	*Herman Melville*	117
Camille and Armand	*Alexandre Dumas, fils*	133
The Rainy Day	*Henry W. Longfellow*	144
Dream Life	*Donald G. Mitchell*	144
In the Toils	*Gustav Freytag*	161
Nigel's Doom	*Grace Aguilar*	175
Eliza's Escape	*Harriet Beecher Stowe*	186
George Borrow and the Publisher	*George Borrow*	199
The Friend of Friends	*Richard Hengist Horne*	209
A Mendelssohn Romance	*Elizabeth S. Sheppard*	210
A Parable	*James Russell Lowell*	229
The Lamplighter	*Maria S. Cummins*	231
There is no Death	"*Owen Meredith*"	246
The Old Street Lamp	*Hans Christian Andersen*	247
The Lovers	*Hans Christian Andersen*	254
The Angel in the House	*Coventry Patmore*	256
Cranford	*Mrs. Gaskell*	262

23 X2 39

		PAGE
Lake Superior and the Glacial Theory	*J. L. R. Agassiz*	281
Walden Pond in Winter	*Henry D. Thoreau*	289
The Newcomes	*W. M. Thackeray*	300
Amiel's Journal	*Henri Frédéric Amiel*	318
The Attic Philosopher	*Émile Souvestre*	328
How's My Boy?	*Sydney Dobell*	340
Come into the Garden, Maud	*Alfred Tennyson*	342
Tom Brown's First Fight	*Thomas Hughes*	344
Bitter-Sweet	*J. G. Holland*	359
Titbottom's Spectacles	*George William Curtis*	365
Living in the Country	*Frederick S. Cozzens*	386
Nothing to Wear	*William Allen Butler*	391
Prince Bismarck's Letters	*Bismarck*	397
To ——, after Reading a Life and Letters	*Alfred Tennyson*	403

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME XXV.

THE BOOK OF KELLS, Illuminated Manuscript . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

ÉMILE ZOLA 14

LADY GODIVA 42

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL 146

HERB GATHERING 342

HARVESTING IN BRITTANY 386

THE NATURALIST SCHOOL OF FICTION IN FRANCE

By Emile Zola.

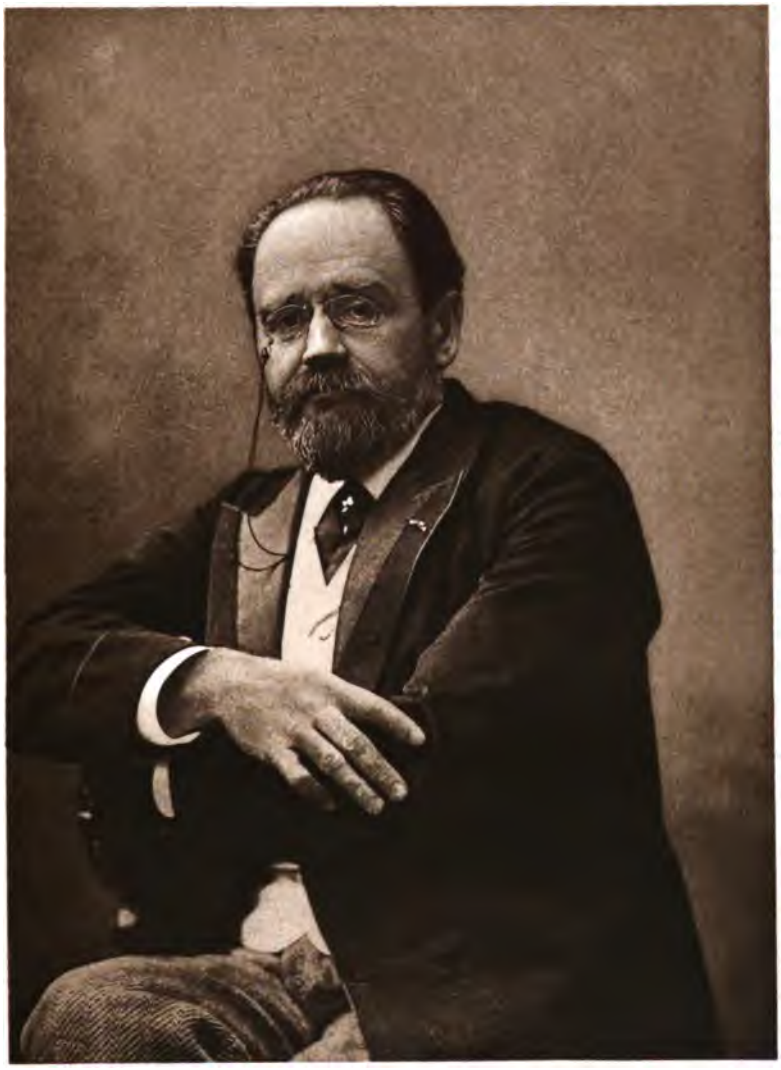
More than twenty years have now elapsed since I gave expression to certain theories on the modern French novel in an essay entitled *Le Roman Expérimental;* but in all essential respects those views remain mine to-day. Critics have sometimes remarked that I have not always rigidly observed them, but to this I would reply that while laying down certain broad principles, I never intended to confine the novel-writer within four stone walls. Thirteen years before *Le Roman Expérimental* first appeared in the pages of a Russian review, I had written in one of my articles on Manet, the painter (*Mes Haines*, p. 307): "A work of art is some portion of the creation seen athwart a temperament." And it was largely the same definition that I applied to the novel. In many of my essays and newspaper articles on the subject, I insisted on the great importance of individuality in the writer, pointing out that in the absence of such individuality no work could live. And if it should appear that I myself have strayed at times from the lines which I laid down in *Le Roman Expérimental*, it has been by reason of my own individuality, my personal temperament, as well as the latent influence of my upbringing in a sphere of Romanticism.

That phase in the evolution of the French novel which has become known more particularly as the phase of the Naturalist School is now doubtless yielding to yet another phase, as is only natural, for there is no finality in literature. While, however, some schools perish entirely, others transmit certain essential principles to their successors, and whatever precise form may hereafter predominate in the novel, I think that absolute fidelity to nature, to life, to reality—the principle on which the Naturalist School has most insisted—must remain a preponderating element, which no writer will be able to disregard, since no reader will be satisfied unless he finds it present.

Broadly speaking, Naturalism dates from the very first lines written by man, for even at that moment the question of fidelity to truth was laid down. But in considering literary history we have to take many foreign elements into account; national manners, events, fluctuations of the human mind, all of which have modified literature, at times brought it to a halt, at others urged it onwards. If mankind be regarded as an army on the march athwart the ages, ever-steadily bent on the conquest of Truth whatever the wretchedness or infirmity of the times, it becomes necessary to place scientists and literary men in the front rank. It is from the point of view which I have just indicated that an universal literary history ought really to be written, and not, as some have attempted, from the standpoint of any absolute Ideal, any hard and fast rule of æsthetic measurement, which, applied alike to one and all, becomes simply ridiculous. To examine all the marching and countermarching of the world's writers, to note all the flashes of light and lapses into darkness through which they passed, means, of course, colossal labour. I have often written on the modern Naturalist School, but by reason of the great research and toil which thorough investigation would involve, I have contented myself with retracing that school's history from the eighteenth century, when Method first came into being. Until then, indeed, scientists and poets alike had been chiefly guided by their individual fancy, their flashes of genius. Some, chancewise, had discovered grains of truth, but scattered

Emile Zola

Emile Zola



grains, which were often mingled with the grossest errors. One day, however, scientists determined to experiment before forming opinions, rejected the pretended acquired truths, and reverted to first causes and to careful observation and study. Instead of beginning synthetically, it was decided to proceed analytically. The hope of wresting truth from nature by a species of divination was abandoned; nature was studied with all patience; from the simple one passed to the composite, and then to the *ensemble*.

Thus did science proceed. But in civilised society all things are linked together. When one branch of human thought has been set in motion, other branches follow, and general action ensues. Thus literature, guided by the example of science, turned to the experimental method. The great philosophic movement of the eighteenth century was a colossal inquiry which, though it often proceeded in groping fashion, had for its one constant object the study and solving of every human problem. In history and in criticism the examination of facts and surroundings replaced the old scholastic methods. In purely literary works nature intervened, and soon began to reign with the school of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Forests, rivers, and mountains became as it were beings, resuming their place in the world's mechanism. Man was no longer an intellectual abstraction, his environment determined and completed him. Diderot, in particular, may be regarded as the great literary figure of the eighteenth century: he espied or divined every truth, went onward in advance of his age, and for ever waged war upon the worm-eaten edifices of convention and arbitrary rule. Magnificent were the strides of the period, colossal was the toil whence present-day society emerged. It was a new era, which may be taken as the starting-point of the centuries into which mankind is entering, with nature as its basis and method as its tool.

It was to this evolution that I gave the name of Naturalism, for which in former years I was much attacked. Nevertheless, this evolution was, in letters as in science, a return to nature and humanity, combined with carefulness of scrutiny, exactitude of anatomy, and truthful portrayal of whatever existed. There

were to be no more abstract personages, no more mendacious inventions, no more absolute rules, but, in lieu thereof, real living personages, the true record of one and all, and the relativity that is found in daily life. For this to be, it was necessary to study man in all the sources of his being, so that one might really know him before formulating conclusions after the fashion of the idealists who simply invent types. And thus writers had to reconstruct the literary edifice from its very base, each in turn contributing his human documents in their logical order.

So great an evolution in human thought could not proceed without a social upheaval, which came in the form of the French Revolution. A revolution is seldom accomplished amidst calmness and common sense. Minds very often become unhinged, the imagination, dismayed and darkened, falls a prey to phantoms. After the great shock which brought the eighteenth century to a close, poets, moved by the kindly but anxious spirit of Rousseau, took to melancholy and fatalism. Ignorant of whither they were being led, some plunged into bitterness, some into contemplation, or extraordinary reveries. Yet they had inhaled the spirit of the Revolution, and thus like others they proved rebels. They brought with them the rebellion of colour, passion, and phantasy; they burst violently through all rules, and renewed the language with a flow of superb, dazzling lyrical poetry. However, they had not altogether escaped the touch of truth, for they exacted local colour even when striving to resuscitate dead ages. Here then one has the whole Romantic School, that famous reaction against French Classic literature. And the movement was so irresistible that all followed it; painting, sculpture, even music became Romantic. In presence of so general and so powerful a manifestation one might for a moment have thought the formulas of literature and art for ever fixed. But this was not to be. The French Classic School had endured at least two hundred years; and yet at the end of a quarter of a century Romanticism was already dying. It was then that the truth became manifest. The Romantic movement had been a mere skirmish, not a decisive battle. Poets and novelists of immense talent, a whole generation gifted with magnificent

ardour had helped to veil the truth, which was that the century really belonged to the Naturalists, the direct descendants of Diderot. At last the connecting link was found again, and Naturalism fought its way to the front with Balzac.

For a time, no doubt, two literary forms remained face to face. On one side was Victor Hugo, who invariably wrote poems even when he sought to express himself in prose. Then there was Alexandre Dumas the elder, of whom I would simply say that he was a prodigiously gifted story-teller. Then again there was George Sand, who recounted the dreams of her imagination in facile and happy language. But the sources of the more modern French novel are to be found in Balzac and Stendhal. Both of these writers escaped the Romantic craze—Balzac in spite of himself, Stendhal by design, as befitted a man of superior mind. Whilst the triumph of the Lyrical School was being proclaimed on all sides, whilst Hugo was noisily crowned King of Literature, these two, Balzac and Stendhal, worked on almost in obscurity, amidst the disdain and the denial of the multitude. But they left behind them in their works the Naturalist formula of the century, and hundreds of descendants sprang from their tombs whilst the Romantic school was perishing of anæmia, having at last but one representative left it—the illustrious, aged Hugo, to whom, from a feeling of respect, one could not tell the truth.

It is needless that I should here insist on the new formula which Balzac and Stendhal brought with them. In the sphere of the novel they prosecuted the same kind of inquiry that *savants* prosecuted in the spheres of science. They no longer imagined things; they no longer recounted mere stories. Their task was to take man, dissect him and analyse both his flesh and his brain. Stendhal, more particularly, remained a psychologist; Balzac preferentially studied temperament, reconstructed surroundings, and piled up human documents. On comparing *Le Père Goriot* or *Cousine Bette* with previous French novels, those of the seventeenth as well as the eighteenth century, one may form an idea of the great Naturalist evolution that had been accomplished already in Balzac's time.

Passing to the descendants of Balzac and Stendhal, the first place belongs to Gustave Flaubert. One of Balzac's great worries was that he lacked the resounding style of Victor Hugo. Critics even accused him of writing badly, a charge which made him wretched. He occasionally essayed what may be termed lyrical flashiness, as, for instance, when he penned *La Femme de Trente Ans* and *Le Lis dans la Vallée;* but these efforts were scarcely successful, he was never a greater writer than when he adhered to his own strong, if diffuse, style. With the advent of Gustave Flaubert, however, the Naturalist formula passed into the hands of a perfect artist, who solidified it and gave it the polish of marble. Flaubert grew up in the midst of Romanticism; all his affections were for the movement of 1830. When he issued *Madame Bovary*, it was by way of a challenge to the realists of the period—the followers of Champfleury—who almost prided themselves on writing badly. Flaubert wished to prove that one might write of the petty folks in a provincial town with all the breadth and power which Homer employed in writing of the Hellenic heroes. Fortunately, however, his work had another result. Whatever Flaubert may have wished, he imparted to Naturalism the one element of power it yet lacked, that of perfect style, which helps to render a work imperishable. And, from that moment, new comers simply had to advance along the broad highway of truth seconded by art. Balzac's inquiries were continued, the analytical study of man and the influence of his environment was persevered in; but at the same time novelists became artists, seeking originality and science of form, and, by the intense life of their style, imparting to their revelations of the truth all the force of a resurrection.

At the same time as Flaubert, Edmond and Jules de Goncourt sought individuality and brilliancy of style. They did not spring from Romanticism as he did. There was no Latinity, no classicality in them; they were artists by gift of nature; they invented the language they used, and they found a means of expressing their feelings in a style of wondrous precision and intensity. In *Germinie Lacerteux*, before all others, they really studied the people of Paris, depicted the city's suburbs and their bare landscapes,

speaking out boldly and saying all that was to be said in a language which restored both beings and things to their natural life. The Goncourts exercised a potent influence on the Naturalist School. While the exact method was taken from Flaubert, one and all were stirred by that new language of the Goncourts, which thrilled one like music, went further than mere writing, adding, as it were, to the words of the dictionary a special hue and sound and perfume.

Such, then, were the founders of the modern Naturalist School: Balzac and Stendhal, and then Flaubert and the Goncourts. Beside the latter there sprang up another generation, that to which I myself belong. Here two names immediately suggest themselves: those of Alphonse Daudet and Guy de Maupassant.

Of the former I have written at some length, both in *Les Romanciers Naturalistes* and *Une Campagne*. He was one of those fortunate beings whom nature places on the border-line of poetry and reality. The documents he contributed to the great Naturalist inquiry were accurate ones, illumined by a flame peculiar to himself. Everything expanded, became animated, acquired colour and intensity beneath his touch. One found in him neither the bareness of Stendhal nor the heaviness of Balzac. His genius was fraught with an attractive, seductive power which made him the favourite of women. Though he preferred the bright to the dark side of nature, and would rather have had his readers smile than weep, he never sought to deceive them; his literary probity was absolute. He may be classed among the four or five French novelists of his time whose style palpitated with life and sunlight. He most certainly belonged to the Naturalist School. Whatever his imaginative flights, the basis of his works was truth, reality. He was for ever depicting people whom he had met and known, incidents that he had actually witnessed. At one period of his life he noted down each evening everything which had struck him during the day. His tales, his novels, are full of observation and study. I have said that he preferred to see his readers smile rather than weep. This is true even of his more pathetic works, such as *Jack*, in which, whilst mourning his hero's lot, he nails his torturers to the pillory of ridicule. Two of Alphonse Daudet's qualities

were particularly remarkable: he was gifted with rapier-like irony, and a nervous humour such as none of his contemporaries possessed. It was the humour neither of Rabelais nor of Swift, but something essentially new and modern, illumined by vivid flashes of poesy.

It will be remembered that Alphonse Daudet—after learning, like so many of his contemporaries, the mechanism of language in the art of versification—first came to the front as a writer of short tales. For years it was alleged that he was incapable of producing a real novel. How victoriously he disproved that charge of incapacity is known. Guy de Maupassant, on the other hand, remained till his death essentially a writer of short stories and a master of that form of the literary art. There are signs in his longer works that, if health and prolonged life had been accorded to him, he might have produced something really great; but insanity and death cut him off in his prime. Maupassant was Flaubert's adopted son, and owed a great deal to his master; but he possessed sterling gifts of his own. He had a vigorous Norman temperament, and was often influenced by sensuality, but it was not of a perverse kind, it was simply the healthy passion of a man endowed by nature with exceptional virility. He became a master of style, the polish of whose writing was so delicate that no trace of effort was apparent. His cameos of peasant life seem all breadth and simplicity, so deftly are they cut. Through Flaubert, Maupassant traced his descent from Stendhal. He was a remarkable physiologist and psychologist. From Stendhal also proceeds Paul Bourget, whose studies of human perversity in relation to the sexual passions, are masterpieces of analysis.

The foregoing are the men who may unquestionably be placed in the front rank of the Naturalist School. Others have arisen, and are still diligently tilling the field left them by their predecessors. Of these it would be invidious to speak. They live and labour. Some may surpass their forerunners, but that must depend on the strength of their talent, and the maturing influence of time. Then there are others who, after putting their hand to the plough, have turned from it. This has been caused at times by a change of temperament, effected by surroundings and other influence. The

most remarkable instance of the kind is probably that of Huysmans, who, after writing such essentially Naturalist works as *Marthe, Les Sœurs Vatard*, and *En Menage*, has lapsed into Romanticism and Mysticism. From the very outset, however, the morbidity of Huysmans' talent showed that this was possible. His desertion of the Naturalist School is less a question of literary principles than one of pathology. And when all is said, however much his point of view may have changed, Huysmans remains one of the most refined stylists that France possesses.

Another instance of desertion that occurs to me is that of Hector Malot, who, when his first work, *Victimes d'Amour*, appeared five-and-thirty years ago, was hailed on all sides as a genuine son of Balzac. But he never fulfilled his early promise. He was deficient in the requisite fibre, and became a mere writer of facile serials, without any marked quality, whether with regard to structure, or power of observation, or force and individuality of style. Another writer more or less connected with the Naturalist School, was Ferdinand Fabre, whose novels of clerical life brought him a certain reputation. The best of these was *L'Abbé Tigrane*. But Fabre's works were monotonous productions, in which there was little or no feminine element; and the author, while possessing remarkable powers of observation, was hampered by a heavy style in which provincialisms abounded. Hence, no doubt, his relegation to a secondary place. The last name I will mention in connection with Naturalism is that of Armand Duranty, who was a cousin rather than a descendant of Stendhal. His very first novel, like Hector Malot's, proved a great literary and popular success. The critics noticed in it an accent of sincerity, a science of details, a keenness of analysis that presaged a most original talent. Yet the public invariably received Duranty's subsequent works with coldness. No man was ever more unjustly treated, for his books possessed many conspicuous merits. And thus it may well happen that some future generation will exhume them from the oblivion in which they now rest. The cause of Duranty's ill success with his contemporaries lay, no doubt, in his simple, unpretentious style of writing. He gave far more attention to life than to art. Yet he

was possessed of rare individuality, and that alone should have entitled him to a hearing.

The scope of this paper does not permit me to enter into details with regard to the schools of literature which have struggled on by the side of Naturalism. In a volume entitled *Documents Littéraires*, I have expressed my opinions on the genius or talent of such writers as Chateaubriand, Hugo, Musset, Gautier, George Sand, Dumas fils, Ste-Beuve, and others. Of the novelists of my own times I would just mention Sandeau, Feuillet, Cherbuliez, Ulbach, Enault, Theuriet and Ohnet, as proceeding from Lamartine and Georges Sand, the school of the idealists, the moralists, the elegants and the tender-hearted. Then, too, the school of Alexandre Dumas and Eugène Sue has in some measure subsisted, but how great is the inferiority of the disciples to their masters! From the absolute literary standpoint, the value of the works of Dumas and Sue may well be open to discussion. But what power, what spirit, what dash and bravery they display! Dumas and Sue squandered far more talent than they needed to leave masterpieces behind them had they been content to produce less, seek individuality of style, and base themselves upon accurate observation. Paul Féval and Elie Berthet were contemporaries and survivors of Dumas the elder. They helped to establish the custom of contributing stories serially to newspapers. The former, however, ended as a mystic, regretting his whole literary life. He was certainly no ordinary man; had he chosen, he might have produced real literature, instead of imitations of Dumas. Berthet, for his part, never rose above honest mediocrity.

Then during the second empire, there came Ponson du Terrail, whose vogue was for some years as great as Dumas's had been. He was at least a most diligent worker; more than once he started four or five serial stories at the same time for as many newspapers, and penned successive instalments day by day. He created "Rocambole," a most wonderful personage who became everything, did everything and went everywhere; who died, too, more than once, and was always resuscitated, so that his career was only brought to an end by the demise of his creator. Questions of

style troubled Ponson du Terrail no more than questions of probability; yet his popularity was unbounded. He ruled the multitude, and a story from his pen often made a newspaper's fortune.

Somewhat similar was the success of Emile Richebourg, who came later; but Richebourg gained his hold over the masses by making them weep. His were heartrending stories of lost or stolen children, weeping mothers, parted lovers and heroes who accomplished fresh acts of devotion in each successive chapter. Beside his interminable narratives one may rank those of Xavier de Montépin, written in a somewhat more pretentious style. Greater individuality had marked the detective stories which for a brief period had rendered Emile Gaboriau popular. His successor was Fortuné de Boisgobey, who wrote rather better than most of the authors of sensational serials.

Leaving that class of fiction on one side, I may just glance at the nondescripts. There was Mérimée and About, both of whom deserted literature for other things. Then came Erckmann-Chatrian who largely owed the success of their patriotic stories to the republican spirit that animated them, for the more popular of these works appeared during the Second Empire, at a time when the Opposition was already undermining the throne of Napoleon III. Among other specialists, one may cite the following: Jules Verne, who has written accounts of journeys to the moon and voyages under the sea, the delight, no doubt, of thousands of children; Gustave Droz, who depicted the artificial, sensuous, powder-and-puff society of his day; Jules Claretie, who has essayed every school and never risen much above mediocrity; Léon Cladel, who sacrificed everything to artificiality of style, so that his studies of peasant life, however polished they may be, are like jewels which simply strike one by their strangeness. Then, too, among writers of morbid originality, one must name Barbey d'Aurevilly, who blended fervent Catholicism with witchcraft and devilry; and Villiers de l'Isle Adam, another eccentric, imperfect genius, whose whole life was one long struggle with want and semi-insanity.

Of contemporary literature in other countries, of the wonderful masterpieces of Tolstoï, the admirable, living pictures of Turgenieff, the innumerable and often powerful productions of Maurus Jokai, of the rise of the novel in Scandinavia and Holland, its revival in Italy, its fluctuations in Great Britain, this is not the place to speak. Moreover, my knowledge of these books and matters has been derived chiefly from the perusal of literary reviews or of French translations of the more notable works. In this connection, as the present paper is intended for English-speaking readers, I desire to say a few words concerning such allusions to English novelists, as may be found scattered through my critical essays and articles. For instance, I have occasionally referred to Charles Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott, and may not always have done justice to them. But I know them simply through translations, which are not invariably good ones, and which therefore impart but an imperfect idea of the original works. Of the three authors I have referred to, the one whom I most appreciate is Dickens; for even when his characters are more or less artificial, as is undoubtedly at times the case, they retain, even in the artificial sphere in which the novelist places them, a semblance of life and action. Thackeray, no doubt, is more faithful to reality than Dickens, but I know less of his works than of those of his contemporary. Scott's novels I read in my boyhood, and one of the few occasions when I afterwards dipped into them, was when I was writing my story *Une Page d'Amour*. I then wished to show my heroine reading a book of the Romantic type, and I eventually selected *Ivanhoe*. That much praised work greatly disappointed me. It may be a wonderful reconstruction of a departed historical period, but that I am not competent to judge. I speak of the book simply as a novel when I say that it altogether failed to satisfy me, and seemed to me distinctly inferior to many a French novel of the same Romantic school. I was also disappointed with the novels of George Eliot, who, in her time was greatly praised by French critics; but I must repeat that the little knowledge I possess of English literature has been chiefly derived from translations, and that impressions thus gained can have but a relative critical value. This, then, is

a point which the reader should remember on finding in my writings any allusions to English authors.

In concluding this paper, I will deal with four points of interest to writers, readers, and critics, in connection with the Naturalistic school. These are: Power of personal expression; the limits to which the imaginative faculties should more generally be restricted; the relative importance of descriptive passages; and the much debated question of morality in literature.

On the first point, power of personal expression, it may be said that without this gift, no novelist can really aspire to fame. The reason why so many writers, otherwise well qualified, fail to reach the front rank, is that they write like everybody else. Their grammar may be scrupulously correct, their phrases may flow forth at will, may be neatly turned, and may even possess colour, but they lack any personal distinguishing note. A witty critic has happily called these novelists the exponents of the "omnibus" style. And indeed they simply seize upon the style which may be current, lay hold of sentences and expressions that buzz around them. It often happens that nothing comes from themselves, they write as if somebody stood behind them dictating their words, and yet they are astonished at their failure to achieve celebrity. The only great novelist nowadays, however, is he who, whilst possessing a fitting sense of the real, can interpret nature with originality by imparting to his interpretation some of his own vital flame.

The greatest example of the power of personal expression in French literature is undoubtedly that of St. Simon, who wrote with both his blood and his bile, and left behind him pages which still to-day throb with intensity and life. Many are the illustrious writers in whom one detects rhetoric and arrangement, but there is nothing of that in the memoirs of St. Simon. Each of his sentences is a palpitation of life, his work is a human cry, the long monologue of a man who lives aloud.

By personal expression, I do not mean any eccentricity of language designed simply to attract attention. Mere style for style's sake is not sufficient to ensure success. A writer must

infuse into his work some of his blood as well as some of his brains. I have already briefly referred to M. Léon Cladel. He was an author, who like many another, was convinced that the one essential element in a book, the only element that could make it live, was purity of form. Wishing to ensure immortality for his own work, he strove to render each sentence perfect, and to such a degree did this task absorb him, to such a point did it become his one thought, that all vitality departed from his creations. They became mere lifeless gems which surprised, but did not thrill one. But if one examines the books of the Naturalist masters, one will find in them no mere polish of style, no mere deft arrangement of words, but an individuality of expression which imparts life instead of destroying it. Balzac, of course, must be judged rather by the colossal *ensemble* of his work; his *Contes Drolatiques* are gems of style; but in the phraseology of his novels, there is much redundancy and heaviness. Stendhal, however, possessed the gift of personal expression in a high degree. His short, dry, pithy, incisive sentences were in keeping with his analytical powers. No one could imagine Stendhal writing in a graceful way. He possessed the style most appropriate to his talent, a style at once so original in its incorrectness and apparent carelessness, that it has remained typical in French literature. Flaubert, as I have said, was an artist; he polished his sentences, certainly, but they remained instinct with personality and life. Life throbbed also in the pages of the Goncourts, of Daudet and Maupassant, whose styles were differentiated one from another by a strong personal note, that note, which, as I have pointed out, does so much to raise a writer above the mass of his contemporaries, which is not mere individuality of style for style's sake, but a manifestation of the writer's genius, of the feeling and fire that he has drawn from within him to animate his creations.

In former times the highest praise that one could bestow upon a novelist was to say: "He possesses much imagination." But nowadays such praise would almost be regarded as criticism. This is because the conditions of novel-writing have changed. Imagination is no longer the master quality needed by the novelist.

Dumas and Sue were possessed of great imagination. In *Notre Dame de Paris*, Hugo imagined characters and incidents of a nature to inspire the keenest interest; and with the imaginary loves of the heroes of *Mauprat*, George Sand impassioned a whole generation. But no critic or reader ever ventured to ascribe the gift of imagination to Balzac and Stendhal. They are praised for their powers of observation and analysis; they are great because they portrayed their period, not because they invented stories. And the success, the fame of their successors, Flaubert, Goncourt and Daudet, has come not from anything they imagined, but from the genius they displayed in faithfully depicting nature.

Of course something remains to be invented by the novelist; he has to devise a plot, perhaps a dramatic, possibly a tragic one. But he finds this readily enough; he has only to glance at the daily life around him. Moreover, the incidents he records are simply such as spring from the development of his characters. These must live and act the human comedy before the reader in the most natural of manners. The writer must endeavour to conceal all that is imaginary in his narrative beneath that which is real. And for the personages and their surroundings the most minute observation and study are necessary. Thus the master quality required by the novelist is no longer imagination, but a proper sense of reality; that is, such a sense as shall enable him to appreciate and portray nature even as it really is. Unfortunately few possess this gift; many are colour-blind and see things otherwise than they are. Others, again, fail to see them at all. Some critics, confronted by this theory of the sense of reality, have declared Naturalism to be mere photography, and have therefore denied it the status of an art. But this is an error. The Naturalist School, while priding itself on fidelity to reality and truth, is bent upon infusing life into its reproductions. This life comes from that gift of personal expression to which I have referred. If the Naturalists reject imagination, in the sense of adding imaginary things to real ones, they employ all their creative power to make the truth live; and that this is no easy

matter is shown by the fact that comparatively few novelists succeed in their endeavours.

The novelist's plot and his characters are not everything; the narrative and the personages require a setting. And here description comes in. It is certain that we have not yet reduced descriptive matter to scientific necessities. By a kind of reaction against the abstract formulas of the past, nature has invaded our works; and some of us, myself included, have been carried away by our passion for nature, the intoxication into which scenery and sunlight and fresh air have thrown us. Even the Goncourts often failed to subordinate environment to their characters; but it may at least be said of their descriptive passages that they are no mere verbiage on a given subject. They rather express the sensations that are experienced at the sight of some particular scene. It is as if man appears and mingles with his surroundings, animating them with the nervous vibrations of his feelings. Doubtless the descriptions of the Goncourts flow beyond reasonable bounds, but they are always instinct with human interest and the breath of life.

Gustave Flaubert is the writer in whom one should study description, the note of environment that becomes necessary each time that a character is sketched or perfected. Flaubert never buries a character beneath his surroundings, he is content to let those surroundings define the character; and this it is which makes *Madame Bovary* and *L'Education Sentimentale* such powerful works. Those long auctioneer-like enumerations with which Balzac so often blocked up the first pages of his novels were reduced by Flaubert to the few things that were strictly necessary. He was sparing of his words; he contented himself with salient touches, broad lines, the one point that epitomised; and this suffices to make his pictures unforgettable. For my part, conscious of my own sins in the matter, I will say that as a question of principle one must blame all description which exceeds the portrayal of those surroundings that determine and perfect the novelist's characters.

On the question of morality in literature I will endeavour to

be brief. My views are known. A novel of the Naturalist school is an analysis of human feelings and passions, and a record of their outward manifestations. The scientist in the course of his studies has to handle many repulsive things; the novelist also. The Naturalist writer is impersonal; that is to say, he is, as it were, a clerk of the court of public opinion. It is not for him to form conclusions or pronounce judgment, he simply draws up the record. The scientist's *rôle*, strictly speaking, is to demonstrate facts, and to carry his analysis to its conclusion without venturing into the field of synthesis. The facts are there, the experiment or the analysis, made under such and such conditions, gives such and such a result. And there the scientist stops, because if he should proceed beyond proven phenomena, he would find himself in the domain of conjecture. Probabilities might ensue, but they would not be science. Well, in the same manner, the Naturalist novelist goes no farther than the facts he has observed, the scrupulous study that he has made of nature, for otherwise he might lose himself amidst deceptive and inaccurate conclusions. Thus he himself disappears from his narrative, in which he simply sets down what he has seen. Such is reality: quiver or smile at sight of it, reader; draw from it the deductions, the lessons you please. The only duty that the author has undertaken has been to place genuine documents, genuine facts, before you. The novelists who feel the need of intervening in their books, in order to thunder against vice and applaud virtue, diminish the value of the documents they bring; for their intervention is an obstruction, besides being perfectly futile. The work, too, loses some of its strength; it is no longer a slab of marble cut from the quarry of reality, but it is so much worked-up matter, refashioned by the author's feelings—feelings which may be influenced by every prejudice and every error. A work that is true will last for ever, whereas a work that is disfigured by direct expression of its author's emotion can only appeal to the sentiments of some given period.

We, the Naturalist novelists, have been violently accused of immorality, because we place rascals and honest folk on our stage without judging one or the other. Rascals are allowable, it seems,

provided they are punished at the end of the book, or are crushed beneath the weight of the author's anger and disgust. As for the honest folks, say the critics, they ought to be awarded at least a few occasional lines of praise and encouragement. Thus our impassibility, our tranquil demeanour as analysts has been deemed most culpable. Fools have even dared to say that we lied when we became most scrupulously true. What! always rascals and rascals, it has been repeated, never what is called a sympathetic character! There must be sympathetic characters, we are told, even if one do violence to nature in order to create them. Not only, too, is it our duty to prefer virtue, but we must embellish it. We have even been informed that we ought to point out a character's good qualities and leave his or her bad ones unmentioned. When all is said, our only crime has been our refusal to depart from our strict fidelity to nature. There is no more absolute honesty and virtue in the world than there is perfect health. There is a touch of human animalism as there is a touch of disease even in the finest natures, and in average natures there is more than a mere touch. Those wondrously pure maidens, those most loyal, brave, devoted young men who figure in certain novels do not belong to earth. In order to give them a semblance of real life, one would have to say many things about them which their authors leave unmentioned. We Naturalists have made it our principle to say everything; we do not pick and choose, we do not idealise; and it is because we decline to do so that we have been accused of revelling in filth. As a matter of fact, the question of morality in the novel lies in these two opinions: the Idealists assert that to be moral one must lie; the Naturalists retort that one cannot be moral by departing from the truth. Nothing is so dangerous as the romantic. Certain works, by painting the world in false colours, unhinge the mind and urge it to the most hazardous and pernicious courses. And I speak not of the hypocrisy of much of that which is called propriety, nor of the abominations which are rendered alluring by the flowers that many writers heap upon them. We, the Naturalists, adorn no vileness, we teach the bitter science of life, we offer the world the

high lesson of reality and truth. I know no school that has ever shown more morality, more austerity. Certainly we write not for babes and sucklings, but for the world at large, that world which is full of sin, vice, crime, deceit, and hypocrisy. While we extenuate nothing, we set down nought in malice. We simply paint humanity as we find it, as it is. We say let all be made known in order that all may be healed. And there our duty ends. It is for the leaders and guardians of the nations to do theirs.

MIRZA-SCHAFFY, THE WISE MAN OF GJÄNDSHA.

By FRIEDRICH VON BODENSTEDT.

(From "A Thousand and One Days in the East": translated by Richard Waddington.)

[Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt: A German poet; born at Peine in Hanover, April 22, 1819; died at Wiesbaden, April 18, 1892. He studied at Göttingen, Munich, and Berlin; was a tutor at Moscow, where he made a study of Slav languages; traveled in the Crimea, Turkey, Greece, and Asia Minor; was professor of Slav languages and Old English in the University of Munich, and meanwhile published many translations from Slavonic poets. His most popular work, "Songs of Mirza-Schaffy," was published in 1851, and reached its 143d edition in 1893. It was for some time supposed to be a translation from the Tartar, but was in reality original with Bodenstedt. The greater part of his works consists of translations, but he also wrote several volumes of poetry, including dramas and romances. Among his writings are: "Thousand and One Days in the East" (1850), "From the Posthumous Works of Mirza-Schaffy" (1874), "From the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean" (1882), and "Recollections of my Life."]

Some Moscow friends, who had followed the new Governor into Georgia, paid me the compliment of celebrating my arrival at the old town of the Kyros, by a cheerful banquet. And by way of giving me a foretaste of Georgian life, all the arrangements of the table were made in the Asiatic style.

Young Georgians, in picturesque costume, served the viands; a slender Armenian presented, in gigantic buffalo horns embellished with silver, the fiery, blood-red wine of Kachetos; a Persian minstrel in blue Talar and lofty pyramidal cap, with a shrewd and finely molded face, and the tips of his fingers painted blue, played on the Tshengjir, and sang to it the lovely odes of Hafiz.

On whatever side I turned my astonished eye, I discovered

something new and surprising. I really lived through one of the tales of the "Thousand and One Nights," which I had so often read and dreamed over in my childhood. In exhilarating succession we were entertained with eating, laughing, narrating, playing, and singing, but most of all — drinking.

Wonderfully did the love-inspiring songs of the bard of Shiraz entrance us with their minstrel tones; brighter and brighter beamed from within the reflection of the blood-red Kachetish wine in the faces of the guests; its fire had also its effect on me, but my exhausted frame longed for repose. For a fortnight I had not seen a bed, and had spent the damp nights partly on the saddle, partly on miserable carpets in more miserable mountain huts. Tired out with travel, my eyes closed again and again; and when I could no longer resist the inroads of sleep, I left the company in order to retire to my dwelling.

It was only when I rose to depart that I felt the full influence of the wine, and this in my legs more than in my head; for the Kachetish wine has the peculiarity of never producing headache, whereas it oppresses the lower part of the body with singular heaviness. I certainly should never have reached my destination, had not some of the gentlemen taken me under their friendly care, and led me through the unpaved, dog-howling streets of Tiflis, in safety to my dwelling.

It was a moonlight, fragrant night; one of those magical nights that are only to be seen under a Georgian sky, where the moon shines so clear, its luster seems more like a sunlight softened down by some mystic fairy-woven veil.

The long walk through the cool night air had somewhat refreshed and revived me; with ineffable alluringness did the stars twinkle down from the crystal sky; in the distance the crescent-shaped summit of Kasbék rose upwards like a spirit into the night; deep lay the city beneath me in legendary beauty; and between them the Kyros rolled his glancing waves.

A strong temptation offered itself to me of enjoying the lovely landscape before my windows for a moment longer; a door led out of my chamber to a high gallery running round the house. I had not observed that the gallery, quite a new erection, was only partially completed, whilst in several places the boards lay unjoined and unfastened on the beams that formed the basis of the superstructure. After considerable

exertion I opened the door leading to the gallery — the verses of Pushkin were humming in my head: —

> On Grusia's hilltops nightly darkness lies,
> Before me Kyros' waves are foaming, etc.

I stepped out, the board on which I trod tottered beneath my feet — a shock — a shriek — and bleeding and moaning, I lay in the court below.

Of the immediate consequences of this fall, which had nearly cost me my life, I will be silent; for to keep a journal of one's sufferings is to suffer doubly. Suffice it to say that I was dangerously injured in several parts of my body, and that it required a painful cure and careful nursing, before I was again sufficiently recovered to divert myself with reading and study.

My first object in Georgia was to secure an instructor in Tartar, that I might learn as quickly as possible a language so indispensably necessary in the countries of the Caucasus.

Accident favored my choice, for my learned teacher Mirza-Schaffy, the Wise Man of Gjändsha, as he styles himself, is, according to his own opinion, the wisest withal of men.

Properly, with the modesty peculiar to his nation, he only calls himself the first wise man of the East; but as, according to his estimation the children of the West are yet living in darkness and unbelief, it is a matter of course with him that he soars above us in wisdom and knowledge. Moreover, he indulges the hope that, thanks to his endeavors, the illumination and wisdom of the East will also in the progress of years actually spread amongst us. I am already the fifth scholar, he tells me, who has made a pilgrimage to him, for the purpose of participating in his instructions. He argues from this that the need of traveling to Tiflis and listening to Mirza-Schaffy's sayings of wisdom is ever becoming more vividly felt by us. My four predecessors, he is further of opinion, have since their return into the West promoted, to the best of their ability, the extension of oriental civilization amongst their races. But of me he formed quite peculiar hopes; very likely because I paid him a silver ruble for each lesson, which I understand is an unusually high premium for the Wise Man of Gjändsha.

It was always most incomprehensible to him, how *we* can call ourselves wise or learned, and travel over the world with these titles, before we even understand the sacred languages.

Nevertheless he very readily excused these pretensions in me, inasmuch as I was at least ardently endeavoring to acquire these languages, but above all because I had made the lucky hit of choosing him for my teacher.

The advantages of this lucky hit he had his own peculiar way of making intelligible to me. "I, Mirza-Schaffy," said he, "am the first wise man of the East! consequently thou, as my disciple, art the second. But thou must not misunderstand me; I have a friend, Omar-Effendi, a very wise man, who is certainly not the third among the learned of the land.

"If I were not alive, and Omar-Effendi were thy teacher, then he would be the first, and thou, as his disciple, the second wise man!" After such an effusion, it was always the custom of Mirza-Schaffy to point with his forefinger to the forehead, at the same time giving me a sly look, whereupon, according to rule, I nodded knowingly to him in mute reciprocation.

That the Wise Man of Gjändsha knew how to render his vast superiority in the highest degree palpable to any one who might have any misgiving on the point, he once showed me by a striking example.

Among the many learned rivals who envied the lessons of Mirza-Schaffy, the most conspicuous was Mirza-Jussuf, the Wise Man of Bagdad. He named himself after this city, because he had there pursued his studies in Arabic; from which he inferred that he must possess more profound accomplishments than Mirza-Schaffy, whom he told me he considered a Jschekj, an ass among the bearers of wisdom. "The fellow cannot even write decently," Jussuf informed me of my reverend Mirza, "and he cannot sing at all! Now I ask thee: What is knowledge without writing? What is wisdom without song? What is Mirza-Schaffy in comparison with me?"

In this way he was continually plying me with perorations of confounding force, wherein he gave especial prominence to the beauty of his name Jussuf, which Moses of old had celebrated, and Hafiz sung of in lovely strains; he exerted all his acuteness to evince to me that a name is not an empty sound, but that the significance attached to a great or beautiful name is inherited in more or less distinction by the latest bearers of this name. He, Jussuf, for example, was a perfect model of the Jussuf of the land of Egypt, who walked in chastity before Potiphar, and in wisdom before the Lord.

On one of these occasions, as he was about to furnish me

with new proofs of his excellence, a measured clatter of slippers in the anteroom announced the arrival of my reverend teacher. He left the high slippers behind at the door according to the custom of the country, and with neat stockings, worked of various colors, stepped into the room.

He appeared to comprehend the cause of my visitor's presence, for with a contemptuous glance, at which Jussuf suddenly became quite timid, he surveyed the latter from head to foot, and was about to give expression to his feelings, when I interrupted him with the words: —

"Mirza-Schaffy, Wise Man of Gjändsha, what have my ears heard! Thou undertakest to teach me, and canst neither write nor sing; thou art a Jschekj among the bearers of wisdom, — so says Mirza-Jussuf, the Wise Man of Bagdad!"

The indignation of Mirza-Schaffy's countenance acquired by degrees an expression of perfect scorn; he clapped his hands — a sign at which my servant usually brought him a fresh pipe; but this time Mirza-Schaffy asked for his thick-soled slippers. His request being immediately obeyed, he took one of them, and with it so unmercifully belabored the Wise Man of Bagdad, that the latter vainly sought to avoid his punishment by the most suppliant actions and entreaties. Mirza-Schaffy was inexorable.

"What, — thou wilt be wiser than I? I cannot sing, dost thou say? Wait, — I will make music for thee.! And I cannot write either? Thy head shall answer for it!"

And a blow on the head followed the word. Whimpering and wailing, the Wise Man of Bagdad staggered beneath the strokes of the Wise Man of Gjändsha, and stumbled through the anteroom, and down the staircase.

From the contest of wisdom, which he had conducted to so triumphant an issue, Mirza-Schaffy turned away in greater tranquillity than I had expected. He exhorted me to continue faithfully under his instruction, and to lend no ear to such false teachers as Jussuf and his fellows.

"There will more of them come yet," he continued, "but thou must turn thy face away from them, for thou art wiser than they all. What says the Poet: 'He who cannot read would become Grand Vizier!' So it is with these people, who can neither read nor sing. Their covetousness is greater than their wisdom; they do not care to teach thee, but to rob thee. Appetite is behind their teeth."

And therewith he showed me his white teeth, and turned his high Phrygian cap on one side, as he usually does when his head is fresh shaved; for then he considers himself irresistible, and believes he awakens love in all women, and satisfaction in all men.

I knew his weakness, and every time he showed me his fresh-shaved head, I exclaimed: —

"How beautiful thou art, Mirza-Schaffy!"

This evening, notwithstanding the vehement affair of the slipper, he appeared to be in an unusually tender mood, and for the first time since our acquaintance he allowed himself to be prevailed on to take wine with me — a temptation he had hitherto carefully avoided on every occasion; not so much perhaps out of overgreat scrupulousness, as because he was afraid I might afterwards relate it among the people of the West, and so his reputation as a teacher of wisdom be slightly endangered. But in the throng of emotions, he was unable to resist the entreaty; he drank a glass, and then a second, and after that a third; and the wine loosened his tongue, and he became so affable and confiding as I had never seen him before.

"What says Hafiz?" he cried, with a smirkish look: —

"The drink of the wise is wine,
All goodness and virtue unfolding,
For round it circle and shine
Spirits of highest molding!

"In fact," he continued, "the pleasure of wine is a stone of stumbling only to the dull crowd. We, as philosophers, what need have we to trouble ourselves about the Koran? All wise men and poets have praised wine — are we to bring shame on their words?"

And to prove to me that his philosophy did not date from yesterday, he favored me with a song, which he asserted he had sent ten years ago to the house of a pious Mullah, who had derided him on account of his love for wine: —

"Mullah! wine is pure,
To revile it's a sin —
Shouldst thou censure my word,
Mayst thou see truth therein!

"No devotion has me
To the mosque led to pray;
But drunken and free
I have erred from the way!"

Glass followed glass, and song, song; but all at once, to my astonishment, the eye of the Mirza grew dim; he fell into a reverie, and stared sadly before him. He sat so for a long while, and I did not venture to disturb his silent contemplation. It was only when again he opened his mouth, and sang these words in a plaintive tone: —

"Oh, me! my heart Love's anguish has riven,
Ask not: for whom?
To me the pain of parting was given,
Ask not: by whom?"

that I interrupted him with the sympathizing question: —

"Art thou in love, Mirza-Schaffy?"

He looked at me, sorrowfully shaking his head; and then began to sing another song, I think of Hafiz: —

"Art thou treading Love's pathway, the sad and unending,
Hoping only in Death, in the all-comprehending!" etc.

He hummed the song through, and then turned to me and said: —

"No, I am not in love now, but I was in love once, as never man has been!"

THE SPECTER CARAVAN.

By FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

(Translated by James Clarence Mangan.)

[FERDINAND FREILIGRATH, noted German lyric poet, was born at Detmold, June 17, 1810. He was destined for a mercantile life, but the success of his first volume of poems induced him to take up literature as a profession. In consequence of the political sentiments expressed in "Mein Glaubensbekenntniss" ("My Creed"), he was forced to leave the country, and went first to Belgium, and then to Switzerland and England. He returned to Germany in 1848, but again fled to London, where he remained until 1868. He eventually settled at

Stuttgart, and died at Cannstatt, March 18, 1876. Chief amongst his poems are: "The Revolution," "Ça Ira!" "Political and Social Poems"; besides translations of Burns, of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," and many English poems.]

'Twas midnight in the Desert, where we rested on the ground;
There my Beddaweens were sleeping and their steeds were stretched around;
In the farness lay the moonlight on the Mountains of the Nile,
And the camel bones that strewed the sands for many an arid mile.

With my saddle for a pillow did I prop my weary head,
And my kaftan cloth unfolded o'er my limbs was lightly spread,
While beside me, as the Kapitan and watchman of my band,
Lay my Bazra sword and pistols twain a shimmering on the sand.

And the stillness was unbroken, save at moments by a cry
From some stray belated vulture sailing blackly down the sky,
Or the snortings of a sleeping steed at waters fancy-seen,
Or the hurried warlike mutterings of some dreaming Beddaween.

When, behold! — a sudden sandquake, — and between the earth and moon
Rose a mighty Host of Shadows, as from out some dim lagoon;
Then our coursers gasped with terror, and a thrill shook every man;
And the cry was — "Allah Akbar! 'tis the Specter Caravan!"

On they came, their hueless faces toward Mecca evermore;
On they came, long files of camels, and of women whom they bore,
Guides, and merchants, youthful maidens bearing pitchers in their hands,
And behind them troops of horsemen following, sumless as the sands!

More and more! the phantom pageant overshadowed all the plains;
Yea! the ghastly camel bones arose, and grew to camel trains;
And the whirling column clouds of sand to forms in dusky garbs, —
Here afoot as Hadjee pilgrims, there as warriors on their barbs!

Whence we knew the Night was come when all whom Death had sought and found,
Long ago amid the sands whereon their bones yet bleach around,
Rise by legions from the darkness of their prisons low and lone,
And in dim procession march to kiss the Kaaba's Holy Stone.

And yet more, and more forever! — still they swept in pomp along,
Till I asked me, — Can the Desert hold so vast a muster throng?

Lo! the Dead are here in myriads; the whole World of Hades waits,
As with eager wish to press beyond the Babelmandeb Straits!

Then I spake: "Our steeds are frantic: To your saddles, every one!
Never quail before these Shadows! You are children of the Sun!
If their garments rustle past you, if their glances reach you here,
Cry Bismillah! and that mighty Name shall banish every fear.

"Courage, comrades! Even now the moon is waning far a-west,—
Soon the welcome Dawn will mount the skies, in gold and crimson vest,—
And in thinnest air will melt away those phantom shapes forlorn,
When again upon your brows you feel the odor winds of Morn!"

COMING HOME.

By JOHANN LUDWIG RUNEBERG.

[Swedish poet, born in Finland, February 5, 1804; died May 6, 1877.]

Lone sheen, afar,
Flame, pure as that of a star,
Light from my father's hearth hurled,
Art thou still twinkling so late?
Happy, harmonious world,
Dost thou the wanderer await?

Day is all told,
Dark is my pathway and cold,
Drear in the woods where I fare,
Winter, the icy, is king;
Light, where thou twinklest, oh there
Find I my love and my spring.

Haste on thy way,
Fortunate!—thou mayest some day,
Mute, when thy wandering is o'er,
This home parental perceive.
Light is thy dwelling no more,
Chilly and lonesome thine eve.

GODIVA.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

[Alfred Tennyson was born 1809, died 1892. His first poems were published with his brother Charles' as "Poems of Two Brothers" in 1827. "Timbuctoo," 1829, won the chancellor's gold medal. In 1830 came "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical"; in 1832 his first really great collection. In 1847 he published "The Princess," in 1850 "In Memoriam," and he was appointed poet laureate to succeed Wordsworth. Chief among the rest are "Maud," 1855; "Idylls of the King," 1859; "Enoch Arden," 1869; "Queen Mary," 1875; "Harold," 1876; "Tiresias," 1885; "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 1886; "The Foresters" and "The Death of Œnone," 1892.]

I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this: —

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them over-taxed; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these?*" — "But I would die," said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear;
"O ay, ay, ay, you talk!" — "Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered, "Ride you naked thro' the town,
And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,

Lady Godiva

Lady Godiva

Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barred.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Like horrors thro' her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the wall.
Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped — but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shriveled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers who wait
On noble deeds canceled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gained
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away
And built herself an everlasting name.

POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

[Arthur Hugh Clough was born in Liverpool, England, 1819; son of a cotton merchant who removed to Charleston, S. C., in 1823. Returning in 1828, he was educated at Rugby, under Dr. Arnold; graduated with the topmost honors, the scholarship for Balliol College, Oxford; became fellow and tutor at Oriel; resigned both in 1848 from religious scruples; the same year wrote his poem "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," and in 1849 "Amours de Voyage," in which year he became head of University Hall, London; resigned in 1852, and settled in Cambridge, Mass., as a man of letters; again returned in 1853 to be an examiner in the Education Office; but his health failed, and he died in Italy in 1861. His fame rests on the above poems, many remarkable shorter ones, and the philosophic-poetic *mélange* "Dipsychus," published posthumously, as was a collection of verse tales, "Mari Magno."]

The Latest Decalogue.

Thou shalt have one God only; — who
Would be at the expense of two?
No graven images may be
Worshiped, except the currency.
Swear not at all; — for, for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse.
At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend.
Honor thy parents; — that is, all
From whom advancement may befall.
Thou shalt not kill; — but needst not strive
Officiously to keep alive.
Adultery it is not fit
Or safe (for woman) to commit.
Thou shalt not steal; — an empty feat,
When 'tis as lucrative to cheat.
Bear not false witness; — let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly.
Thou shalt not covet; — but tradition
Approves all forms of competition.

"With Whom is no Variableness —"

It fortifies my soul to know
That though I perish, Truth is so;
That howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

The Hymn Unhymned.

O Thou whose image in the shrine
Of human spirits dwells divine;
Which from that precinct once conveyed,
To be to outer day displayed,
Doth vanish, part, and leave behind
Mere blank and void of empty mind,
Which willful fancy seeks in vain
With casual shapes to fill again!

O Thou that in our bosom's shrine
Dost dwell, unknown because divine!
I thought to speak, I thought to say,
"The light is here," "behold the way,"
"The Voice was thus," and "thus the word,"
And "this I saw," and "that I heard," —
But from the lips that half essayed,
The imperfect utterance fell unmade.

O Thou, in that mysterious shrine
Enthroned, as I must say, divine!
I will not frame one thought of what
Thou mayest either be or not.
I will not prate of "thus" and "so,"
And be profane with "yes" and "no";
Enough that in our soul and heart
Thou, whatsoe'er Thou mayst be, art.

Unseen, secure in that high shrine
Acknowledged present and divine,
I will not ask some upper air,
Some future day, to place Thee there;
Nor say, nor yet deny, some men
And women saw Thee thus and then;
Thy name was such, and there or here
To him or her Thou didst appear.

Do only Thou in that dim shrine,
Unknown or known, remain divine;
There, — or if not, at least in eyes
That scan the fact that round them lies, —
The hand to sway, the judgment guide,
In sight and sense, Thyself divide;
Be Thou but there, — in soul and heart
I will not ask to feel Thou art.

Come, Poet, Come!

Come, Poet, come!
A thousand laborers ply their task,
And what it tends to scarcely ask,
And trembling thinkers on the brink
Shiver, and know not how to think.
To tell the purport of their pain,
And what our silly joys contain;
In lasting lineaments portray
The substance of the shadowy day;
Our real and inner deeds rehearse,
And make our meaning clear in verse:
Come, Poet, come! for but in vain
We do the work or feel the pain,
And gather up the seeming gain,
Unless before the end thou come
To take, ere they are lost, their sum.

Come, Poet, come!
To give an utterance to the dumb,
And make vain babblers silent, come;
A thousand dupes point here and there,
Bewildered by the show and glare;
And wise men half have learned to doubt
Whether we are not best without.
Come, Poet, both but wait to see
Their error proved to them in thee.

Come, Poet, come!
In vain I seem to call. And yet
Think not the living times forget.
Ages of heroes fought and fell
That Homer in the end might tell;
O'er groveling generations past
Upstood the Doric fane at last;
And countless hearts on countless years
Had wasted thoughts, and hopes, and fears,
Rude laughter and unmeaning tears,
Ere England Shakespeare saw, or Rome
The pure perfection of her dome.
Others, I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see;
Young children gather as their own
The harvest that the dead had sown,
The dead forgotten and unknown.

Consider It Again.

"Old things need not be therefore true,"
O brother men, nor yet the new:
Ah, still awhile the old thought retain,
And yet consider it again!

The souls of now two thousand years
Have laid up here their toils and fears,
And all the earnings of their pain —
Ah, yet consider it again!

We! what do we see? Each a space
Of some few yards before his face:
Does that the whole wide plan explain?
Ah, yet consider it again!

Alas! the great world goes its way,
And takes its truth from each new day;
They do not quit, nor can retain,
Far less consider it again.

Say not, The Struggle Naught Availeth.

Say not, The struggle naught availeth,
  The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
  And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
  It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
  And but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
  Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
  Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
  When daylight comes, comes in the light:
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
  But westward, look, the land is bright.

Roots and Flowers.

(From "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich.")

List to a letter that came from Philip at Balloch to Adam:

I am here, O my friend! idle, but learning wisdom.
Doing penance, you think; content, if so, in my penance.
Often I find myself saying, while watching in dance or on horseback
One that is here, in her freedom and grace and imperial sweetness,
Often I find myself saying, old faith and doctrine abjuring,
Into the crucible casting philosophies, facts, convictions, —
Were it not well that the stem should be naked of leaf and of tendril,
Poverty-stricken, the barest, the dismalest stick of the garden,
Flowerless, leafless, unlovely, for ninety-and-nine long summers,
So in the hundredth, at last, were bloom for one day at the summit,
So but that fleeting flower were lovely as Lady Maria?
Often I find myself saying, and know not myself as I say it,
What of the poor and the weary? their labor and pain is needed.
Perish the poor and the weary! what can they better than perish,
Perish in labor for her, who is worth the destruction of empires?
What! for a mite, for a mote, an impalpable odor of honor,
Armies shall bleed; cities burn; and the soldier red from the storming
Carry hot rancor and lust into chambers of mothers and daughters:
What! would ourselves for the cause of an hour encounter the battle,
Slay and be slain; lie rotting in hospital, hulk, and prison;
Die as a dog dies; die mistaken, perhaps, and dishonored.
Yea — and shall hodmen in beer shops complain of a glory denied them,
Which could not ever be theirs more than now it is theirs as spectators?
Which could not be, in all earth, if it were not for labor of hodmen?
And I find myself saying, and what I am saying discern not,
Dig in thy deep dark prison, O miner! and finding be thankful;
Though unpolished by thee, unto thee unseen in perfection.
While thou art eating black bread in the poisonous air of thy cavern,
Far away glitters the gem on the peerless neck of a princess.
Dig, and starve, and be thankful; it is so, and thou hast been aiding.
Often I find myself saying — in irony is it, or earnest? —
Yea, what is more, be rich, O ye rich! be sublime in great houses,
Purple and delicate linen endure; be of Burgundy patient;
Suffer that service be done you, permit of the page and the valet,
Vex not your souls with annoyance of charity schools or of districts,

Cast not to swine of the stye the pearls that should gleam in your
foreheads.
Live, be lovely, forget them, be beautiful even to proudness,
Even for their poor sakes whose happiness is to behold you;
Live, be uncaring, be joyous, be sumptuous; only be lovely,—
Sumptuous not for display, and joyous not for enjoyment;
Not for enjoyment truly,—for Beauty and God's great glory!
Yes, and I say, and it seems inspiration—of Good or of Evil!
Is it not He that hath done it, and who shall dare gainsay it?
Is it not even of Him, who hath made us?—yea, *for the lions,*
Roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God!
Is it not even of Him, who one kind over another
All the works of His hand hath disposed in a wonderful order?
Who hath made man, as the beasts, to live the one on the other,
Who hath made man, as Himself, to know the law—and accept it!
You will wonder at this, no doubt! I also wonder!
But we must live and learn: we can't know all things at twenty.

Rome and the Apennines.

(From "Amours de Voyage.")

Over the great windy waters, and over the clear-crested summits,
Unto the sun and the sky, and unto the perfecter earth,
Come, let us go,—to a land wherein gods of the old time wandered,
Where every breath even now changes to ether divine.
Come let us go; though withal a voice whisper,—"The world that
we live in,
Whithersoever we turn, still is the same narrow crib;
'Tis but to prove limitation, and measure a cord, that we travel;
Let who would 'scape and be free go to his chamber and think;
'Tis but to change idle fancies for memories willfully falser;
'Tis but to go and have been."—Come, little bark! let us go.

* * * * * * *

Rome disappoints me much,—St. Peter's, perhaps, in especial;
Only the Arch of Titus and view from the Lateran please me.
This, however, perhaps is the weather, which truly is horrid.
Greece must be better, surely; and yet I am feeling so spiteful
That I could travel to Athens, to Delphi, and Troy, and Mount
Sinai,
Though but to see with my eyes that these are vanity also.
Rome disappoints me much; I hardly as yet understand, but
Rubbishy seems the word that most exactly would suit it.
All the foolish destructions, and all the sillier savings,
All the incongruous things of past incompatible ages,

Seem to be treasured up here to make fools of present and future.
Would to Heaven the old Goths had made a cleaner sweep of it!
Would to Heaven some new ones would come and destroy these churches!
However, one can live in Rome as also in London. . . .
Rome disappoints me still; but I shrink and adapt myself to it.
Somehow a tyrannous sense of a superincumbent oppression
Still, wherever I go, accompanies ever, and makes me
Feel like a tree (shall I say?) buried under a ruin of brickwork.
Rome, believe me, my friend, is like its own Monte Testaccio,
Merely a marvelous mass of broken and cast-away wine-pots.
Ye gods! what do I want with this rubbish of ages departed,
Things that Nature abhors, the experiments that she has failed in?
What do I find in the Forum? An archway and two or three pillars.
Well, but St. Peter's? Alas, Bernini has filled it with sculpture!
No one can cavil, I grant, at the size of the great Coliseum.
Doubtless the notion of grand and capacious and massive amusement,
This the old Romans had; but tell me, is this an idea?
Yet of solidity much, but of splendor little is extant:
"Brickwork I found thee, and marble I left thee!" their Emperor vaunted;
"Marble I thought thee, and brickwork I find thee!" the tourist may answer.

* * * * * * *

Yet to the wondrous St. Peter's, and yet to the solemn Rotonda,
Mingling with heroes and gods, yet to the Vatican walls,
Yet may we go, and recline, while a whole mighty world seems above us,
Gathered and fixed to all time into one roofing supreme;
Yet may we, thinking on these things, exclude what is meaner around us;
Yet, at the worst of the worst, books and a chamber remain;
Yet may we think, and forget, and possess our souls in resistance. —
Ah, but away from the stir, shouting, and gossip of war,
Where, upon Apennine slope, with the chestnut the oak-trees immingle,
Where amid odorous copse bridle-paths wander and wind,
Where under mulberry branches the diligent rivulet sparkles,
Or amid cotton and maize peasants their water-works ply,
Where over fig-tree and orange, in tier upon tier still repeated,
Garden on garden upreared, balconies step to the sky, —
Ah, that I were far away from the crowd and the streets of the city,
Under the vine-trellis laid, O my beloved, with thee!

THE UNLUCKY WEATHERCOCK:

A TRAGI-COMEDY OF THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION.

BY MAURICE JOKAI.

[JOKAI MÓR (Maurice Jokai), the greatest of Hungarian novelists, and a journalist and politician of immense activity and influence, was born at Komorn in 1825. His first novel, "Working Days," appeared in 1846. An ardent patriot in the revolution of 1848, he came near execution for it. In the half-century since then he has published over three hundred volumes, among his chief novels being "A Hungarian Nabob" (1856), and its sequel "Zoltán Kárpáthy"; "The Palmy Days of Transylvania" (1861); "The New Squire" (1862); "What we are Growing Old For" (1865); "Love's Fools" (1867); "Black Diamonds" (1870); "Rab Ráby" (1880); "The Poor Rich" (1881); "Eyes like the Sea" (1890); "There is no Devil" (1891); "The Son of Rákóczy" (1892); "Twice Two are Four" (1893). He has also written histories and a great descriptive and statistical account of Hungary, an autobiography, and many other works; has edited several important daily papers and a humorous weekly; has been a member of the Hungarian Diet since its re-creation in 1866, and since 1897 a life member of the House of Magnates.]

IT SEEMS as if fortune delighted in extending her hand favorably towards some individuals, while to others she only puts it forth to deceive and buffet them through life. Her caprices have furnished us with a lively example in both manners of dealing. We relate the simple facts as we heard them without adding a word.

Towards the close of 1848, war was the only theme in vogue. In Pesth especially, the word *peace* was quite out of fashion. The hotels were filled with guests who met for the purpose of discussing the favorite topic; martial music was heard from morning till night; the European war was preparing.

Two personages were sitting together before a small table at the hotel "Nagy Pipa,"[1] to whom the German saying might have been applied — "*Der eine schweigt, der andere hört zu*,"[2] for one of these two personages seemed attentively considering the probable or possible cause of his companion's silence, casting from time to time a scrutinizing glance on his countenance, intended to penetrate whatever dark project might be passing within.

This observant individual was no other than the humane Master Janos, police-corporal, and vice-jailer of the noble city of Pesth; and when we inform our readers that he occupied

[1] Great Pipe. [2] "One keeps silence, the other listens to him."

this post during Metternich's time, and that, notwithstanding that minister's overthrow, he still retained his position, unlike the usual fate of the adherents of a fallen ministry, they will surely admit that the favorite of fortune could not be better personified than by the same Master Janos: nor can it be denied that the individual opposite was no less persecuted by the fickle goddess; not only because he was the object of honest Master Janos's suspicious glances, but more especially because a nail-smith's apprentice from Vienna could think of coming to Hungary of all places on earth—a country where the craft is carried on wholesale at the corner of every village by the Wallachian gypsies.

Master Janos had not studied Lavater, but long experience had led him to conclude, after minute examination of the man's countenance, that some counter-revolutionary scheme was turning in his head.

Consequently he drew his chair nearer, and determined to break the silence.

"Where do you come from, sir? if I may presume to ask," he inquired, with a wily glance at his companion.

"Hyay! from Vienna," sighed the stranger, looking into the bottom of his glass.

"And what news from that city?"

"Hyaee! nothing good."

"Eh, what? nothing good!—what bad, then?"

"Hyay! war is much feared."

"Feared! what audacity!—how dare they fear?"

"Hyay! sir, I do not fear either at thirty leagues' distance, but once I heard from the cellar how they were bombarding the streets, and I found nothing agreeable in it."

Master Janos found still greater reason for suspicion. He resolved to make him drink, and he would probably come on the traces of some dangerous plot.

How much does a nailsmith's stomach require? At the second pitcher his head sank slowly back, and his tongue moved with difficulty.

"Now for it!" thought Master Janos, filling his glass. "Eljen! liberty!" he exclaimed, waiting for the nailsmith to strike glasses.

The latter was not long in responding to the invitation, and echoed the "Eljen!" as far as his thickening tongue permitted.

"Now it is your turn to give a toast," said the vice-jailer, slyly eying his victim.

"Indeed, I am not used to give toasts, sir; I only drink them."

"Come, don't play the egotist, but drink to whoever you consider the greatest man in the world!"

"In the whole world?" replied the nailsmith, reflecting that the world was very large, and that he knew very little about it.

"Yes, in the whole world!—the whole round earth!" pursued Master Janos, confidently.

The nailsmith hesitated, scratched his nose, scratched his ear, scratched his whole head, and finally cried out, "Success to Master Slimak!"

The vice-jailer shuddered at this public demonstration. It was quite clear that this Master Slimak was some gunpowder-sworn commander-in-chief—there was no doubt of it, and, without any further ado, he seized the nailsmith by the collar, and, *brevi manu*, escorted him to the town hall, where he dragged him into a narrow, ominous-looking chamber, before a stout, red-faced gentleman.

"This man is a suspicious character," he exclaimed. "In the first place, he has the audacity to fear war; in the next place, he sat from seven o'clock until half-past nine, two whole hours and a half, without opening his lips; and finally, he was impious enough to give a public toast to a certain Master Slimak, who is probably quite as suspicious a character as himself."

"Who is this Master Slimak?" asked the stout, red-faced gentleman, sternly.

"Nobody, indeed," replied the trembling Viennese, "but my former master, an honest nailsmith, whom I served for four years, and would be serving still, had his wife not beaten me."

"Impossible!" ejaculated the fat, red-faced gentleman. "It is not customary to give public toasts to such personages."

"But I don't know what the custom is here."

"If you wished to give a toast, why did you not drink to constitutional liberty, to the upper and lower Danube armies, or to freedom of the press, and such toasts?"

"Hyay, sir! I could not learn all that in a month!"

"But in three months I dare say you will be able to learn it well enough. Master Janos, take that man into custody."

The humane Master Janos again seized the delinquent by the collar, *ut supra*, and escorted him to the place appropriated to such malefactors, where he had time to consider why he was put there.

The three months passed slowly enough to the nailsmith. It was now the middle of March.

Master Janos punctually released his prisoner, and the honest man, in order to prove the reform of his sentiments, and thereby rise in Master Janos's opinion, greeted him with, "Success to liberty and the Hungarian arms!"

Master Janos stumbled against the wall in speechless horror, and as soon as he had regained his equilibrium, he seized the astonished nailsmith, who, when he had recovered his terrified senses, found himself again in the narrow, ominous chamber; but now, instead of the stout, red-faced gentleman, he stood before a lean, black gentleman, who, when he understood the charge against the prisoner, without permitting any explanation, condemned him to three months' imprisonment, informing him that henceforth, unless he wished to fare worse, he would exclaim, "Success to the imperial armies, the great constitution, and the one and powerful Austria!"

And the nailsmith, having made three steps beyond his prison door, was brought back to renew his captivity and ponder over his strange fate.

The three months had again passed over. It was some time in June.

The humane Master Janos did not fail to release his captive. The poor man began at his prison door to declaim the redeeming words of: "Long live Prince Windischgrätz! Success to glorious Austria!"

Master Janos laid his hand upon his sword, as if to protect himself from this incorrigible man.

"What! was it not enough to imprison you twice? Have you not yet learned what you should say? Have the kindness to step in here."

And for the third time they entered the narrow chamber.

Instead of the meager, black gentleman, it was again the fat, red-faced gentleman before whom our victim was called in question for his repeated crime.

"Obstinate traitor!" he exclaimed; "are you aware of the extent of your offense, and that if I did not condemn you to an imprisonment of three months on my own responsibility, instead of giving you up to justice, you would be cut into four quarters, as you deserve?"

The unhappy nailsmith must needs rejoice, in his extreme terror, at the mildness of the punishment.

"But what should I have said?" he asked his lenient judge, in a voice of despair.

"What should you have said? why, 'Success to the republic! Success to democracy! Success to revolution!'"

The poor man repeated the three injunctions, and promising faithfully to attend them, he resigned himself patiently to a new lease of his dark abode.

During the ensuing three months, everything had changed except the good fortune of Master Janos. Neither time nor chance could succeed in displacing him, as they had so many others. He was still vice-jailer of the noble city of Pesth, as he had formerly been.

It was now September. The nailsmith's penalty was out, and Master Janos called him forth. The prisoner's countenance expressed something unusually important; and no sooner did the vice-jailer approach than, seizing his hand, he exclaimed between his sobs, "Oh, Master Janos, tell the black gentleman that I humbly kiss his hand, and wish him from the bottom of my heart, 'Success to the republic!'"

As the hungry wolf pounces on the lamb, Master Janos once more seized the nailsmith by his ill-used collar; and indeed, so shocked was the worthy jailer, that, having brought his prisoner into the narrow chamber, it was some time before he could recover himself sufficiently to explain the circumstances to the lean, black gentleman, who once more occupied the place of the fat, red-faced one; and great was his vexation when this individual, instead of sentencing the delinquent to be broken on the wheel, merely awarded him three months more imprisonment!

On the third of November, 1849, all who had been imprisoned for slight political offenses were released from their confinement, and among others the nailsmith.

As Master Janos opened the door, the unfortunate man stopped his mouth with his pocket-handkerchief, giving the

humane jailer by this pantomime to understand that he would henceforth keep his demonstrations to himself.

It might have been some consolation to him to know that he was not the only one who cried out at the wrong time!

THE STRUGGLE.

BY THE BARONESS TAUTPHŒUS.

(From "The Initials.")

[JEMIMA MONTGOMERY, a baronet's niece, was born in County Donegal, Ireland, in 1807, and married Baron von Tautphœus, the Bavarian royal chamberlain, in 1838; her son became minister to the Papacy. She made herself conversant not only with court life, but middle-class and peasant life, and embodied the knowledge in four notable novels: "The Initials" (1850), her masterpiece in plot and character; "Quits" (1851); "Cyrilla" (1853), a touching tragedy of real life; "At Odds" (1863). She died in 1893.]

THE following Sunday Hamilton saw the whole Rosenberg family, with the exception of Hildegarde, walking in the English Gardens. It appeared odd that she should have remained at home when her father was present, and he, for a moment, thought of asking the reason; on consideration, the hope of finding her alone made him turn his horse's head directly homeward, and on riding into the yard, he looked up to her window, expecting as usual to find her there ready to greet him and admire his horse — but not a human being was visible; even his servant, not expecting his return so early, had disappeared, and he was obliged to lead his horse into the stable himself.

He entered the house from the back staircase, visited all the rooms, and even the kitchen, but found all deserted. Madame Rosenberg's room was also unoccupied, but through the partly open door of it he saw Hildegarde sitting on a sofa in the drawing-room, reading so intently that she was perfectly unconscious of his presence. The deep folds of her dark blue merino dress, with its closely fitting body, gave a more than usual elegance to her tall, slight figure, as she bent in profile over her book, and Hamilton stood in silent admiration, unconsciously twisting his riding whip round his wrist, until his eyes rested for the second time on the book which she held in her hand.

He started, hesitated, then hastily strode forward and stood before her. Doubt and uncertainty were still depicted on his countenance as Hildegarde looked up; but her dismay, her deep blush, and the childish action of placing the hand containing the volume behind her, were a confirmation of his fears that she was reading the forbidden work. "Excuse me for interrupting you," he said, with a forced smile; "but I really cannot believe the evidence of my own eyes, and must request you to let me look at that book for a moment."

"No, you shall not," she answered, leaning back on the sofa, and becoming very pale, while she added, "It is very disagreeable being startled and interrupted in this manner. I thought you told mamma you would meet her at Neuberhausen."

"Very true; perhaps I may meet her there; but before I go I must and will see that book. On it depends my future opinion of you."

"You shall not see it," cried Hildegarde, the color again returning to her face.

"The book," said Hamilton, seizing firmly her disengaged hand. "The book, or the name of it!"

"Neither; let me go!" cried Hildegarde, struggling to disengage her hand.

Like most usually quiet-tempered persons, Hamilton, when once actually roused, lost all command of himself; he held one of her hands as in a vise, and, when she brought forward the other to accelerate its release, he bent down to read the title of the book, which was immediately thrown on the ground, and the then freed hand descended with such violence on his cheek and ear that for a moment he was perfectly stunned; and, even after he stood upright, he looked at her for a few seconds in unfeigned astonishment. "Do you think," at length he exclaimed vehemently — "Do you think that I will allow you to treat me as you did Major Stultz, with impunity?" And then, catching her in his arms, he kissed her repeatedly, and with a violence which seemed to terrify her beyond measure. "I gave you fair warning more than once," he added, when at length he had released her. "I gave you fair warning, and you knew what you had to expect." She covered her face with her hands, and burst into a passion of tears.

"I cannot imagine," he continued, impetuously walking up and down the room — "I cannot imagine why you did not,

with your usual courage, tell me at once the name of the book, and prevent this scene."

Hildegarde shook her head, and wept still more bitterly.

"After all," he said, seating himself with affected calmness opposite to her, leaning his arms on the table, and drumming upon the book, which now lay undisputed between them, "After all, you are not better than other people! Not more to be trusted than other girls, and I fancied you such perfection! I could have forgiven anything but the — the untruth!" he exclaimed, starting up. "Anything but that! Pshaw! yesterday when you told me that the books had been sent back to the library, I believed you without a moment's hesitation — I thanked you for your deference to my opinion — ha, ha, ha! What a fool you must have thought me!"

Hildegarde looked up. All expression of humility had left her features, her tears ceased to flow, and, as she rose to leave the room, she turned almost haughtily towards him, while saying: —

"I really do not know what right you have to speak to me in this manner. I consider it very great presumption on your part, and desire it may never occur again."

"You may be quite sure I shall never offend you in this way again," he said, holding the book towards her. "What a mere farce the writing of that list of books was!"

"No, for I had intended to have read all you recommended."

"And all I recommended you to avoid, too! This — this, which you tacitly promised not to finish ——" He stopped; for, while she took the book in silence, she blushed so deeply, and seemed so embarrassed, that he added sorrowfully, "Oh, how I regret having come home! How I wish I had not discovered that you could deceive me!"

"I have *not* deceived you," said Hildegarde.

Hamilton shook his head, and glanced towards the subject of dispute.

"Appearances are against me, and yet I repeat I have not deceived you. The books *were* sent to the library yesterday evening — but too late to be changed. Old Hans brought them back again, and I found them in my room when I went to bed. I did not read them last night."

"But you stayed at home for the purpose to-day," observed Hamilton, reproachfully.

"No; my mother gave the servants leave to go out for the whole day, and as she did not like to leave the house unoccupied, she asked me to remain at home. I, of course, agreed to do so — without, I assure you, thinking of those hateful books. I do not mean to — I cannot justify what I have done. I can only say in extenuation that the temptation was great. I have been alone for more than two hours — my father's books are locked up. I never enter your room when you are absent, and I wished to know the end of the story which still interests and haunts me in spite of all my endeavors to forget it. The book lay before me; I resisted long, but at last I opened it; and so — and so ——"

"And so, I suppose, I must acknowledge that I have judged you too harshly," said Hamilton.

"I do not care about your judgment. I have fallen in my own esteem since I find that I cannot resist temptation."

"And is my good opinion of no value to you?"

"It was, perhaps; but it has lost all worth within the last half-hour."

"How do you mean?"

"I have seen you in the course of that time suspicious, rough, and what you would yourself call ungentlemanlike."

"A pretty catalogue of faults for one short half-hour!" exclaimed Hamilton, biting his lips.

"You were the last person from whom I should have expected such treatment," continued Hildegarde, while the tears started to her eyes, and her voice faltered, "the very last; and though I did get into a passion and give you a blow, it was not until you had hurt my wrist and provoked me beyond endurance." She left the room and walked quickly down the passage.

"Stay," cried Hamilton, following her, "stay, and hear my excuses."

"Excuses! You have not even one to offer," said Hildegarde, laying her hand on the lock of her door.

"Hear me at least," he said eagerly. "I could not endure the thought of your being one jot less perfect than I had imagined you — that made me suspicious; the wish for proof made me rough; and though I cannot exactly justify my subsequent conduct, I plead in extenuation your own words, 'the temptation was great.'"

Hildegarde's dimples showed that a smile was with diffi-

culty repressed, and Hamilton, taking courage, whispered hurriedly, "But one word more — hear my last and best excuse; it is that I love you, deeply, passionately; but I need not tell you this, for you must have known it long, long ago. Hildegarde, say only that our perpetual quarrels have not made you absolutely hate me!"

Hildegarde, without uttering a word more, impetuously drew back her hand, sprang into her room, and locked the door. He waited for a minute or two, and then knocked, but received no answer. "Hildegarde," he cried reproachfully, "is this right — is this kind? Even if you dislike me, I have a right to expect an answer."

"Go," she said in a very low voice; "go away. You ought not to be here when I am alone."

"Why did you not think of that before?"

"I don't know. I had not time. I ——"

"Nonsense. Open the door, and let me speak to you for a moment."

No answer, but he thought he heard her walking up and down the room.

"Only one moment," he repeated.

"I cannot, indeed I cannot. Pray go away."

He retired slowly to his room; even before he reached it he had become conscious of the absurdity of his conduct, and the prudence of hers. That she no longer disliked him, he was pretty certain; that she had so discreetly avoided a confession of other feelings was better for both, as it enabled them to continue their intercourse on the same terms, while the acknowledgment of a participation in his affection would have subjected her to great annoyances, and placed him in a most embarrassing situation. He was angry with himself — recollected, with shame, that he had repeated the error which he had so much cause to regret on a former occasion, and mentally repenting his own loquaciousness and rejoicing at Hildegarde's taciturnity, he resolved never to refer to the subject again. A ring of the bell at the entrance door induced him to stop and await her appearance. She did not answer the summons, and it was repeated, accompanied by a few familiar taps on the door. Still she did not move. Again the bell was rung; the knocks became louder, as if administered by some hard instrument, and finally her name was loudly and distinctly pronounced.

"I am coming, papa," she cried at last, running forward, and opening the door precipitately.

Count Raimund sprang into the passage, closed the door with his shoulder, leaned upon it, and burst into a fit of laughter at the dismay legible on the features of his cousin.

"Oscar," she began seriously, "you must come some other day, mamma is not at home, and I have been left to——"

"I know, I know," he cried, interrupting her. "I saw them all in the English Gardens—your Chevalier Hamilton, too, galloping about like a madman; and for this reason, my most dear and beautiful cousin, I have come here now, hoping for once to see you alone. Do not look so alarmed, I am only come to claim the advice which you promised to give me on the most important event of my life."

"Not now, not now," said Hildegarde, glancing furtively towards the end of the passage, where, in the shadow of his door, she distinguished Hamilton's figure leaning with folded arms against the wall; "some other time, Oscar."

"What other time? I never see you for a moment alone—even at the Hoffmanns', although my good Marie is too rational to bore me with useless jealousy, does not her deaf old mother watch every movement and intercept every glance with her cold, gray, suspicious eyes? I sometimes wish the old lady were blind instead of deaf, she would be infinitely less troublesome."

"Oh, Oscar!"

"Conceive my being doomed to live in the vicinity of such eyes, dearest creature, and you will pity me at least!"

"You are not in the least to be pitied—for the Hoffmans are most amiable," said Hildegarde, hurriedly. "But now, I expect you will leave me."

"Expect no such thing! On the contrary, I expect you will invite me to enter this room," he replied, advancing boldly towards her.

"If you enter that room," said Hildegarde, sternly, "I shall leave you there, and take refuge with Madame de Hoffman, who, I know, is now at home."

"Don't be angry, dearest; all places are alike to me where you are. All places are alike to me where I may tell you without reserve that I love you more than ever one cousin loved another."

"The time is ill chosen for jesting, Oscar; I never felt

less disposed to enjoy anything of the kind than at this moment."

"Indeed! then let me tell you seriously that I love you to distraction."

"Oscar, even in jest I do not choose to hear such nonsense."

"By heaven, I am not jesting."

"Then, betrothed as you now are, your words are a crime."

"Be it so; there is, however, no crime I should hesitate to commit were you to be obtained by it. As to breaking my engagement with Marie, that is a trifle not worth considering; but what am I likely to obtain by doing so?"

"Dishonor," said Hildegarde, firmly and calmly.

"Hildegarde," he exclaimed fiercely, "do not affect a coldness which you cannot feel; do not drive me to madness. My love must not be trifled with; it is of no rational, everyday kind, but violent as my nature, and desperate as my fortunes."

"That is," thought Hamilton, "exactly what she wished. If he continue in this strain, she will not shut the door in his face. But I have had enough of this raving, and will no longer constrain her by my presence." He entered the room, and closed the door.

For more than half an hour he impatiently paced backwards and forwards, stopping only when he heard Raimund's voice suddenly raised. At length he thought he heard a stifled scream, and rushed to the door, scarcely knowing what he feared or expected. Hildegarde was holding her cousin's arm with both hands, while she exclaimed, "For heaven's sake, Oscar, do not frighten me so horribly."

A loud ringing of the house bell, and the sound of many voices on the stairs, seemed to be a relief to her, while Raimund appeared considerably agitated. "Hide me in your room, Hildegarde; I am lost if the Hoffmanns find me here."

"And what is to become of me should you be found there?" she asked, while a deadly paleness overspread her features; and she irresolutely placed her hand on the lock of the door, then glanced down the passage, and beckoning Raimund to follow, led the way to Hamilton's room. "Mr. Hamilton," she said with a trembling voice, "will you allow Oscar to remain a few minutes in your room, and when no one is in the passage, have the goodness to open the door leading to the back staircase for him?"

"The part which you have assigned me in this comedy,

mademoiselle, is by no means agreeable, but I will not be the means of causing you embarrassment; Count Raimund may easily be supposed to have voluntarily visited me, and there is no necessity for a retreat by the back staircase, unless he have some motive for wishing to give his visit an air of mystery."

"Ah, very true," said Hildegarde, in a hurried, confused manner, while she moved aside to let her cousin pass.

Hamilton's speech made more impression on Raimund; he looked furious, and seemed to hesitate whether or not to enter the room. Again the bell rang, and Hildegarde was in the act of springing forward, when Raimund caught her arm, and while a fearful frown contracted his brows, with closed teeth, and in the low voice of suppressed rage, he whispered, "One word; is it Zedwitz? or — or ——" he looked towards Hamilton.

Hildegarde's face became crimson, she flung off his detaining hand, and ran to the hall door, which she threw wide open, leaving him to retreat precipitately into Hamilton's room, where, with folded arms, he strode towards the window, after having murmured the words, "Sorry to intrude in this manner." Hamilton moved a chair towards him; he sat down for a moment, but the next jumped up, and going to the door, partly opened it and looked into the passage.

"I saw Count Raimund enter the house more than half an hour ago," observed a very loud voice, which Hamilton recognized as Madame de Hoffman's, "and as I knew you were all out walking, and only Mademoiselle Hildegarde at home, I expected to see him leave it again immediately."

"I think, mamma, you must have been mistaken," said Mademoiselle de Hoffman, putting her mouth close to her mother's ear.

"I have the misfortune to be somewhat deaf, Marie, but my eyes are as good as yours, and with these eyes I saw him enter this house."

"You are quite right," said Raimund, advancing with the easiest manner and most unconcerned smile imaginable. "I knew that Marie had gone out with Madame Rosenberg, and not imagining that my future mother-in-law could be so much interested in my movements, I ventured, without informing her of my intentions, to visit my friend Hamilton."

"But Mr. Hamilton is out riding," cried Madame de Hoffmann.

"Perhaps he *was* out riding, but I have had the good fortune to find him at home, nevertheless."

"Then he must have come up the other staircase, or I should have seen him through the slit in our door, where I watched you walking upstairs."

"Very possibly," said Raimund, contemptuously.

"Marie," said Madame de Hoffmann, in what she intended for a whisper, but which was audible to all, "Marie, my child, I don't believe a word of all this. The Englishman is no more in the house than the man in the moon."

"Confound your suspicions," muttered Raimund, angrily. "I suppose, then," he added with a frown, "I shall be obliged, in order to satisfy you, to ask Mr. Hamilton to show himself to the assembled household."

He seemed, however, so very unwilling to make the request, that Madame de Hoffman's suspicions received confirmation; she turned from him, saying with a laugh of derision, "Perhaps Hildegarde can assist you in making him appear!"

Her words acted like a charm. Hamilton, who had been an immovable listener of all that had passed, no sooner heard her name mentioned, than he mechanically rose, and taking his hat and whip, issued forth. He forced a smile as he passed the Hoffmanns and Madame Rosenberg, which, on approaching Hildegarde, changed into an expression of contempt that neither her swelled and tearful eyelids nor her excessive paleness could mitigate.

After his return home, he remained in his room until supper was announced, and even then delayed some minutes, to insure Madame Rosenberg's being in the drawing-room when he reached it. She was endeavoring to persuade Hildegarde to leave the stove, near which she was sitting with closed eyes, leaning her head in her hands.

"If you would only eat your supper, Hildegarde, it would quite cure your headache, which is probably caused by your having spent the day in a heated room. Next time I shall leave old Hans in charge of the house, for had you been out walking with us as usual, you would have had no headache, I am sure. Don't you think so too, Mr. Hamilton?"

"I think it very probable," he answered, seating himself beside Madame Rosenberg.

"And don't you think if she took some soup she would be better?"

"Perhaps."

"Hildegarde, I insist on your trying it — or go to bed at once. You make your head worse by sitting so close to the stove."

Hildegarde, without speaking, moved to the vacant chair at the other side of Hamilton, and slowly and reluctantly sipped a few mouthfuls of soup.

By some singular anomaly, Hamilton found himself suddenly in remarkably high spirits — he looked at Hildegarde, and congratulating himself on being free from thraldom, gazed with a gay smile on her pale features until they were suffused with red, and great was his triumph to feel and know that there was no sympathetic blush on his own countenance. He told Madame Rosenberg of an engagement he had made with Zedwitz to accompany him to Edelhof on the following morning, to attend the marriage of his sister, and requested to have his breakfast at an early hour the next day.

"And you intend to remain away a whole fortnight! How we shall miss you!" cried Madame Rosenberg.

"You are very kind to say so," replied Hamilton, laughing.

"And I think so too, though you seem to doubt me. You know I like you better than any of the Englishmen I have had in my house. Captain Black was not to be compared to you, nor Mr. Smith, either, although he used to tell me so often that he was noble even without a *von* before his name, and that he could be made a chamberlain here if he wished it, as he was related to the Duke of Buckel, which always appeared to me such an odd name for a duke that I was half inclined to doubt there being any such person."

"We have a Duke of Buccleugh ——" began Hamilton.

"Very likely he pronounced it that way; I am sure I heard it often enough to know, but I never can learn an English word until I see it written, and never should have learned his name if he had not constantly left his cards lying about on the tables; I dare say I shall find some of them in the card basket still." She commenced a diligent search while speaking, and soon held up a card on which was printed in large German letters the name of Mr. Howard Seymour Scott Smith.

"He used to sometimes say that the last word ought to be left out, for that his real name was Scott."

"Perhaps he inherited property with the name of Smith?"

"No; he said something about a marriage certificate having been lost — that before he was born there was great irregularity in such things in England."

Hamilton laughed.

"Is it not true?" asked Madame Rosenberg.

"Oh, very possibly."

"He told us, too, that in Scotland people could be married without any certificate of birth, baptism, or confirmation — without even the consent of their friends. Franz says this is a fact, and that the existence of such a law is a great temptation to thoughtless young people."

"I have no doubt it is," replied Hamilton; "I would not answer for myself were I led into temptation. A great-uncle of mine made a marriage of this kind and it proved a very happy one — his friends, to provide for him quickly, used all their interest to send him out to India, where he made an enormous fortune, and as he has no children, has been, ever since his return, a sort of lawgiver in our family. I should not have been here now, if old Uncle Jack had not said that traveling was necessary to make me a man of the world, and that in Germany alone I could learn to speak the German well."

"But," said Madame Rosenberg, "this marriage was a fortunate exception, for," she added, with sundry winks and blinks towards Hildegarde, "for marriages against the consent of relations seldom or never turn out well. Let me give you some more salad, and then, as you are to leave so early to-morrow, I may as well pack up your things to-night."

"By no means," cried Hamilton, "I must beg of you to send for Hans."

"Oh, young Hans is much too awkward, and the old man is gone to bed hours ago. I have been thinking, if you intend to keep Hans, that I will begin to teach him to be handy, and instead of Hildegarde's arranging your linen, he must learn to do it from this time forward."

"That would be very kind of you," said Hamilton.

"For the sewing on of buttons, and all that," continued Madame Rosenberg, delighted at the idea of giving instruction, "he must of course still apply to you, Hildegarde."

Hildegarde, who had been leaning back on her chair, diligently puckering and plaiting her pocket handkerchief, looked up for a moment and replied: —

"Yes, mamma."

"I shall send for Hans, and give him his first lessons to-night," said Madame Rosenberg, moving towards the door.

"Wait a moment and I can accompany you," cried Hamilton, quickly. "I shall be ready directly."

"Don't hurry yourself," said Madame Rosenberg; "you will have time enough before Hans comes up; and I must first see if Peppy has fallen asleep, and if he is properly covered. Don't hurry yourself."

Why did Hamilton bend over his plate? and why did the color mount to his temples as the door closed? Did he begin to entertain doubts of his indifference, or did he dread an explanation with Hildegarde? He scarcely knew himself, but he felt uncomfortable, and gave himself a quantity of trouble to prevent his companion from observing it.

The distant roll of carriages had already informed them that the opera was over; but it was not until the sound of voices in the usually quiet street had made the immediate return of her father, sister, and Major Stultz probable, that Hildegarde summoned courage to say, in a very low voice, and without looking up, "What must you think of me——"

"Do you wish to know what I think of you?" asked Hamilton, with affected negligence.

"Yes; but do not again judge too harshly."

"I think," he said, facing her deliberately, "I think you are very beautiful."

"Pshaw!" cried Hildegarde, pushing back her chair angrily, "I expected a very different answer."

"Something different," said Hamilton, in the same tone. "Something about distraction and committing crimes, perhaps."

"What occurred to-day is no subject for a jest," she said seriously.

"So I thought a few hours ago, also," said Hamilton; "but now the whole affair appears to me rather amusing than otherwise. Perhaps, however, your cousin alone is privileged to speak to you in this manner, in which case you must pardon me for endeavoring to recollect what he said; but it was so well received that——"

"It was not well received!" cried Hildegarde, interrupting him. "You know it was not; and I am ready," she added, after a pause, "ready to repeat to you every word of our conversation."

"Thank you," said Hamilton, coldly, "but I have already heard enough to enable me to imagine the remainder."

"Perhaps," said Hildegarde, hurriedly, "perhaps you heard — and saw ——".

"I heard a declaration of love after the most approved form, a proposal to commit any crime or crimes likely to render him interesting and acceptable to you. I remembered to have once heard you tell your father that you wished to be the object of a love of this kind; but I did not wait to hear your answers. It was your half-suppressed scream which made me foolishly imagine you wished for my presence. When I saw you I perceived at once my mistake, and returned to my room."

"Then you did not see the — the dagger ——"

"What dagger?" asked Hamilton, his curiosity excited in spite of himself.

"Oscar's dagger — he threatened to stab himself!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Hamilton. "I really did not think him capable of acting so absurdly. I gave him credit for too much knowledge of the world to treat you to such an insipid scene."

"Then you do not think he was serious!"

"I am sure he was not. The dagger was purposely brought for effect. He has proved himself an excellent actor to-day — tragic as well as comic, it seems."

"It was cruel of him deliberately to frighten me," said Hildegarde, thoughtfully.

"It was unpardonable — inexcusable his doing so," cried Hamilton, "for he thought you were alone, and took advantage of finding you unprotected."

"Most men take advantage of finding us unprotected. After the events of to-day I may say all men do so," replied Hildegarde, with so much reproachful meaning in her glance that Hamilton rose from his seat and began to perambulate the room, occasionally stopping to lean on the stove, until her father's voice and approaching steps made him suddenly move forward towards her, as if he expected her to speak again. She remained, however, silent and motionless; and at length, overcome by a mixture of anxiety and curiosity, and with an ineffectual effort to appear indifferent, he said quickly, "I thought you were going to tell me what you said that could have given your cousin an excuse for producing a dagger."

"You did not choose to hear when I was willing to tell you; and now ——"

Here Madame Rosenberg entered the room, and Hildegarde rose, saying, "that her head ached intolerably, and she would now go to bed."

"Good night!" said Hamilton. "I hope your headache will be cured by a long sleep, and that you will be quite well when we meet again."

"Thank you; before that time I shall most probably have altogether forgotten it," said Hildegarde.

That means, thought Hamilton, she will not pour out my coffee to-morrow at breakfast.

IN APRIL.

By EMANUEL GEIBEL.

[1815–1884.]

O HUMID eve of April,
How dear to me you are;
The sky is all cloud-curtained,
With here and there a star.

Like breath of love so balmy
The air blows warm and wet;
From out the valley rises
Faint scent of violet.

I fain a song would utter
That like this eve shall be;
And cannot find so dreamy,
So soft a melody.

runs away from free nature in order to look at a herbarium, or to contemplate a beautiful landscape in an engraving.

Even if sometimes one may find with ease in a book a truth or an insight already given, which one has worked out slowly, and with much trouble, by one's own thinking and combining, it is yet worth a hundred times more when one has attained it through one's original thought. Only then does it become as integral part, as living member, one with the whole system of our thoughts; only then does it stand in complete and firm cohesion with them, is understood in all its grounds and consequences, bears the color, the shade, the stamp, of our whole mode of thought, and this because it has come at the precise time that the need for it was present, and therefore sits firmly, secure from dispossession. Here accordingly Goethe's verse,

> What thou hast inherited from thy fathers
> Acquire it, in order to possess it,

finds its most perfect application and explanation. The self-thinker, namely, learns the authorities for his opinions afterwards, when they serve merely to confirm him in them and for his own strengthening. The book philosopher, on the other hand, starts from them, in that he constructs a whole for himself out of the alien opinions he has read up, which then resembles an automaton that has been put together of foreign material, while the former resembles a living man. For in this case it has arisen like the living man, since the outer world has impregnated the thinking mind which has carried it, and given it birth.

Truth that has only been learnt cleaves to us like a limb that has been stuck on — a false tooth, a waxen nose, or at best like a genuine one of alien flesh. But that which has been acquired by original thought resembles the natural limb; it alone really belongs to us. On this rests the distinction between the thinker and the mere scholar. Hence the intellectual acquirement of the self-thinker is like a fine painting, which stands out lifelike with accurate light and shade, well-balanced tone, and complete harmony of color. The intellectual acquirement of the mere scholar, on the contrary, resembles a large palette full of bright colors, systematically arranged indeed, but without harmony, cohesion, and significance.

Reading means thinking with an alien head, not one's own.

But to original thought, from which a coherent whole, even if not a strictly rounded-off system, seeks to develop itself, nothing is more injurious than too great an influx of foreign thoughts through continual reading. For these, each sprung from another mind, belonging to another system, bearing another color, never of themselves flow together to form a whole of thought, of knowledge, of insight, and conviction, but rather set up a Babylonian confusion of tongues in the head, and rob the mind which has been filled with them of all clear insight, and thus almost disorganize it. This state is noticeable with many scholars, and the result is that they are behind many unlearned persons in healthy understanding, accurate judgment, and practical tact, the latter having always subordinated to and incorporated with their own thought what has come to them from without, through experience, conversation, and a little reading. The scientific *thinker* does this in a greater degree. Although he needs much knowledge, and therefore must read much, his mind is nevertheless strong enough to master all this, to assimilate it, to incorporate it into the system of his thoughts, and so to subordinate it to the organically coherent whole of a magnificent insight, which is always growing. In this, his own thinking, like the ground bass of the organ, perpetually dominates all, and is never drowned by foreign tones, as is the case with merely polyhistorical heads, in which, as it were, musical fragments from all keys run into one another, and the fundamental note is no more to be heard.

People who have occupied their life with reading, and who have derived their wisdom from books, resemble those who have acquired a correct knowledge of a country from many descriptions of travel. Such persons can give information about much, but at bottom they have no coherent, clear, fundamental knowledge of the structure of the country. Those, on the contrary, who have occupied their life with thought, resemble persons who have themselves been in that country. They alone know, properly speaking, what is in question, since they know the things there in their connection, and are truly at home in them.

The ordinary book philosopher is related to the self-thinker as an historical investigator to an eyewitness. The latter speaks from his own direct apprehension of the matter. Hence

all self-thinkers agree in the last resort .nd their diversity only arises from that of their standpoint; and where this does not alter anything they all say the same. For they only put forward what they have objectively apprehended. I have often found propositions which, on account of their paradoxical nature, I only brought before the public with hesitation, to my agreeable surprise repeated in the old works of great men. The book philosopher, on the contrary, reports what this one has said, and what that one has thought, and what another has objected, etc. This he compares, weighs, criticises, and thus seeks to get at the truth of things, a point in which he strongly resembles the critical historian. Thus, for example, he will institute investigations as to whether Leibnitz had ever been for a time at any period a Spinozist, etc. Conspicuous instances of what is here said are furnished to the curious admirer in Herbart's "Analytical Explanation of Moral and Natural Right," as also in his "Letters on Freedom." One might well wonder at the considerable trouble which such a one gives himself, for it seems as though, if he would only fix his eye on the subject itself, he would soon, by a little self-thought, attain to the goal. But as to this, there is one small hindrance, namely, that it does not depend on our will. One can always sit down and read, but not always think as well. It is, namely, with thoughts as with men, one cannot always have them called up at one's pleasure, but must wait till they come. Thought on a subject must make an appearance of itself by a happy, harmonious concurrence of the outward occasion with the inward mood and interest; and it is precisely this which will never occur to the foregoing persons. The above finds its explanation even in those thoughts which concern our personal interest. If we under certain circumstances have to form a decision, we cannot well sit down at any time we choose, think over the reasons, and then decide; for often our reflections on the subject will then precisely not hold, but wander to other things, for which sometimes even the disinclination for the circumstance is responsible. We should not therefore attempt to force it, but wait till the mood comes of itself; it will often do so unexpectedly and repeatedly, and every different mood at a different time throws a new light on the subject. This slow procedure it is which is understood as *maturity of judgment.* For the thought must be distributed; much that has before been overlooked will thereby be clear to us, and the disinclination

will thereby be lost, since things more clearly kept in view appear in general much more endurable. In the same way, in theoretical departments, the right time has to be waited for, and even the greatest mind is not always capable of thinking for itself. It will do well therefore to utilize the remainder of the time for reading, which is, as already said, a surrogate of original thought, and brings material to the mind, in that another thinks for us, albeit invariably in a manner which is not our own. For this reason one ought not to read too much, in order that the mind may not become accustomed to the surrogate, and thereby forget the thing itself; in other words, that it shall not accustom itself to an already trodden path, and by going along an alien track of thought become estranged from its own. Least of all ought one, for the sake of reading, to withdraw oneself entirely from the view of the real world. For the occasion and the disposition to original thought occur incomparably more often here than in reading. For the perpetual, the real, in its originality and power, is the natural object of the thinking mind, and is able most easily to move it deeply.

If these considerations are correct, we shall not wonder that the self-thinker and the book philosopher are easily to be recognized by their delivery; the former by the stamp of earnestness, directness, and originality, in the idiosyncrasy of all his thoughts and expressions; the latter, on the contrary, in that everything is pieced together at second hand, out of traditional notions and stuff that has been raked up, and is thus flat and dull, like the impression of an impression. His style, consisting of conventional, banal phrases and current tags, resembles a small state whose circulation consists solely in foreign money, because it does not itself coin.

Mere experience can replace thought just as little as reading. Pure empiricism is related to thinking as eating is to digestion and assimilation. When the former boasts that it alone, through its discoveries, has furthered human knowledge, it is as though the mouth should boast that the maintenance of the body was its work alone.

The works of all really competent heads distinguish themselves from the rest by their character of *decisiveness* and *definiteness*, together with the distinctness and clearness springing therefrom, for such heads always know definitely and distinctly

what they want to express, be it in prose, in verse, or in sounds. This decisiveness and clearness is wanting in the rest, and in this they may be at once recognized.

The characteristic sign of minds of the first order is the immediateness of all their judgments. All that they bring forward is the result of their own thinking, and everywhere proclaims itself as such by its delivery. They accordingly, like princes, have an imperial immediacy in the empire of mind; the rest are all mediatized, as may be easily seen from their style, which has no original stamp.

Every true self-thinker thus resembles *pro tanto* a monarch; he is immediate, and recognizes no one above himself. His judgments, like the decisions of a monarch, spring from his own supreme power, proceed directly from himself. For just as little as the monarch does he accept commands and authorizations, but lets nothing obtain that he has not confirmed himself. The common herd of heads, on the other hand, entangled in all sorts of opinions, authorities, and prejudices, resemble the people who silently obey his law and mandate.

Those persons who are so zealous and hasty in deciding most questions by the quotation of authorities are glad when, instead of their own understanding and insight, which is wanting, they can bring into the field some one else's. Their number is legion, for as Seneca says: "*Unus quisque mavult credere, quam judicare.*" In their controversies, authorities are the universally chosen weapons. With them they attack each other, and he who happens to be mixed up in them is badly advised if he attempt to defend himself with reasons and arguments. For against these weapons they are horned Siegfrieds, dipped in the flood of incapacity to think and to judge. They will therefore hold up their authorities before him as an *argumentum ad verecundiam*, and then cry *Victoria!*

In the realm of reality, however beautiful, happy, and cheerful it may happen to be, we move ourselves continuously under the influence of an oppression, which has ceaselessly to be overcome; while in the realm of thought we are incorporeal spirits, without weight and without trouble. There is, therefore, no happiness on earth like that which a beautiful and fruitful mind in a happy hour finds in itself.

The presence of a thought is like the presence of a loved one. We deem that we shall never forget this thought, and that this loved one can never become indifferent to us. But out of sight, out of mind! The most beautiful thought runs the risk of being irrevocably forgotten if it is not written down, and the loved one to be torn from us if she has not been wedded.

There are many thoughts which have a value for him who thinks them, but few only among them which possess the power of acting through repercussion or reflection, that is, after they have been written down, to gain the reader's interest.

But as regards this, that only has true worth which one has in the first instance thought out *for oneself*. One may divide thinkers into such as at first think *for themselves*, and such as at once think *for others*. The former are the genuine *self-thinkers* in the double sense of the word; they are the true *philosophers*. For they alone take the matter seriously. The pleasure and happiness of their existence, indeed, consists in thinking. The others are the *sophists;* they wish to *appear* and seek their happiness in that which they hope thereby to obtain from others; herein lies their seriousness. To which of these two classes a writer belongs may be easily recognized by his whole style and manner. Lichtenberg is an example of the first kind, Herder already belongs to the second.

If one considers how great and how near us is the *problem of existence*, of this ambiguous, tormented, fleeting, dreamlike existence, so great and so near, that as soon as one is aware of it, all other problems and purposes are overshadowed and hidden by it; and if one keeps before one's eyes how all men, with few and rare exceptions, are never clearly conscious of this problem, seeming indeed not to be possessed of it, but to trouble themselves rather about anything else than about it, and are concerned only for the present day, and for the scarcely longer span of their personal future, either expressly declining the problem in question, or willingly contenting themselves in respect of it with any system of popular metaphysics; when one, I say, well considers this, one might almost be of the opinion that man could only in a very general sense be called a *thinking being*, and one might wonder at no trait of thoughtlessness

or simplicity, but rather recognize that the intellectual scope of the average man, although it indeed transcends that of the animal (unconscious of its whole existence, future and past, and living, as it were, a single present), but yet not so incalculably removed as one is accustomed to imagine.

It is in accordance with the above that in conversation one finds the thoughts of most men clipped as short as chopped straw, and therefore not admitting of any longer thread being spun out of them.

It would be impossible, moreover, if this world were peopled by merely thinking beings, that noise of every kind should be allowed and given such unlimited scope, even the most horrible and purposeless. If nature had intended man for thinking, she would never have given him ears, or would at least, as with bats, whom I envy on this account, have furnished him with air-tight covers. But he, like the rest, is in truth a poor creature, whose powers are merely directed to the maintenance of his existence, for which reason he always requires open ears, which unsolicited, and by night as well as by day, announce the approach of the persecutor.

On Reading and Books.

Ignorance first degrades a man when it is met with in company with riches. The poor man is crushed by his poverty and distress; his work takes the place of knowledge with him, and occupies his thoughts. The rich, on the contrary, who are ignorant, live merely for their lusts, and resemble brutes, as may daily be seen. To this is to be added further the reproach that they have not used their riches and leisure for that which gives them their greatest value.

When we read, another thinks for us; we merely repeat his mental process. It is as when in learning to write the pupil follows with his pen the strokes that have been made in pencil by the teacher. In reading, accordingly, we are relieved of the greater part of the work of thinking. Hence the perceptible relief when we pass from the occupation of our own thoughts to reading. But while we read, our head is, properly speaking, only the arena of alien thoughts. Hence it is that he who reads very much and almost the whole day, amusing himself in the intervals of his reading with thoughtless pas-

time, gradually loses the capacity even to think, just as one who always rides at last forgets how to walk. But such is the case with many scholars; they have read themselves stupid. For perpetual reading recurred to immediately at every free moment cripples the mind more than perpetual work with the hands, for with the latter one can always follow one's own thoughts. Just as a spring by the continuous pressure of a foreign body loses its elasticity, so does the mind through the continuous pressure of foreign thoughts. Just as one injures the stomach by too much aliment, and thereby damages the whole body, so the mind may be clogged and suffocated by too much intellectual nourishment. For the more one reads the fewer traces does what is read leave on the mind. It is like a tablet on which many things have been written over one another. It never comes to rumination therefore; but it is only by this that one makes what one reads one's own. If one reads incessantly, without afterwards thinking further upon it, it does not take root, and gets for the most part lost. For it is precisely the same with the intellectual nourishment as with the corporeal; scarcely the fiftieth part of what we take is assimilated, the rest passes off through evaporation, respiration, or otherwise.

There is no literary quality, as, for example, persuasive power, wealth of imagery, the gift of comparison, boldness, or bitterness, or brevity, or grace, or facility of expression; or, again, wit, striking contrasts, a laconic style, *naïveté*, etc., which we can acquire by reading authors who possess such qualities. But we may nevertheless call forth thereby these qualities in ourselves if we already possess them as disposition, that is, *in potentia*, and bring them to our consciousness; we can see all that is to be done with them, we can be strengthened in the inclination, or indeed in the courage to use them; we can judge by instances of the effect of their application, and so learn the right employment of them, after which we assuredly first possess them *in actu*. This then is the only way in which reading educates to writing, inasmuch as it teaches us the use we can make of our own natural gifts, always supposing of course that we possess these; without them, on the contrary, we can learn nothing by reading but cold, dead mannerisms, and become arid imitators.

As the strata of the earth preserve the living beings of past epochs in their order, so the shelves of libraries preserve in

their order past errors and their expositions, which, like the former, in their time, were living enough and made much noise, but exist now stiff and petrified, only to be contemplated by the literary paleontologist.

FEATHERTOP.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(From "Mosses from an Old Manse.")

[NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: American story-writer; born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, N.H., May 19, 1864. His official positions, in the customhouse at Salem and as United States consul at Liverpool, furnished him with many opportunities for the study of human nature. His literary popularity was of slow growth, but was founded on sure permanencies. His most famous novels are "The Scarlet Letter" (1850), "The House of the Seven Gables" (1851), "The Blithedale Romance" (1852), "The Marble Faun" (1860), "Septimius Felton," posthumous. He wrote a great number of short stories, inimitable in style and full of weird imagination. "Twice-told Tales," first series, appeared in 1837; "The Snow Image and Other Twice-told Tales," in 1852; "Mosses from an Old Manse," in 1846; "Tanglewood Tales," in 1853.]

"DICKON," cried Mother Rigby, "a coal for my pipe!"

The pipe was in the old dame's mouth when she said these words. She had thrust it there after filling it with tobacco, but without stooping to light it at the hearth — where, indeed, there was no appearance of a fire having been kindled that morning. Forthwith, however, as soon as the order was given, there was an intense red glow out of the bowl of the pipe and a whiff of smoke from Mother Rigby's lips. Whence the coal came and how brought hither by an invisible hand I have never been able to discover.

"Good!" quoth Mother Rigby, with a nod of her head. "Thank ye, Dickon! And now for making this scarecrow. Be within call, Dickon, in case I need you again."

The good woman had risen thus early (for as yet it was scarcely sunrise) in order to set about making a scarecrow, which she intended to put in the middle of her corn patch. It was now the latter week of May, and the crows and blackbirds had already discovered the little green, rolled-up leaf of the Indian corn just peeping out of the soil. She was determined,

therefore, to contrive as lifelike a scarecrow as ever was seen, and to finish it immediately, from top to toe, so that it should begin its sentinel's duty that very morning. Now, Mother Rigby (as everybody must have heard) was one of the most cunning and potent witches in New England, and might with very little trouble have made a scarecrow ugly enough to frighten the minister himself. But on this occasion, as she had awakened in an uncommonly pleasant humor, and was further dulcified by her pipe of tobacco, she resolved to produce something fine, beautiful, and splendid rather than hideous and horrible.

"I don't want to set up a hobgoblin in my own corn patch, and almost at my own doorstep," said Mother Rigby to herself, puffing out a whiff of smoke. "I could do it if I pleased, but I'm tired of doing marvelous things, and so I'll keep within the bounds of everyday business, just for variety's sake. Besides, there is no use in scaring the little children for a mile round about, though 'tis true I'm a witch." It was settled, therefore, in her own mind, that the scarecrow should represent a fine gentleman of the period, so far as the materials at hand would allow.

Perhaps it may be as well to enumerate the chief of the articles that went to the composition of this figure. The most important item of all, probably, although it made so little show, was a certain broomstick on which Mother Rigby had taken many an airy gallop at midnight, and which now served the scarecrow by way of a spinal column — or, as the unlearned phrase it, a backbone. One of its arms was a disabled flail which used to be wielded by Goodman Rigby before his spouse worried him out of this troublesome world; the other, if I mistake not, was composed of the pudding stick and a broken rung of a chair, tied loosely together at the elbow. As for its legs, the right was a hoe handle, and the left an undistinguished and miscellaneous stick from the wood pile. Its lungs, stomach, and other affairs of that kind were nothing better than a meal bag stuffed with straw. Thus we have made out the skeleton and entire corporosity of the scarecrow, with the exception of its head, and this was admirably supplied by a somewhat withered and shriveled pumpkin, in which Mother Rigby cut two holes for the eyes and a slit for the mouth, leaving a bluish-colored knob in the middle to pass for a nose. It was really quite a respectable face.

"I've seen worse ones on human shoulders, at any rate," said Mother Rigby. "And many a fine gentleman has a pumpkin head, as well as my scarecrow."

But the clothes in this case were to be the making of the man; so the good old woman took down from a peg an ancient plum-colored coat of London make and with relics of embroidery on its seams, cuffs, pocket flaps, and buttonholes, but lamentably worn and faded, patched at the elbows, tattered at the skirts, and threadbare all over. On the left breast was a round hole whence either a star of nobility had been rent away or else the hot heart of some former wearer had scorched it through and through. The neighbors said that this rich garment belonged to the Black Man's wardrobe, and that he kept it at Mother Rigby's cottage for the convenience of slipping it on whenever he wished to make a grand appearance at the governor's table. To match the coat there was a velvet waistcoat of very ample size, and formerly embroidered with foliage that had been as brightly golden as the maple leaves in October, but which had now quite vanished out of the substance of the velvet. Next came a pair of scarlet breeches once worn by the French governor of Louisbourg, and the knees of which had touched the lower step of the throne of Louis le Grand. The Frenchman had given these smallclothes to an Indian powwow, who parted with them to the old witch for a gill of strong waters at one of their dances in the forest. Furthermore, Mother Rigby produced a pair of silk stockings and put them on the figure's legs, where they showed as unsubstantial as a dream, with the wooden reality of the two sticks making itself miserably apparent through the holes. Lastly, she put her dead husband's wig on the bare scalp of the pumpkin, and surmounted the whole with a dusty three-cornered hat, in which was stuck the longest tail feather of a rooster.

Then the old dame stood the figure up in a corner of her cottage and chuckled to behold its yellow semblance of a visage, with its nobby little nose thrust into the air. It had a strangely self-satisfied aspect, and seemed to say, "Come, look at me!"

"And you are well worth looking at, that's a fact!" quoth Mother Rigby, in admiration at her own handiwork. "I've made many a puppet since I've been a witch, but methinks this is the finest of them all. 'Tis almost too good for a scarecrow. And, by the bye, I'll just fill a fresh pipe of tobacco, and then take him out to the corn patch."

While filling her pipe the old woman continued to gaze with almost motherly affection at the figure in the corner. To say the truth, whether it were chance or skill or downright witchcraft, there was something wonderfully human in this ridiculous shape bedizened with its tattered finery, and, as for the countenance, it appeared to shrivel its yellow surface into a grin — a funny kind of expression betwixt scorn and merriment, as if it understood itself to be a jest at mankind. The more Mother Rigby looked, the better she was pleased.

"Dickon," cried she, sharply, "another coal for my pipe!"

Hardly had she spoken than, just as before, there was a red-glowing coal on the top of the tobacco. She drew in a long whiff, and puffed it forth again into the bar of morning sunshine which struggled through the one dusty pane of her cottage window. Mother Rigby always liked to flavor her pipe with a coal of fire from the particular chimney corner whence this had been brought. But where that chimney corner might be or who brought the coal from it — further than that the invisible messenger seemed to respond to the name of Dickon — I cannot tell.

"That puppet yonder," thought Mother Rigby, still with her eyes fixed on the scarecrow, "is too good a piece of work to stand all summer in a corn patch frightening away the crows and blackbirds. He's capable of better things. Why, I've danced with a worse one when partners happened to be scarce at our witch meetings in the forest! What if I should let him take his chance among the other men of straw and empty fellows who go bustling about the world?"

The old witch took three or four more whiffs of her pipe and smiled.

"He'll meet plenty of his brethren at every street corner," continued she. "Well, I didn't mean to dabble in witchcraft to-day further than the lighting of my pipe, but a witch I am, and a witch I'm likely to be, and there's no use trying to shirk it. I'll make a man of my scarecrow, were it only for the joke's sake."

While muttering these words Mother Rigby took the pipe from her own mouth, and thrust it into the crevice which represented the same feature in the pumpkin visage of the scarecrow.

"Puff, darling, puff!" she said. "Puff away, my fine fellow! Your life depends on it!"

This was a strange exhortation, undoubtedly, to be addressed to a mere thing of sticks, straw, and old clothes, with nothing better than a shriveled pumpkin for a head, as we know to have been the scarecrow's case. Nevertheless, as we must carefully hold in remembrance, Mother Rigby was a witch of singular power and dexterity; and, keeping this fact duly before our minds, we shall see nothing beyond credibility in the remarkable incidents of our story. Indeed, the great difficulty will be at once got over if we can only bring ourselves to believe that as soon as the old dame bade him puff there came a whiff of smoke from the scarecrow's mouth. It was the very feeblest of whiffs, to be sure, but it was followed by another and another, each more decided than the preceding one.

"Puff away, my pet! Puff away, my pretty one!" Mother Rigby kept repeating, with her pleasantest smile. "It is the breath of life to ye, and that you may take my word for it."

Beyond all question, the pipe was bewitched. There must have been a spell either in the tobacco or in the fiercely glowing coal that so mysteriously burned on top of it, or in the pungently aromatic smoke which exhaled from the kindled weed. The figure, after a few doubtful attempts, at length blew forth a volley of smoke extending all the way from the obscure corner into the bar of sunshine. There it eddied and melted away among the motes of dust. It seemed a convulsive effort, for the two or three next whiffs were fainter, although the coal still glowed and threw a gleam over the scarecrow's visage. The old witch clapped her skinny hands together, and smiled encouragingly upon her handiwork. She saw that the charm had worked well. The shriveled yellow face, which heretofore had been no face at all, had already a thin fantastic haze, as it were, of human likeness, shifting to and fro across it, sometimes vanishing entirely, but growing more perceptible than ever with the next whiff from the pipe. The whole figure, in like manner, assumed a show of life such as we impart to ill-defined shapes among the clouds, and half deceive ourselves with the pastime of our own fancy.

If we must needs pry closely into the matter, it may be doubted whether there was any real change, after all, in the sordid, worn-out, worthless, and ill-jointed substance of the scarecrow, but merely a spectral illusion and a cunning effect of light and shade, so colored and contrived as to delude the eyes of most men. The miracles of witchcraft seem always to

have had a very shallow subtlety, and at least, if the above explanations do not hit the truth of the process, I can suggest no better.

"Well puffed, my pretty lad!" still cried old Mother Rigby. "Come! another good, stout whiff, and let it be with might and main. Puff for thy life, I tell thee! Puff out of the very bottom of thy heart, if any heart thou hast, or any bottom to it. Well done, again! Thou didst suck in that mouthful as if for the pure love of it."

And then the witch beckoned to the scarecrow, throwing so much magnetic potency into her gesture that it seemed as if it must inevitably be obeyed like the mystic call of the loadstone when it summons the iron.

"Why lurkest thou in the corner, lazy one?" said she. "Step forth! Thou hast the world before thee."

Upon my word, if the legend were not one which I heard on my grandmother's knee, and which had established its place among things credible before my childish judgment could analyze its probability, I question whether I should have the face to tell it now.

In obedience to Mother Rigby's word, and extending its arm as if to reach her outstretched hand, the figure made a step forward — a kind of hitch and jerk, however, rather than a step — then tottered, and almost lost its balance. What could the witch expect? It was nothing, after all, but a scarecrow stuck upon two sticks. But the strong-willed old beldam scowled and beckoned, and flung the energy of her purpose so forcibly at this poor combination of rotten wood and musty straw and ragged garments that it was compelled to show itself a man, in spite of the reality of things; so it stepped into the bar of sunshine. There it stood, poor devil of a contrivance that it was, with only the thinnest vesture of human similitude about it, through which was evident the stiff, rickety, incongruous, faded, tattered, good-for-nothing patchwork of its substance, ready to sink in a heap upon the floor, as conscious of its own unworthiness to be erect. Shall I confess the truth? At its present point of vivification the scarecrow reminds me of some of the lukewarm and abortive characters composed of heterogeneous materials used for the thousandth time, and never worth using, with which romance writers (and myself, no doubt, among the rest) have so overpeopled the world of fiction.

But the fierce old hag began to get angry and show a glimpse of her diabolic nature (like a snake's head peeping with a hiss out of her bosom) at this pusillanimous behavior of the thing which she had taken the trouble to put together.

"Puff away, wretch!" cried she, wrathfully. "Puff, puff, puff, thou thing of straw and emptiness! thou rag or two! thou meal bag! thou pumpkin head! thou nothing! Where shall I find a name vile enough to call thee by? Puff, I say, and suck in thy fantastic life along with the smoke, else I snatch the pipe from thy mouth and hurl thee where that red coal came from."

Thus threatened, the unhappy scarecrow had nothing for it but to puff away for dear life. As need was, therefore, it applied itself lustily to the pipe, and sent forth such abundant volleys of tobacco smoke that the small cottage kitchen became all-vaporous. The one sunbeam struggled mistily through, and could but imperfectly define the image of the cracked and dusty window pane on the opposite wall.

Mother Rigby, meanwhile, with one brown arm akimbo and the other stretched toward the figure, loomed grimly amid the obscurity with such port and expression as when she was wont to heave a ponderous nightmare on her victims and stand at the bedside to enjoy their agony. In fear and trembling did this poor scarecrow puff. But its efforts, it must be acknowledged, served an excellent purpose, for with each successive whiff the figure lost more and more of its dizzy and perplexing tenuity and seemed to take denser substance. Its very garments, moreover, partook of the magical change, and shone with the gloss of novelty, and glistened with the skillfully embroidered gold that had long ago been rent away; and, half revealed among the smoke, a yellow visage bent its lusterless eyes on Mother Rigby.

At last the old witch clenched her fist and shook it at the figure. Not that she was positively angry, but merely acting on the principle — perhaps untrue or not the only truth, though as high a one as Mother Rigby could be expected to attain — that feeble and torpid natures, being incapable of better inspiration, must be stirred up by fear. But here was the crisis. Should she fail in what she now sought to effect, it was her ruthless purpose to scatter the miserable simulacher into its original elements.

"Thou hast a man's aspect," said she, sternly: "have also the echo and mockery of a voice. I bid thee speak!"

The scarecrow gasped, struggled, and at length emitted a murmur which was so incorporated with its smoky breath that you could scarcely tell whether it were indeed a voice or only a whiff of tobacco. Some narrators of this legend held the opinion that Mother Rigby's conjurations and the fierceness of her will had compelled a familiar spirit into the figure, and that the voice was his.

"Mother," mumbled the poor stifled voice, "be not so awful with me! I would fain speak, but, being without wits, what can I say?"

"Thou canst speak, darling, canst thou?" cried Mother Rigby, relaxing her grim countenance into a smile. "And what shalt thou say, quotha? Say, indeed! Art thou of the brotherhood of the empty skull and demandest of me what thou shalt say? Thou shalt say a thousand things, and, saying them a thousand times over, thou shalt still have said nothing. Be not afraid, I tell thee! When thou comest into the world — whither I purpose sending thee forthwith — thou shalt not lack the wherewithal to talk. Talk! Why, thou shalt babble like a mill stream, if thou wilt. Thou hast brains enough for that, I trow."

"At your service, mother," responded the figure.

"And that was well said, my pretty one!" answered Mother Rigby. "Then thou spakest like thyself, and meant nothing. Thou shalt have a hundred such set phrases, and five hundred to the boot of them. And now, darling, I have taken so much pains with thee, and thou art so beautiful, that, by my troth, I love thee better than any witch's puppet in the world; and I've made them of all sorts — clay, wax, straw, sticks, night fog, morning mist, sea foam, and chimney smoke. But thou art the very best; so give heed to what I say."

"Yes, kind mother," said the figure, "with all my heart!"

"With all thy heart!" cried the old witch, setting her hands to her sides, and laughing loudly. "Thou hast such a pretty way of speaking! With all thy heart! And thou didst put thy hand to the left side of thy waistcoat, as if thou really hadst one!"

So, now, in high good humor with this fantastic contrivance of hers, Mother Rigby told the scarecrow that it must go and play its part in the great world, where not one man in a hundred,

she affirmed, was gifted with more real substance than itself. And that he might hold up his head with the best of them, she endowed him on the spot with an unreckonable amount of wealth. It consisted partly of a gold mine in Eldorado, and of ten thousand shares in a broken bubble, and of half a million acres of vineyard at the North Pole, and of a castle in the air and a château in Spain, together with all the rents and income therefrom accruing. She further made over to him the cargo of a certain ship laden with salt of Cadiz which she herself by her necromantic arts had caused to founder ten years before in the deepest part of mid ocean. If the salt were not dissolved and could be brought to market, it would fetch a pretty penny among the fishermen. That he might not lack ready money, she gave him a copper farthing of Birmingham manufacture, being all the coin she had about her, and likewise a great deal of brass, which she applied to his forehead, thus making it yellower than ever.

"With that brass alone," quoth Mother Rigby, "thou canst pay thy way all over the earth. Kiss me, pretty darling! I have done my best for thee."

Furthermore, that the adventurer might lack no possible advantage toward a fair start in life, this excellent old dame gave him a token by which he was to introduce himself to a certain magistrate, member of the council, merchant, and elder of the church (the four capacities constituting but one man), who stood at the head of society in the neighboring metropolis. The token was neither more nor less than a single word, which Mother Rigby whispered to the scarecrow, and which the scarecrow was to whisper to the merchant.

"Gouty as the old fellow is, he'll run thy errands for thee when once thou hast given him that word in his ear," said the old witch. "Mother Rigby knows the worshipful Justice Gookin, and the worshipful justice knows Mother Rigby!"

Here the witch thrust her wrinkled face close to the puppet's, chuckling irrepressibly, and fidgeting all through her system with delight at the idea which she meant to communicate.

"The worshipful Master Gookin," whispered she, "hath a comely maiden to his daughter. And hark ye, my pet. Thou hast a fair outside, and a pretty wit enough of thine own. Yea, a pretty wit enough! Thou wilt think better of it when thou hast seen more of other people's wits. Now, with thy outside and thy inside, thou art the very man to win a young girl's

heart. Never doubt it; I tell thee it shall be so. Put but a bold face on the matter, sigh, smile, flourish thy hat, thrust forth thy leg like a dancing master, put thy right hand to the left side of thy waistcoat, and pretty Polly Gookin is thine own."

All this while the new creature had been sucking in and exhaling the vapory fragrance of his pipe, and seemed now to continue this occupation as much for the enjoyment it afforded as because it was an essential condition of his existence. It was wonderful to see how exceedingly like a human being it behaved. Its eyes (for it appeared to possess a pair) were bent on Mother Rigby, and at suitable junctures it nodded or shook its head. Neither did it lack words proper for the occasion — "Really!" — "Indeed!" — "Pray tell me!" — "Is it possible!" — "Upon my word!" — "By no means!" — "Oh!" — "Ah!" — "Hem!" and other such weighty utterances as imply attention, inquiry, acquiescence, or dissent on the part of the auditor. Even had you stood by and seen the scarecrow made you could scarcely have resisted the conviction that it perfectly understood the cunning counsels which the old witch poured into its counterfeit of an ear. The more earnestly it applied its lips to the pipe, the more distinctly was its human likeness stamped among visible realities; the more sagacious grew its expression, the more lifelike its gestures and movements, and the more intelligibly audible its voice. Its garments, too, glistened so much the brighter with an illusory magnificence. The very pipe in which burned the spell of all this wonder work ceased to appear as a smoke-blackened earthen stump, and became a meerschaum with painted bowl and amber mouthpiece.

It might be apprehended, however, that, as the life of the illusion seemed identical with the vapor of the pipe, it would terminate simultaneously with the reduction of the tobacco to ashes. But the beldam foresaw the difficulty.

"Hold thou the pipe, my precious one," said she, "while I fill it for thee again."

It was sorrowful to behold how the fine gentleman began to fade back into a scarecrow while Mother Rigby shook the ashes out of the pipe and proceeded to replenish it from her tobacco box.

"Dickon," cried she, in her high, sharp tone, "another coal for this pipe."

No sooner said than the intensely red speck of fire was glowing within the pipe bowl, and the scarecrow, without waiting for the witch's bidding, applied the tube to his lips and drew in a few short, convulsive whiffs, which soon, however, became regular and equable.

"Now, mine own heart's darling," quoth Mother Rigby, "whatever may happen to thee, thou must stick to thy pipe. Thy life is in it; and that, at least, thou knowest well, if thou knowest naught besides. Stick to thy pipe, I say! Smoke, puff, blow thy cloud, and tell people, if any questions be made, that it is for thy health, and that so the physician orders thee to do. And, sweet one, when thou shalt find thy pipe getting low, go apart into some corner, and — first filling thyself with smoke — cry sharply, 'Dickon, a fresh pipe of tobacco!' and 'Dickon, another coal for my pipe!' and have it into thy pretty mouth as speedily as may be, else, instead of a gallant gentleman in a gold-laced coat, thou wilt be but a jumble of sticks and tattered clothes, and a bag of straw and a withered pumpkin. Now depart, my treasure, and good luck go with thee!"

"Never fear, mother," said the figure, in a stout voice, and sending forth a courageous whiff of smoke. "I will thrive if an honest man and a gentleman may."

"Oh, thou wilt be the death of me!" cried the old witch, convulsed with laughter. "That was well said! If an honest man and a gentleman may! Thou playest thy part to perfection. Get along with thee for a smart fellow, and I will wager on thy head, as a man of pith and substance, with a brain and what they call a heart, and all else that a man should have, against any other thing on two legs. I hold myself a better witch than yesterday, for thy sake. Did I not make thee? And I defy any witch in New England to make such another! Here! take my staff along with thee."

The staff, though it was but a plain oaken stick, immediately took the aspect of a gold-headed cane.

"That gold head has as much sense in it as thine own," said Mother Rigby, "and it will guide thee straight to worshipful Master Gookin's door. Get thee gone, my pretty pet, my darling, my precious one, my treasure; and if any ask thy name, it is 'Feathertop,' for thou hast a feather in thy hat, and I have thrust a handful of feathers into the hollow of thy head. And thy wig, too, is of the fashion they call 'feathertop'; so be 'Feathertop' thy name."

And, issuing from the cottage, Feathertop strode manfully towards town. Mother Rigby stood at the threshold, well pleased to see how the sunbeams glistened on him, as if all his magnificence were real, and how diligently and lovingly he smoked his pipe, and how handsomely he walked, in spite of a little stiffness of his legs. She watched him until out of sight, and threw a witch benediction after her darling when a turn of the road snatched him from her view.

Betimes in the forenoon, when the principal street of the neighboring town was just at its acme of life and bustle, a stranger of very distinguished figure was seen on the sidewalk. His port as well as his garments betokened nothing short of nobility. He wore a richly embroidered plum-colored coat, a waistcoat of costly velvet magnificently adorned with golden foliage, a pair of splendid scarlet breeches, and the finest and glossiest of white silk stockings. His head was covered with a peruke so daintily powdered and adjusted that it would have been sacrilege to disorder it with a hat, which, therefore (and it was a gold-laced hat set off with a snowy feather), he carried beneath his arm. On the breast of his coat glistened a star. He managed his gold-headed cane with an airy grace peculiar to the fine gentleman of the period, and, to give the highest possible finish to his equipment, he had lace ruffles at his wrist of a most ethereal delicacy, sufficiently avouching how idle and aristocratic must be the hands which they half concealed.

It was a remarkable point in the accouterment of this brilliant personage that he held in his left hand a fantastic kind of a pipe with an exquisitely painted bowl and an amber mouthpiece. This he applied to his lips as often as every five or six paces, and inhaled a deep whiff of smoke, which after being retained a moment in his lungs might be seen to eddy gracefully from his mouth and nostrils.

As may well be supposed, the street was all astir to find out the stranger's name.

"It is some great nobleman, beyond question," said one of the townspeople. "Do you see the star at his breast?"

"Nay, it is too bright to be seen," said another. "Yes, he must needs be a nobleman, as you say. But by what conveyance, think you, can his Lordship have voyaged or traveled hither? There has been no vessel from the old country for a month past; and if he have arrived overland from the southward, pray where are his attendants and equipage?"

"He needs no equipage to set off his rank," remarked a third. "If he came among us in rags, nobility would shine through a hole in his elbow. I never saw such dignity of aspect. He has the old Norman blood in his veins, I warrant him."

"I rather take him to be a Dutchman or one of your High Germans," said another citizen. "The men of those countries have always the pipe at their mouths."

"And so has a Turk," answered his companion. "But in my judgment, this stranger hath been bred at the French court, and hath there learned politeness and grace of manner, which none understand so well as the nobility of France. That gait, now! A vulgar spectator might deem it stiff — he might call it a hitch and jerk — but, to my eye, it hath an unspeakable majesty, and must have been acquired by constant observation of the deportment of the Grand Monarque. The stranger's character and office are evident enough. He is a French ambassador come to treat with our rulers about the cession of Canada."

"More probably a Spaniard," said another, "and hence his yellow complexion. Or, most likely, he is from the Havana or from some port on the Spanish main, and comes to make investigation about the piracies which our governor is thought to connive at. Those settlers in Peru and Mexico have skins as yellow as the gold which they dig out of their mines."

"Yellow or not," cried a lady, "he is a beautiful man! So tall, so slender! Such a fine, noble face, with so well shaped a nose and all that delicacy of expression about the mouth! And, bless me! how bright his star is! It positively shoots out flames."

"So do your eyes, fair lady," said the stranger, with a bow and a flourish of his pipe, for he was just passing at the instant. "Upon my honor, they have quite dazzled me!"

"Was ever so original and exquisite a compliment?" murmured the lady, in an ecstasy of delight.

Amid the general admiration excited by the stranger's appearance there were only two dissenting voices. One was that of an impertinent cur which, after sniffing at the heels of the glistening figure, put its tail between its legs and skulked into its master's back yard, vociferating an execrable howl. The other dissentient was a young child who squalled at the fullest stretch of his lungs and babbled some unintelligible nonsense about a pumpkin.

Feathertop, meanwhile, pursued his way along the street. Except for the few complimentary words to the lady, and now and then a slight inclination of the head in requital of the profound reverences of the bystanders, he seemed wholly absorbed in his pipe. There needed no other proof of his rank and consequence than the perfect equanimity with which he comported himself, while the curiosity and admiration of the town swelled almost into clamor around him. With a crowd gathering behind his footsteps, he finally reached the mansion house of the worshipful Justice Gookin, entered the gate, ascended the steps of the front door and knocked. In the interim before his summons was answered the stranger was observed to shake the ashes out of his pipe.

"What did he say in that sharp voice?" inquired one of the spectators.

"Nay, I know not," answered his friend. "But the sun dazzles my eyes strangely. How dim and faded his Lordship looks all of a sudden! Bless my wits, what is the matter with me?"

"The wonder is," said the other, "that his pipe, which was out only an instant ago, should be all alight again, and with the reddest coal I ever saw. There is something mysterious about this stranger. What a whiff of smoke was that! 'Dim and faded,' did you call him? Why, as he turns about the star on his breast is all ablaze."

"It is, indeed," said his companion, "and it will go near to dazzle pretty Polly Gookin, whom I see peeping at it out of the chamber window."

The door being now opened, Feathertop turned to the crowd, made a stately bend of his body, like a great man acknowledging the reverence of the meaner sort, and vanished into the house. There was a mysterious kind of a smile — if it might not better be called a grin or grimace — upon his visage, but, of all the throng that beheld him, not an individual appears to have possessed insight enough to detect the illusive character of the stranger, except a little child and a cur dog.

Our legend here loses somewhat of its continuity, and, passing over the preliminary explanation between Feathertop and the merchant, goes in quest of the pretty Polly Gookin. She was a damsel of a soft, round figure, with light hair and blue eyes, and a fair rosy face which seemed neither very shrewd nor very simple. This young lady had caught a glimpse of the

glistening stranger while standing at the threshold, and had forthwith put on a laced cap, a string of beads, her finest kerchief, and her stiffest damask petticoat, in preparation for the interview. Hurrying from her chamber to the parlor, she had ever since been viewing herself in the large looking-glass and practicing pretty airs — now a smile, now a ceremonious dignity of aspect, and now a softer smile than the former, kissing her hand, likewise, tossing her head, and managing her fan, while within the mirror an unsubstantial little maid repeated every gesture and did all the foolish things that Polly did, but without making her ashamed of them. In short, it was the fault of pretty Polly's ability rather than her will, if she failed to be as complete an artifice as the illustrious Feathertop himself; and when she thus tampered with her own simplicity, the witch's phantom might well hope to win her.

No sooner did Polly hear her father's gouty footsteps approaching the parlor door, accompanied with the stiff clatter of Feathertop's high-heeled shoes, than she seated herself bolt upright and innocently began warbling a song.

"Polly! Daughter Polly!" cried the old merchant. "Come hither, child."

Master Gookin's aspect, as he opened the door, was doubtful and troubled.

"This gentleman," continued he, presenting the stranger, "is the Chevalier Feathertop — nay, I beg his pardon, my Lord Feathertop — who hath brought me a token of remembrance from an ancient friend of mine. Pay your duty to his Lordship, child, and honor him as his quality deserves."

After these few words of introduction the worshipful magistrate immediately quitted the room. But even in that brief moment, had the fair Polly glanced aside at her father instead of devoting herself wholly to the brilliant guest, she might have taken warning of some mischief nigh at hand. The old man was nervous, fidgety, and very pale. Purposing a smile of courtesy, he had deformed his face with a sort of galvanic grin, which, when Feathertop's back was turned, he exchanged for a scowl, at the same time shaking his fist and stamping his gouty foot — an incivility which brought its retribution along with it. The truth appears to have been that Mother Rigby's word of introduction, whatever it might be, had operated far more on the rich merchant's fears than on his good will. Moreover, being a man of wonderfully acute observation, he had

noticed that the painted figures on the bowl of Feathertop's pipe were in motion. Looking more closely he became convinced that these figures were a party of little demons, each duly provided with horns and a tail, and dancing hand in hand with gestures of diabolical merriment round the circumference of the pipe bowl. As if to confirm his suspicions, while Master Gookin ushered his guest along a dusky passage from his private room to the parlor, the star on Feathertop's breast had scintillated actual flames, and threw a flickering gleam upon the wall, the ceiling, and the floor.

With such sinister prognostics manifesting themselves on all hands, it is not to be marveled at that the merchant should have felt that he was committing his daughter to a very questionable acquaintance. He cursed in his secret soul the insinuating elegance of Feathertop's manners as this brilliant personage bowed, smiled, put his hand on his heart, inhaled a long whiff from his pipe, and enriched the atmosphere with the smoky vapor of a fragrant and visible sigh. Gladly would poor Master Gookin have thrust his dangerous guest into the street, but there was a restraint and terror within him. This respectable old gentleman, we fear, at an earlier period of life, had given some pledge or other to the Evil Principle, and perhaps was now to redeem it by the sacrifice of his daughter.

It so happened that the parlor door was partly of glass shaded by a silken curtain, the folds of which hung a little awry. So strong was the merchant's interest in witnessing what was to ensue between the fair Polly and the gallant Feathertop that after quitting the room he could by no means refrain from peeping through the crevice of the curtain. But there was nothing very miraculous to be seen — nothing except the trifles previously noticed, to confirm the idea of a supernatural peril environing the pretty Polly. The stranger, it is true, was evidently a thorough and practiced man of the world, systematic and self-possessed, and therefore the sort of person to whom a parent ought not to confide a simple young girl without due watchfulness for the result. The worthy magistrate, who had been conversant with all degrees and qualities of mankind, could not but perceive every motion and gesture of the distinguished Feathertop came in its proper place. Nothing had been left rude or native in him ; a well-digested conventionalism had incorporated itself thoroughly with his substance and transformed him into a work of art. Perhaps it was this peculiarity that

invested him with a species of ghastliness and awe. It is the effect of anything completely and consummately artificial in human shape that the person impresses us as an unreality, and as having hardly pith enough to cast a shadow upon the floor. As regarded Feathertop, all this resulted in a wild, extravagant, and fantastical impression, as if his life and being were akin to the smoke that curled upward from his pipe.

But pretty Polly Gookin felt not thus. The pair were now promenading the room — Feathertop with his dainty stride, and no less dainty grimace, the girl with a native maidenly grace just touched, not spoiled, by a slightly affected manner which seemed caught from the perfect artifice of her companion. The longer the interview continued, the more charmed was pretty Polly, until within the first quarter of an hour (as the old magistrate noted by his watch) she was evidently beginning to be in love. Nor need it have been witchcraft that subdued her in such a hurry: the poor child's heart, it may be, was so very fervent that it melted her with its own warmth, as reflected from the hollow semblance of a lover. No matter what Feathertop said, his words found depth and reverberation in her ear; no matter what he did, his action was very heroic to her eye. And by this time, it is to be supposed, there was a blush on Polly's cheek, a tender smile about her mouth, and a liquid softness in her glance, while the star kept a coruscating on Feathertop's breast, and the little demons careered with more frantic merriment than ever about the circumference of his pipe bowl. Oh, pretty Polly Gookin! why should these imps rejoice so madly that a silly maiden's heart was about to be given to a shadow? Is it so unusual a misfortune — so rare a triumph?

By and by Feathertop paused, and, throwing himself into an imposing attitude, seemed to summon the fair girl to survey his figure and resist him longer if she could. His star, his embroidery, his buckles, glowed at that instant with unutterable splendor; the picturesque hues of his attire took a richer depth of coloring; there was a gleam and polish over his whole presence betokening the perfect witchery of well-ordered manners. The maiden raised her eyes and suffered them to linger upon her companion with a bashful and admiring gaze. Then, as if desirous of judging what value her own simple comeliness might have side by side with so much brilliancy, she cast a glance toward the full-length looking-glass, in front of which they happened to be standing. It was one of the truest plates

in the world, and incapable of flattery. No sooner did the images therein reflected meet Polly's eye than she shrieked, shrank from the stranger's side, gazed at him for a moment in the wildest dismay, and sank insensible upon the floor. Feathertop, likewise, had looked toward the mirror and there beheld, not the glittering mockery of his outside show, but a picture of the sordid patchwork of his real composition stripped of all witchcraft.

The wretched simulacrum! We almost pity him. He threw up his arms with an expression of despair that went farther than any of his previous manifestations toward vindicating his claims to be reckoned human. For perchance the only time since this so often empty and deceptive life of mortals began its course, an illusion had seen and fully recognized itself.

Mother Rigby was seated by her kitchen hearth in the twilight of this eventful day, and had just shaken the ashes out of a new pipe, when she heard a hurried tramp along the road. Yet it did not seem so much the tramp of human footsteps as the clatter of sticks or the rattling of dry bones.

"Ha!" thought the old witch; "what step is that? Whose skeleton is out of its grave now, I wonder?"

A figure burst headlong into the cottage door. It was Feathertop. His pipe was still alight, the star still flamed upon his breast, the embroidery still glowed upon his garments, nor had he lost in any degree or manner that could be estimated the aspect that assimilated him with our mortal brotherhood. But yet, in some indescribable way (as is the case with all that has deluded us when once found out), the poor reality was felt beneath the cunning artifice.

"What has gone wrong?" demanded the witch. "Did yonder sniffing hypocrite thrust my darling from his door? The villain! I'll set twenty fiends to torture him till he offer thee his daughter on his bended knees!"

"No, mother," said Feathertop, despondingly; "it was not that."

"Did the girl scorn my precious one?" asked Mother Rigby, her fierce eyes glowing like two coals of Tophet. "I'll cover her face with pimples! Her nose shall be as red as the coal in thy pipe! Her front teeth shall drop out! In a week hence she shall not be worth thy having."

"Let her alone, mother," answered poor Feathertop. "The

girl was half won, and methinks a kiss from her sweet lips might have made me altogether human. But," he added, after a brief pause and then a howl of self-contempt, "I've seen myself, mother! I've seen myself for the wretched, ragged, empty thing I am. I'll exist no longer."

Snatching the pipe from his mouth, he flung it with all his might against the chimney, and at the same instant sank upon the floor, a medley of straw and tattered garments, with some sticks protruding from the heap and a shriveled pumpkin in the midst. The eyeholes were now lusterless, but the rudely carved gap that just before had been a mouth still seemed to twist itself into a despairing grin, and was so far human.

"Poor fellow!" quoth Mother Rigby, with a rueful glance at the relics of her ill-fated contrivance. "My poor dear pretty Feathertop! There are thousands upon thousands of coxcombs and charlatans in the world made up of just such a jumble of worn-out, forgotten, and good-for-nothing trash as he was, yet they live in fair repute, and never see themselves for what they are. And why should my poor puppet be the only one to know himself and perish for it?"

While thus muttering the witch had filled a fresh pipe of tobacco, and held the stem between her fingers, as doubtful whether to thrust it into her own mouth or Feathertop's.

"Poor Feathertop!" she continued. "I could easily give him another chance, and send him forth again to-morrow. But no! His feelings are too tender — his sensibilities too deep. He seems to have too much heart to bustle for his own advantage in such an empty and heartless world. Well, well! I'll make a scarecrow of him, after all. 'Tis an innocent and useful vocation, and will suit my darling well; and if each of his human brethren had as fit a one, 'twould be the better for mankind. And, as for this pipe of tobacco, I need it more than he."

So saying, Mother Rigby put the stem between her lips.

"Dickon," cried she, in her high, sharp tone, "another coal for my pipe!"

THE DETECTIVE POLICE.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

[CHARLES DICKENS, one of the greatest novelists and humorists of the world, was born February 7, 1812, at Portsea, Eng. His father being unprosperous, he had no regular education and much hardship; at fourteen became an attorney's clerk, and at seventeen a reporter. His first short story appeared in December, 1833; the collected "Sketches by Boz" in 1836, which also saw the first number of "The Pickwick Papers," finished in November, 1837. There followed "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Master Humphrey's Clock" (finally dissolved into the "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge"), the "American Notes," "Martin Chuzzlewit," the "Christmas Carol" (other Christmas stories followed later), "Notes from Italy," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Our Mutual Friend," and the unfinished "Edwin Drood." Several of these, and his "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, appeared in *All the Year Round*, which he edited. He died June 9, 1870.]

WE are not by any means devout believers in the old Bow Street Police. To say the truth, we think there was a vast amount of humbug about those worthies. Apart from many of them being men of very indifferent character, and far too much in the habit of consorting with thieves and the like, they never lost a public occasion of jobbing and trading in mystery and making the most of themselves. Continually puffed besides by incompetent magistrates anxious to conceal their own deficiencies, and hand in glove with the penny-a-liners of that time, they became a sort of superstition. Although as a preventive police they were utterly ineffective, and as a detective police were very loose and uncertain in their operations, they remain with some people a superstition to the present day.

On the other hand, the detective force organized since the establishment of the existing police, is so well chosen and trained, proceeds so systematically and quietly, does its business in such a workmanlike manner, and is always so calmly and steadily engaged in the service of the public, that the public really do not know enough of it to know a tithe of its usefulness. Impressed with this conviction, and interested in the men themselves, we represented to the authorities at Scotland Yard that we should be glad, if there were no official objection, to have some talk with the detectives. A most obliging and ready permission being given, a certain evening was appointed with a certain inspector for a social conference between our-

98772A

selves and the detectives, at the *Household Words* office in Wellington Street, Strand, London. In consequence of which appointment the party "came off," which we are about to describe. And we beg to repeat that, avoiding such topics as it might for obvious reasons be injurious to the public, or disagreeable to respectable individuals, to touch upon in print, our description is as exact as we can make it.

The reader will have the goodness to imagine the *sanctum sanctorum* of *Household Words*. Anything that best suits the reader's fancy, will best represent that magnificent chamber. We merely stipulate for a round table in the middle, with some glasses and cigars arranged upon it; and the editorial sofa elegantly hemmed in between that stately piece of furniture and the wall.

It is a sultry evening at dusk. The stones of Wellington Street are hot and gritty, and the waterman and hackney coachman at the theater opposite are much flushed and aggravated. Carriages are constantly setting down the people who have come to fairyland; and there is a mighty shouting and bellowing every now and then, deafening us for the moment, through the open windows.

Just at dusk, Inspectors Wield and Stalker are announced; but we do not undertake to warrant the orthography of any of the names here mentioned. Inspector Wield presents Inspector Stalker. Inspector Wield is a middle-aged man of a portly presence, with a large, moist, knowing eye, a husky voice, and a habit of emphasizing his conversation by the aid of a corpulent forefinger, which is constantly in juxtaposition with his eyes or nose. Inspector Stalker is a shrewd, hard-headed Scotchman — in appearance not at all unlike a very acute, thoroughly trained schoolmaster, from the Normal Establishment at Glasgow. Inspector Wield one might have known, perhaps, for what he is — Inspector Stalker, never.

The ceremonies of reception over, Inspectors Wield and Stalker observe that they have brought some sergeants with them. The sergeants are presented — five in number, Sergeant Dornton, Sergeant Witchem, Sergeant Mith, Sergeant Fendall, and Sergeant Straw. We have the whole detective force from Scotland Yard, with one exception. They sit down in a semicircle (the two inspectors at the two ends) at a little distance from the round table, facing the editorial sofa. Every man of them, in a glance, immediately takes an inventory of the furni-

ture and an accurate sketch of the editorial presence. The editor feels that any gentleman in company could take him up, if need should be, without the smallest hesitation, twenty years hence.

The whole party are in plain clothes. Sergeant Dornton, about fifty years of age, with a ruddy face and a high sunburnt forehead, has the air of one who has been a sergeant in the army — he might have sat to Wilkie for the soldier in the "Reading of the Will." He is famous for steadily pursuing the inductive process, and from small beginnings, working on from clew to clew until he bags his man. Sergeant Witchem, shorter and thicker-set, and marked with the smallpox, has something of a reserved and thoughtful air, as if he were engaged in deep arithmetical calculations. He is renowned for his acquaintance with the swell mob. Sergeant Mith, a smooth-faced man with a fresh, bright complexion, and a strange air of simplicity, is a dab at housebreakers. Sergeant Fendall, a light-haired, well-spoken, polite person, is a prodigious hand at pursuing private inquiries of a delicate nature. Straw, a little wiry sergeant of meek demeanor and strong sense, would knock at a door and ask a series of questions in any mild character you chose to prescribe to him, from a charity boy upward, and seem as innocent as an infant. They are, one and all, respectable-looking men; of perfectly good deportment and unusual intelligence; with nothing lounging or slinking in their manners; with an air of keen observation and quick perception when addressed; and generally presenting in their faces traces more or less marked of habitually leading lives of strong mental excitement. They have all good eyes; and they all can, and they all do, look full at whomsoever they speak to.

We light the cigars, and hand round the glasses (which are very temperately used indeed), and the conversation begins by a modest amateur reference on the editorial part to the swell mob. Inspector Wield immediately removes his cigar from his lips, waves his right hand, and says, "Regarding the swell mob, sir, I can't do better than call upon Sergeant Witchem. Because the reason why? I'll tell you. Sergeant Witchem is better acquainted with the swell mob than any officer in London."

Our heart leaping up when we beheld this rainbow in the sky, we turn to Sergeant Witchem, who very concisely, and in well-chosen language, goes into the subject forthwith. Meantime, the whole of his brother officers are closely interested in

attending to what he says, and observing its effect. Presently they begin to strike in, one or two together, when an opportunity offers, and the conversation becomes general. But these brother officers only come in to the assistance of each other — not to the contradiction — and a more amicable brotherhood there could not be. From the swell mob, we diverge to the kindred topics of cracksmen, fences, public-house dancers, area sneaks, designing young people who go out "gonophing," and other "schools." It is observable throughout these revelations that Inspector Stalker, the Scotchman, is always exact and statistical, and that when any question of figures arises, everybody as by one consent pauses and looks to him.

When we have exhausted the various schools of art — during which discussion the whole body have remained profoundly attentive, except when some unusual noise at the theater over the way has induced some gentleman to glance inquiringly toward the window in that direction, behind his next neighbor's back — we burrow for information on such points as the following. Whether there really are any highway robberies in London, or whether some circumstances not convenient to be mentioned by the aggrieved party usually precede the robberies complained of under that head, which quite change their character? Certainly the latter, almost always. Whether in the case of robberies in houses, where servants are necessarily exposed to doubt, innocence under suspicion ever becomes so like guilt in appearance that a good officer need be cautious how he judges it? Undoubtedly. Nothing is so common or deceptive as such appearances at first. Whether in a place of public amusement, a thief knows an officer, and an officer knows a thief — supposing them, beforehand, strangers to each other — because each recognizes in the other, under all disguise, an inattention to what is going on, and a purpose that is not the purpose of being entertained? Yes. That's the way exactly. Whether it is reasonable or ridiculous to trust to the alleged experiences of thieves as narrated by themselves, in prisons, or penitentiaries, or anywhere? In general, nothing more absurd. Lying is their habit and their trade; and they would rather lie — even if they hadn't an interest in it, and didn't want to make themselves agreeable — than tell the truth.

From these topics, we glide into a review of the most celebrated and horrible of the great crimes that have been committed within the last fifteen or twenty years. The men engaged

in the discovery of almost all of them, and in the pursuit or apprehension of the murderers, are here, down to the very last instance. One of our guests gave chase to and boarded the emigrant ship in which the murderess last hanged in London was supposed to have embarked. We learn from him that his errand was not announced to the passengers, who may have no idea of it to this hour. That he went below with the captain, lamp in hand — it being dark and the whole steerage abed and seasick — and engaged the Mrs. Manning who was on board in a conversation about her luggage, until she was, with no small pains, induced to raise her head and turn her face toward the light. Satisfied that she was not the object of his search, he quietly reëmbarked in the government steamer alongside, and steamed home again with the intelligence.

When we have exhausted these subjects, too, which occupy a considerable time in the discussion, two or three leave their chairs, whisper Sergeant Witchem, and resume their seats. Sergeant Witchem, leaning forward a little, and placing a hand on each of his legs, then modestly speaks as follows: —

"My brother officers wish me to relate a little account of my taking Tally-ho Thompson. A man oughtn't to tell what he has done himself; but still, as nobody was with me, and, consequently, as nobody but myself can tell it, I'll do it in the best way I can, if it should meet your approval."

We assure Sergeant Witchem that he will oblige us very much, and we all compose ourselves to listen with great interest and attention.

"Tally-ho Thompson," says Sergeant Witchem, after merely wetting his lips with his brandy and water, "Tally-ho Thompson was a famous horse stealer, couper, and magsman. Thompson, in conjunction with a pal that occasionally worked with him, gammoned a countryman out of a good round sum of money, under pretense of getting him a situation — the regular old dodge — and was afterward in the 'Hue and Cry' for a horse — a horse that he stole, down in Hertfordshire. I had to look after Thompson, and I applied myself, of course, in the first instance, to discovering where he was. Now, Thompson's wife lived, along with a little daughter, at Chelsea. Knowing that Thompson was somewhere in the country, I watched the house — especially at post time in the morning — thinking Thompson was pretty likely to write to her. Sure enough, one morning the postman comes up and delivers a letter at

Mrs. Thompson's door. Little girl opens the door and takes it in. We're not always sure of postmen, though the people at the post offices are always very obliging. A postman may help us, or he may not — just as it happens. However, I go across the road, and I say to the postman, after he has left the letter, 'Good morning! how are you?' 'How are you?' says he. 'You've just delivered a letter for Mrs. Thompson.' 'Yes, I have.' 'You didn't happen to remark what the postmark was, perhaps?' 'No,' says he, 'I didn't.' 'Come,' says I, 'I'll be plain with you. I'm in a small way of business, and I have given Thompson credit, and I can't afford to lose what he owes me. I know he's got money, and I know he's in the country, and if you could tell me what the postmark was, I should be very much obliged to you, and you'd do a service to a tradesman in a small way of business that can't afford a loss.' 'Well,' he said, 'I do assure you that I did not observe what the postmark was: all I know is that there was money in the letter — I should say a sovereign.' This was enough for me, because of course I knew that Thompson having sent his wife money, it was probable she'd write to Thompson, by return of post, to acknowledge the receipt. So I said, 'Thankee' to the postman, and I kept on the watch. In the afternoon I saw the little girl come out. Of course I followed her. She went into a stationer's shop, and I needn't say to you that I looked in at the window. She bought some writing paper and envelopes, and a pen. I think to myself, 'That'll do!' — watch her home again — and don't go away, you may be sure, knowing that Mrs. Thompson was writing her letter to Tally-ho, and that the letter would be posted presently. In about an hour or so, out came the little girl again, with the letter in her hand. I went up, and said something to the child, whatever it might have been; but I couldn't see the direction of the letter, because she held it with the seal upward. However, I observed that on the back of the letter there was what we call a kiss — a drop of wax by the side of the seal — and again, you understand, that was enough for me. I saw her post the letter, waited till she was gone, then went into the shop, and asked to see the master. When he came out, I told him, 'Now, I'm an officer in the detective force; there's a letter with a kiss been posted here just now, for a man that I'm in search of; and what I have to ask of you is that you will let me look at the direction of that letter.' He was very civil — took a lot of let-

ters from the box in the window—shook 'em out on the counter with the faces downward—and there among 'em was the indentical letter with the kiss. It was directed Mr. Thomas Pigeon, Post Office, B——, to be left till called for. Down I went to B—— (a hundred and twenty miles or so) that night. Early next morning I went to the post office; saw the gentleman in charge of that department; told him who I was; and that my object was to see and track the party that should come for the letter for Mr. Thomas Pigeon. He was very polite, and said, 'You shall have every assistance we can give you; you can wait inside the office; and we'll take care to let you know when anybody comes for the letter.' Well, I waited there three days and began to think that nobody ever would come. At last the clerk whispered to me, 'Here! Detective! somebody's come for the letter!' 'Keep him a minute,' said I, and I ran round to the outside of the office. There I saw a young chap with the appearance of an ostler, holding a horse by the bridle—stretching the bridle across the pavement, while he waited at the post-office window for the letter. I began to pat the horse, and that; and I said to the boy, 'Why, this is Mr. Jones' mare!' 'No. It ain't.' 'No?' said I. 'She's very like Mr. Jones' mare!' 'She ain't Mr. Jones' mare, anyhow,' says he. 'It's Mr. So and So's of the Warwick Arms.' And up he jumped, and off he went—letter and all. I got a cab, followed on the box, and was so quick after him that I came into the stable yard of the Warwick Arms, by one gate, just as he came in by another. I went into the bar, where there was a young woman serving, and called for a glass of brandy and water. He came in directly and handed her the letter. She casually looked at it, without saying anything, and stuck it up behind the glass over the chimney-piece. What was to be done next?

"I turned it over in my mind while I drank my brandy and water (looking pretty sharp at the letter the while) but I couldn't see my way out of it at all. I tried to get lodgings in the house, but there had been a horse fair, or something of that sort, and it was full. I was obliged to put up somewhere else, but I came backward and forward to the bar for a couple of days, and there was the letter always behind the glass. At last I thought I'd write a letter to Mr. Pigeon myself, and see what that would do. So I wrote one, and posted it, but I purposely addressed it Mr. John Pigeon instead of Mr. Thomas Pigeon, to see what that would do.

In the morning (a very wet morning it was) I watched the postman down the street, and cut into the bar just before he reached the Warwick Arms. In he came presently with my letter. 'Is there a Mr. John Pigeon staying here?' 'No! — stop a bit though,' says the barmaid; and she took down the letter behind the glass. 'No,' says she, 'it's Thomas, and he is not staying here. Would you do me a favor, and post this for me, as it is so wet?' The postman said yes; she folded it in another envelope, directed it, and gave it to him. He put it in his hat, and away he went.

"I had no difficulty in finding out the direction of that letter. It was addressed Mr. Thomas Pigeon, Post Office, R——, Northamptonshire, to be left till called for. Off I started directly for R——; I said the same at the post office there, as I had said at B——; and again I waited three days before anybody came. At last another chap on horseback came. 'Any letters for Mr. Thomas Pigeon?' 'Where do you come from?' 'New Inn, near R——.' He got the letter and away he went at a canter.

"I made my inquiries about the New Inn, near R——, and hearing it was a solitary sort of a house, a little in the horse line, about a couple of miles from the station, I thought I'd go and have a look at it. I found it what it had been described, and sauntered in, to look about me. The landlady was in the bar, and I was trying to get into conversation with her, — asked her how business was, and spoke about the wet weather, and so on, — when I saw, through an open door, three men sitting by the fire in a sort of parlor, or kitchen; and one of those men, according to the description I had of him, was Tally-ho Thompson!

"I went and sat down among 'em and tried to make things agreeable; but they were very shy — wouldn't talk at all — looked at me, and at one another, in a way quite the reverse of sociable. I reckoned 'em up, and finding that they were all three bigger men than me, and considering that their looks were ugly — that it was a lonely place — railroad station two miles off — and night coming on — thought I couldn't do better than have a drop of brandy and water to keep my courage up. So I called for my brandy and water; and as I was sitting drinking it by the fire Thompson got up and went out.

"Now the difficulty of it was, that I wasn't sure it was Thompson, because I had never set eyes on him before; and

what I had wanted was to be quite certain of him. However, there was nothing for it now, but to follow, and put a bold face upon it. I found him talking, outside in the yard, with the landlady. It turned out afterward that he was wanted by a Northampton officer for something else, and that, knowing that officer to be pockmarked (as I am myself), he mistook me for him. As I have observed, I found him talking to the landlady outside. I put my hand upon his shoulder — this way — and said, 'Tally-ho Thompson, it's no use. I know you. I'm an officer from London, and I take you into custody for felony!' 'That be d—d!' says Tally-ho Thompson.

"We went back into the house, and the two friends began to cut up rough, and their looks didn't please me at all, I assure you. 'Let the man go. What are you going to do with him?' 'I'll tell you what I'm going to do with him. I'm going to take him to London to-night, as sure as I'm alive. I'm not alone here, whatever you may think. You mind your own business, and keep yourselves to yourselves. It'll be better for you, for I know you both very well.' I'd never seen or heard of 'em in all my life, but my bouncing cowed 'em a bit, and they kept off, while Thompson was making ready to go. I thought to myself, however, that they might be coming after me on the dark road, to rescue Thompson; so I said to the landlady, 'What men have you got in the house, missis?' 'We haven't got no men here,' she says sulkily. 'You have got an ostler, I suppose?' 'Yes, we've got an ostler.' 'Let me see him.' Presently he came, and a shaggy-headed young fellow he was. 'Now attend to me, young man,' says I; 'I'm a detective officer from London. This man's name is Thompson. I have taken him into custody for felony. I am going to take him to the railroad station. I call upon you in the queen's name to assist me; and mind you, my friend, you'll get yourself into more trouble than you know of, if you don't!' You never saw a person open his eyes so wide. 'Now, Thompson, come along!' says I. But when I took out the handcuffs, Thompson cries, 'No! None of that! I won't stand them! I'll go along with you quiet, but I won't bear none of that!' 'Tally-ho Thompson,' I said, 'I'm willing to behave as a man to you, if you are willing to behave as a man to me. Give me your word that you'll come peaceably along, and I don't want to handcuff you.' 'I will,' says Thompson, 'but I'll have a glass of brandy first.' 'I don't

care if I've another,' said I. 'We'll have two more, missis,' said the friends, 'and confound you, constable, you'll give your man a drop, won't you?' I was agreeable to that, so we had it all round, and then my man and I took Tally-ho Thompson safe to the railroad, and I carried him to London that night. He was afterward acquitted, on account of a defect in the evidence; and I understand he always praises me up to the skies, and says I'm one of the best of men."

This story coming to a termination amid general applause, Inspector Wield, after a little grave smoking, fixes his eye on his host, and thus delivers himself: —

"It wasn't a bad plant that of mine, on Fikey, the man accused of forging the Sou' Western Railway debentures — it was only t'other day — because the reason why? I'll tell you.

"I had information that Fikey and his brother kept a factory over yonder there" — indicating any region on the Surrey side of the river — "where he bought second-hand carriages; so after I'd tried in vain to get hold of him by other means, I wrote him a letter in an assumed name, saying that I'd got a horse and shay to dispose of, and would drive down next day that he might view the lot, and make an offer — very reasonable it was, I said — a reg'lar bargain. Straw and me then went off to a friend of mine that's in the livery and job business, and hired a turn-out for the day, a precious smart turn-out it was — quite a slap-up thing! Down we drove, accordingly, with a friend (who's not in the force himself); and leaving my friend in the shay near a public house, to take care of the horse, we went to the factory, which was some little way off. In the factory, there was a number of strong fellows at work, and after reckoning 'em up it was clear to me that it wouldn't do to try it on there. They were too many for us. We must get our man out of doors. 'Mr. Fikey at home?' 'No, he ain't.' 'Expected home soon?' 'Why, no, not soon.' 'Ah! Is his brother here?' 'I'm his brother.' 'Oh! well, this is an ill convenience, this is. I wrote him a letter yesterday, saying I'd got a little turn-out to dispose of, and I've took the trouble to bring the turn-out down a' purpose, and now he ain't in the way.' 'No, he ain't in the way. You couldn't make it convenient to call again, could you?' 'Why, no, I couldn't. I want to sell; that's the fact; and I can't put it off. Could you find him anywhere?' At first he said No, he couldn't,

and then he wasn't sure about it, and then he'd go and try. So at last he went upstairs, where there was a sort of loft, and presently down comes my man himself in his shirt sleeves.

"'Well,' he says, 'this seems to be raythera pressing matter of yours.' 'Yes,' I says, 'it is raythera pressing matter, and you'll find it a bargain — dirt cheap.' 'I ain't in partickler want of a bargain just now,' he says, 'but where is it?' 'Why,' I says, 'the turn-out's just outside. Come and look at it.' He hasn't any suspicions, and away we go. And the first thing that happens is, that the horse runs away with my friend (who knows no more of driving than a child) when he takes a little trot along the road to show his paces. You never saw such a game in your life!

"When the bolt is over, and the turn-out has come to a standstill again, Fikey walks round and round it as grave as a judge — me too. 'There, sir!' I says. 'There's a neat thing!' 'It ain't a bad style of thing,' he says. 'I believe you,' says I. 'And there's a horse!' — for I saw him looking at it. 'Rising eight!' I says, rubbing his fore legs. (Bless you, there ain't a man in the world knows less of horses than I do, but I heard my friend at the livery stables say he was eight year old, so I says, as knowing as possible, 'Rising eight.') 'Rising eight, is he?' says he. 'Rising eight,' says I. 'Well,' he says, 'what do you want for it?' 'Why, the first and last figure for the whole concern is twenty-five pound!' 'That's very cheap!' he says, looking at me. 'Ain't it?' I says. 'I told you it was a bargain! Now, without any higgling and haggling about it, what I want is to sell, and that's my price. Further, I'll make it easy to you, and take half the money down, and you can do a bit of stiff for the balance.' 'Well,' he says again, 'that's very cheap.' 'I believe you,' says I; 'get in and try it, and you'll buy it. Come! take a trial!'

"Ecod, he gets in, and we get in, and we drive along the road, to show him to one of the railway clerks that was hid in the public-house window to identify him. But the clerk was bothered, and didn't know whether it was him, or wasn't — because the reason why? I'll tell you — on account of his having shaved his whiskers. 'It's a clever little horse,' he says, 'and trots well; and the shay runs light.' 'Not a doubt about it,' I says. 'And now, Mr. Fikey, I may as well make it all right, without wasting any more of your time. The fact is, I'm Inspector Wield, and you're my prisoner.' 'You don't

mean that?' he says. 'I do indeed.' 'Then burn my body, says Fikey, 'if this ain't too bad!'

"Perhaps you never saw a man so knocked over with surprise. 'I hope you'll let me have my coat?' he says. 'By all means.' 'Well, then, let's drive to the factory.' 'Why, not exactly that, I think,' said I; 'I've been there, once before, to-day. Suppose we send for it.' He saw it was no go, so he sent for it, and put it on, and we drove him up to London, comfortable."

This reminiscence is in the height of its success, when a general proposal is made to the fresh-complexioned, smooth-faced officer, with a strange air of simplicity, to tell the "Butcher's Story."

The fresh-complexioned, smooth-faced officer, with the strange air of simplicity, began with a rustic smile and in a soft, wheedling tone of voice, to relate the Butcher's Story, thus:—

"It's just about six years ago, now, since information was given at Scotland Yard of there being extensive robberies of lawns and silks going on, at some wholesale houses in the city. Directions were given for the business being looked into; and Straw, and Fendall, and me, we were all in it."

"When you received your instructions," said we, "you went away, and held a sort of Cabinet Council together?"

The smooth-faced officer coaxingly replied, "Ye-es. Just so. We turned it over among ourselves a good deal. It appeared, when we went into it, that the goods were sold by the receivers extraordinarily cheap — much cheaper than they could have been if they had been honestly come by. The receivers were in the trade, and kept capital shops — establishments of the first respectability — one of 'em at the West End, one down at Westminster. After a lot of watching and inquiry, and this and that among ourselves, we found that the job was managed and the purchases of the stolen goods made at a little public house near Smithfield, down by Saint Bartholomew's; where the warehouse porters, who were the thieves, took 'em for that purpose, don't you see? and made appointments to meet the people that went between themselves and the receivers. This public house was principally used by journeymen butchers from the country, out of place, and in want of situations; so, what did we do, but — ha, ha, ha! — we agreed that I should be dressed up like a butcher myself, and go and live there!"

Never, surely, was a faculty of observation better brought to bear upon a purpose than that which picked out this officer for the part. Nothing in all creation could have suited him better. Even while he spoke, he became a greasy, sleepy, shy, good-natured, chuckle-headed, unsuspicious, and confiding young butcher. His very hair seemed to have suet in it, as he made it smooth upon his head, and his fresh complexion to be lubricated by large quantities of animal food.

"So I — ha, ha, ha!" (always with the confiding snigger of the foolish young butcher) "so I dressed myself in the regular way, made up a little bundle of clothes, and went to the public house, and asked if I could have a lodging there? They says, 'Yes, you can have a lodging here,' and I got a bedroom, and settled myself down in the tap. There was a number of people about the place, and coming backward and forward to the house; and first one says, and then another says, 'Are you from the country, young man?' 'Yes,' I says, 'I am. I'm come out of Northamptonshire, and I'm quite lonely here, for I don't know London at all, and it's such a mighty big town.' 'It is a big town,' they says. 'Oh, it's a very big town!' I says. 'Really and truly I never was in such a town. It quite confuses me!' — and all that, you know.

"When some of the journeymen butchers that used the house found that I wanted a place, they says, 'Oh, we'll get you a place!' And they actually took me to a sight of places in Newgate Market, Newport Market, Clare, Carnaby — I don't know where all. But the wages was — ha, ha, ha! — was not sufficient, and I never could suit myself, don't you see? Some of the queer frequenters of the house were a little suspicious of me at first, and I was obliged to be very cautious indeed how I communicated with Straw or Fendall. Sometimes, when I went out, pretending to stop and look into the shop windows, and just casting my eyes round, I used to see some of 'em following me; but, being perhaps better accustomed than they thought for to that sort of thing, I used to lead 'em on as far as I thought necessary or convenient — sometimes a long way — and then turn sharp round, and meet 'em, and say, 'Oh, dear, how glad I am to come upon you so fortunate! This London's such a place, I'm blowed if I ain't lost again!' And then we'd go back all together, to the public house, and — ha, ha, ha! — and smoke our pipes, don't you see?

"They were very attentive to me, I am sure. It was a

common thing while I was living there for some of 'em to take me out and show me London. They showed me the prisons — showed me Newgate — and when they showed me Newgate, I stops at the place where the porters pitch their loads, and says, 'Oh, dear, is this where they hang the men? Oh, Lor!' 'That!' they says, 'what a simple cove he is! That ain't it!' And then they pointed out which was it, and I says 'Lor!' and they says, 'Now you'll know it agen, won't you?' And I said I thought I should if I tried hard — and I assure you I kept a sharp lookout for the city police when we were out in this way, for if any of 'em had happened to know me and had spoke to me, it would have been all up in a minute. However, by good luck such a thing never happened, and all went on quiet, though the difficulties I had in communicating with my brother officers were quite extraordinary.

"The stolen goods that were brought to the public house by the warehouse porters were always disposed of in a back parlor. For a long time I never could get into this parlor or see what was done there. As I sat smoking my pipe, like an innocent young chap, by the taproom fire, I'd hear some of the parties to the robbery, as they came in and out, say softly to the landlord, 'Who's that? What does he do here?' 'Bless your soul,' says the landlord, 'he's only a'—ha, ha, ha!—'he's only a green young fellow from the country, as is looking for a butcher's sitiwation. Don't mind him!' So, in course of time, they were so convinced of my being green, and got to be so accustomed to me, that I was as free of the parlor as any of 'em, and I have seen as much as £70 worth of fine lawn sold there, in one night, that was stolen from a warehouse in Friday Street. After the sale the buyers always stood treat — hot supper, or dinner, or what not — and they'd say on those occasions, 'Come on, butcher! Put your best leg foremost, young 'un, and walk into it!' Which I used to do — and hear, at table, all manner of particulars that it was very important for us detectives to know.

"This went on for ten weeks. I lived in the public house all the time, and never was out of the butcher's dress — except in bed. At last, when I had followed seven of the thieves and set 'em to rights — that's an expression of ours, don't you see, by which I mean to say that I traced 'em, and found out where the robberies were done, and all about 'em — Straw, and Fendall, and I gave one another the office, and at a time agreed

upon, a descent was made upon the public house, and the apprehensions effected. One of the first things the officers did was to collar me — for the parties to the robbery weren't to suppose yet that I was anything but a butcher — on which the landlord cries out, 'Don't take him,' he says, 'whatever you do! He's only a poor young chap from the country, and butter wouldn't melt in his mouth!' However, they — ha, ha, ha! — they took me, and pretended to search my bedroom, where nothing was found but an old fiddle belonging to the landlord, that had got there somehow or another. But, it entirely changed the landlord's opinion, for when it was produced, he says, 'My fiddle! The butcher's a pur-loiner! I give him into custody for the robbery of a musical instrument!'

"The man that had stolen the goods in Friday Street was not taken yet. He had told me, in confidence, that he had his suspicions there was something wrong (on account of the city police having captured one of the party), and that he was going to make himself scarce. I asked him, 'Where do you mean to go, Mr. Shepherdson?' 'Why, butcher,' says he, 'the Setting Moon, in the Commercial Road, is a snug house, and I shall hang out there for a time. I shall call myself Simpson, which appears to me to be a modest sort of a name. Perhaps you'll give us a look in, butcher?' 'Well,' says I, 'I think I will give you a call' — which I fully intended, don't you see, because, of course, he was to be taken! I went over to the Setting Moon next day, with a brother officer, and asked at the bar for Simpson. They pointed out his room, upstairs. As we were going up, he looks down over the banisters, and calls out, 'Halloa, butcher! is that you?' 'Yes, it's me. How do you find yourself?' 'Bobbish,' he says; 'but who's that with you?' 'It's only a young man, that's a friend of mine,' I says. 'Come along, then,' says he; 'any friend of the butcher's is as welcome as the butcher!' So, I made my friend acquainted with him, and we took him into custody.

"You have no idea, sir, what a sight it was, in court, when they first knew that I wasn't a butcher, after all! I wasn't produced at the first examination, when there was a remand; but I was at the second. And when I stepped into the box, in full police uniform, and the whole party saw how they had been done, actually a groan of horror and dismay proceeded from 'em in the dock!

"At the Old Bailey, when their trials came on, Mr. Clark-

son was engaged for the defense, and he couldn't make out how it was, about the butcher. He thought, all along, it was a real butcher. When the counsel for the prosecution said, 'I will now call before you, gentlemen, the police officer,' meaning myself, Mr. Clarkson says, 'Why police officer? Why more police officers? I don't want police. We have had a great deal too much of the police. I want the butcher!' However, sir, he had the butcher and the police officer, both in one. Out of seven prisoners committed for trial, five were found guilty, and some of 'em were transported. The respectable firm at the West End got a term of imprisonment; and that's the butcher's story!"

The story done, the chuckle-headed butcher again resolved himself into the smooth-faced detective. But he was so extremely tickled by their having taken him about, when he was that dragon in disguise, to show him London, that he could not help reverting to that point in his narrative; and gently repeating, with the butcher snigger, "'Oh, dear,' I says, 'is that where they hang the men? Oh, Lor!' 'That!' says they. 'What a simple cove he is!'"

It being now late, and the party very modest in their fear of being too diffuse, there were some tokens of separation; when Sergeant Dornton, the soldierly-looking man, said, looking round him with a smile: —

"Before we break up, sir, perhaps you might have some amusement in hearing the adventures of a carpetbag. They are very short; and, I think, curious."

We welcomed the carpetbag, as cordially as Mr. Shepherdson welcomed the false butcher at the Setting Moon. Sergeant Dornton proceeded.

"In 1847, I was dispatched to Chatham, in search of one Mesheck, a Jew. He had been carrying on, pretty heavily, in the bill-stealing way, getting acceptances from young men of good connections (in the army chiefly), on pretense of discount, and bolting with the same.

"Mesheck was off before I got to Chatham. All I could learn about him was, that he had gone, probably to London, and had with him — a carpetbag.

"I came back to town, by the last train from Blackwall, and made inquiries concerning a Jew passenger with — a carpetbag.

"The office was shut up, it being the last train. There

were only two or three porters left. Looking after a Jew with a carpetbag, on the Blackwall Railway, which was then the highroad to a great military depot, was worse than looking after a needle in a hayrick. But it happened that one of these porters had carried, for a certain Jew, to a certain public house, a certain — carpetbag.

"I went to the public house, but the Jew had only left his luggage there for a few hours, and had called for it in a cab and taken it away. I put such questions there, and to the porter, as I thought prudent, and got at this description of — the carpetbag.

"It was a bag which had, on one side of it, worked in worsted, a green parrot on a stand. A green parrot on a stand was the means by which to identify that — carpetbag.

"I traced Mesheck, by means of this green parrot on a stand, to Cheltenham, to Birmingham, to Liverpool, to the Atlantic Ocean. At Liverpool he was too many for me. He had gone to the United States, and I gave up all thoughts of Mesheck, and likewise of his — carpetbag.

"Many months afterward — near a year afterward — there was a bank in Ireland robbed of several thousand pounds, by a person of the name of Dr. Dundey, who escaped to America; from which country some of the stolen notes came home. He was supposed to have bought a farm in New Jersey. Under proper management, that estate could be seized and sold, for the benefit of the parties he had defrauded. I was sent off to America for this purpose.

"I landed at Boston. I went on to New York. I found that he had lately changed New York paper money for New Jersey paper money, and had banked cash in New Brunswick. To take this Dr. Dundey, it was necessary to entrap him into the State of New York, which required a deal of artifice and trouble. At one time, he couldn't be drawn into an appointment. At another time, he appointed to come to meet me, and a New York officer, on a pretext I made; and then his children had the measles. At last he came, per steamboat, and I took him, and lodged him in a New York prison called the Tombs; which I dare say you know, sir?"

Editorial acknowledgment to that effect.

"I went to the Tombs, on the morning after his capture, to attend the examination before the magistrate. I was passing through the magistrate's private room, when, happening to

look round me to take notice of the place, as we generally have a habit of doing, I clapped my eyes, in one corner, on a — carpetbag.

"What did I see upon that carpetbag, if you'll believe me, but a green parrot on a stand, as large as life.

"'That carpetbag, with the representation of a green parrot on a stand,' said I, 'belongs to an English Jew, named Aaron Mesheck, and to no other man, alive or dead!'

"I give you my word the New York police officers were doubled up with surprise.

"'How did you ever come to know that?' said they.

"'I think I ought to know that green parrot by this time,' said I; 'for I have had as pretty a dance after that bird, at home, as ever I had in all my life!'"

"And was it Mesheck's?" we submissively inquired.

"Was it, sir? Of course it was! He was in custody for another offense, in that very identical Tombs, at that very identical time. And, more than that! Some memoranda, relating to the fraud for which I had vainly endeavored to take him, were found to be, at that moment, lying in that very same individual — carpetbag!"

Such are the curious coincidences and such is the peculiar ability, always sharpening and being improved by practice, and always adapting itself to every variety of circumstances, and opposing itself to every new device that perverted ingenuity can invent, for which this important social branch of the public service is remarkable! Forever on the watch, with their wits stretched to the utmost, these officers have, from day to day and year to year, to set themselves against every novelty of trickery and dexterity that the combined imaginations of all the lawless rascals in England can devise, and to keep pace with every such invention that comes out. In the courts of justice the materials of thousands of such stories as we have narrated — often elevated into the marvelous and romantic by the circumstances of the case — are dryly compressed into the set phrase, "in consequence of information I received, I did so and so." Suspicion was to be directed, by careful inference and deduction, upon the right person; the right person was to be taken, wherever he had gone, or whatever he was doing to avoid detection: he is taken; there he is at the bar; that is enough. From information I,

the officer, received, I did it; and according to the custom in these cases I say no more.

These games of chess, played with live pieces, are played before small audiences, and are chronicled nowhere. The interest of the game supports the players. Its results are enough for justice. To compare great things with small, suppose Leverrier or Adams informing the public that from information he had received he had discovered a new planet; or Columbus informing the public of his day that from information he had received he had discovered a new continent: so the detectives inform it that they have discovered a new fraud or an old offender, and the process is unknown.

Thus, at midnight, closed the proceedings of our curious and interesting party. But one other circumstance finally wound up the evening after our detective guests had left us. One of the sharpest among them, and the officer best acquainted with the swell mob, had his pocket picked going home!

ON THE TRACK OF THE WHITE WHALE.

By HERMAN MELVILLE.

(From "Moby Dick.")

[HERMAN MELVILLE, novelist, was born in New York, 1819; shipped as a common sailor at eighteen; in 1842 deserted from a whaling ship at Nukahiva, Marquesas Islands, and was captured by the natives and held prisoner some months in Typee (Taipi) Valley; escaping and returning to America in 1844, he wrote "Typee," a romantic portrayal of his experiences, which took popular fancy like wildfire. He followed it with "Omoo" (1847), "Mardi Gras" and "Redburn" (1849), "White Jacket" (1850), "Moby Dick," perhaps his greatest (1851), "Pierre" (1852), "Israel Potter," a genuine and most curious biography, extracting romance out of very squalid materials (1855), "Piazza Tales" (1856), "The Confidence Man" (1857), "Battle Pieces," war poems (1866), "Clarel," a poem (1876), "John Marr and Other Sailors," privately printed (1888), "Timoleon," poems (1891). In 1850 he located in Pittsfield, Mass., later removed to New York, held a place in its customhouse, and died there in 1891.]

QUEEQUEG.

QUEEQUEG was a native of Rokovoko, an island far away to the West and South. It is not down in any map; true places never are.

When a new-hatched savage running wild about his native woodlands in a grass clout, followed by the nibbling goats, as

if he were a green sapling, — even then, in Queequeg's ambitious soul, lurked a strong desire to see something more of Christendom than a specimen whaler or two. His father was a High Chief, a King; his uncle a High Priest; and on the maternal side he boasted aunts who were the wives of unconquerable warriors. There was excellent blood in his veins — royal stuff, — though sadly vitiated, I fear, by the cannibal propensity he nourished in his untutored youth.

A Sag Harbor ship visited his father's bay, and Queequeg sought a passage to Christian lands. But the ship, having her full complement of seamen, spurned his suit; and not all the King his father's influence could prevail. But Queequeg vowed a vow. Alone in his canoe, he paddled off to a distant strait, which he knew the ship must pass through when she quitted the island. On one side was a coral reef; on the other a low tongue of land, covered with mangrove thickets that grew out into the water. Hiding his canoe, still afloat, among these thickets, with its prow seaward, he sat down in the stern, paddle low in hand; and when the ship was gliding by, like a flash he darted out; gained her side; with one backward dash of his foot capsized and sank his canoe; climbed up the chains; and throwing himself at full length upon the deck, grappled a ringbolt there, and swore not to let it go, though hacked in pieces.

In vain the captain threatened to throw him overboard; suspended a cutlass over his naked wrists; Queequeg was the son of a King, and Queequeg budged not. Struck by his desperate dauntlessness, and his wild desire to visit Christendom, the captain at last relented, and told him he might make himself at home. But this fine young savage — this sea Prince of Wales, never saw the captain's cabin. They put him down among the sailors, and made a whaleman of him. But like Czar Peter content to toil in the shipyards of foreign cities, Queequeg disdained no seeming ignominy, if thereby he might happily gain the power of enlightening his untutored countrymen. For at bottom — so he told me — he was actuated by a profound desire to learn, among the Christians, the arts whereby to make his people still happier than they were; and more than that, still better than they were. But, alas! the practices of whalemen soon convinced him that even Christians could be both miserable and wicked, — infinitely more so than all his father's heathens. Arrived at last in old Sag Har-

bor; and seeing what the sailors did there; and then going on to Nantucket, and seeing how they spent their wages in *that* place also, poor Queequeg gave it up for lost. Thought he, it's a wicked world in all meridians; I'll die a pagan.

And thus an old idolater at heart, he yet lived among these Christians, wore their clothes, and tried to talk their gibberish. Hence the queer ways about him, though now some time from home.

By hints, I asked him whether he did not propose going back, and having a coronation; since he might now consider his father dead and gone, he being very old and feeble at the last accounts. He answered no, not yet; and added that he was fearful Christianity, or rather Christians, had unfitted him for ascending the pure and undefiled throne of thirty pagan Kings before him. But by and by, he said, he would return, — as soon as he felt himself baptized again. For the nonce, however, he proposed to sail about, and sow his wild oats in all four oceans. They had made a harpooner of him, and that barbed iron was in lieu of a scepter now.

I asked him what might be his immediate purpose, touching his future movements. He answered, to go to sea again, in his old vocation. Upon this, I told him that whaling was my own design, and informed him of my intention to sail out of Nantucket, as being the most promising port for an adventurous whaleman to embark from. He at once resolved to accompany me to that island, ship aboard the same vessel, get into the same watch, the same boat, the same mess with me, in short to share my every hap; with both my hands in his, boldly dip into the Potluck of both worlds. To all this I joyously assented; for besides the affection I now felt for Queequeg, he was an experienced harpooner, and as such could not fail to be of great usefulness to one who, like me, was wholly ignorant of the mysteries of whaling, though well acquainted with the sea, as known to merchant seamen.

His story being ended with his pipe's last dying puff, Queequeg embraced me, pressed his forehead against mine, and blowing out the light, we rolled over from each other, this way and that, and very soon were sleeping.

NANTUCKET.

Nothing more happened on the passage worthy the mentioning; so, after a fine run, we safely arrived in Nantucket.

Nantucket! Take out your map and look at it. See what a real corner of the world it occupies; how it stands there, away offshore, more lonely than the Eddystone lighthouse. Look at it — a mere hillock, and elbow of sand; all beach, without a background. There is more sand there than you would use in twenty years as a substitute for blotting paper. Some gamesome wights will tell you that they have to plant weeds there, they don't grow naturally; that they import Canada thistles; that they have to send beyond seas for a spile to stop a leak in an oil cask; that pieces of wood in Nantucket are carried about like bits of the true cross in Rome; that people there plant toadstools before their houses, to get under the shade in summer time; that one blade of grass makes an oasis, three blades in a day's walk a prairie; that they wear quicksand shoes, something like Laplander snowshoes; that they are so shut up, belted about, every way inclosed, surrounded, and made an utter island of by the ocean, that to their very chairs and tables small clams will sometimes be found adhering, as to the backs of sea turtles. But these extravaganzas only show that Nantucket is no Illinois.

Look now at the wondrous traditional story of how this island was settled by the red men. Thus goes the legend. In olden times an eagle swooped down upon the New England coast, and carried off an infant Indian in his talons. With loud lament the parents saw their child borne out of sight over the wide waters. They resolved to follow in the same direction. Setting out in their canoes, after a perilous passage they discovered the island, and there they found an empty ivory casket, — the poor little Indian's skeleton.

What wonder, then, that these Nantucketers, born on a beach, should take to the sea for a livelihood! They first caught crabs and quahogs in the sand; grown bolder, they waded out with nets for mackerel; more experienced, they pushed off in boats and captured cod; and at last, launching a navy of great ships on the sea, explored this watery world; put an incessant belt of circumnavigation round it; peeped in at Behring's Straits; and in all seasons and all oceans declared everlasting war with the mightiest animated mass that has survived the flood; most monstrous and most mountainous! That Himmalehan, salt-sea Mastodon, clothed with such portentousness of unconscious power that his very panics are more to be dreaded than his most fearless and malicious assaults!

And thus have these naked Nantucketers, these sea hermits, issuing from their ant-hill in the sea, overrun and conquered the watery world like so many Alexanders; parceling out among them the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans, as the three pirate powers did Poland. Let America add Mexico to Texas, and pile Cuba upon Canada; let the English overswarm all India, and hang out their blazing banner from the sun; two thirds of this terraqueous globe are the Nantucketer's. For the sea is his; he owns it, as Emperors own empires, — other seamen having but a right of way through it. Merchant ships are but extension bridges; armed ones but floating forts; even pirates and privateers, though following the sea as highwaymen the road, but plunder other ships, other fragments of the land like themselves, without seeking to draw their living from the bottomless deep itself. The Nantucketer, he alone resides and riots on the sea; he alone, in Bible language, goes down to it in ships, — to and fro plowing it as his own special plantation. *There* is his home; *there* lies his business, which a Noah's flood would not interrupt, though it overwhelmed all the millions in China. He lives on the sea, as prairie cocks in the prairie; he hides among the waves, he climbs them as chamois hunters climb the Alps. For years he knows not the land; so that when he comes to it at last, it smells like another world, more strangely than the moon would to an Earthsman. With the landless gull, that at sunset folds her wings and is rocked to sleep between billows; so at nightfall, the Nantucketer, out of sight of land, furls his sails, and lays him to his rest, while under his very pillow rush herds of walruses and whales.

Chowder.

It was quite late in the evening when the little "Moss" came snugly to anchor, and Queequeg and I went ashore; so we could attend to no business that day, at least none but a supper and a bed. The landlord of the Spouter Inn had recommended us to his cousin Hosea Hussey of the Try Pots, whom he asserted to be the proprietor of one of the best-kept hotels in all Nantucket, and moreover he had assured us that cousin Hosea, as he called him, was famous for his chowders. In sort, he plainly hinted that we could not possibly do better than try potluck at the Try Pots. But the directions he had given us

about keeping a yellow warehouse on our starboard hand till we opened a white church to the larboard, and then keeping that on the larboard hand till we made a corner three points to the starboard, and that done, then ask the first man we met where the place was: these crooked directions of his very much puzzled us at first, especially as, at the outset, Queequeg insisted that the yellow warehouse — our first point of departure — must be left on the larboard hand, whereas I had understood Peter Coffin to say it was on the starboard. However, by dint of beating about a little in the dark, and now and then knocking up a peaceable inhabitant to inquire the way, we at last came to something which there was no mistaking.

Two enormous wooden pots painted black, and suspended by asses' ears, swung from the crosstrees of an old topmast, planted in front of an old doorway. The horns of the crosstrees were sawed off on the other side, so that this old topmast looked not a little like a gallows. Perhaps I was oversensitive to such impressions at the time, but I could not help staring at this gallows with a vague misgiving. A sort of crick was in my neck as I gazed up to the two remaining horns; yes, *two* of them, one for Queequeg, and one for me. It's ominous, thinks I. A Coffin my Innkeeper upon landing in my first whaling port; tombstones staring at me in the whalemen's chapel; and here a gallows! and a pair of prodigious black pots too! Are these last throwing out oblique hints touching Tophet?

I was called from these reflections by the sight of a freckled woman with yellow hair and a yellow gown, standing in the porch of the inn, under a dull red lamp swinging there, that looked much like an injured eye, and carrying on a brisk scolding with a man in a purple woolen shirt.

"Get along with ye," said she to the man, "or I'll be combing ye!"

"Come on, Queequeg," said I, "all right. There's Mrs. Hussey."

And so it turned out, Mr. Hosea Hussey being from home, but leaving Mrs. Hussey entirely competent to attend to all his affairs. Upon making known our desires for a supper and a bed, Mrs. Hussey, postponing further scolding for the present, ushered us into a little room, and seating us at a table spread with the relics of a recently concluded repast, turned round to us and said — "Clam or Cod?"

"What's that about Cods, ma'am?" said I, with much politeness.

"Clam or Cod?" she repeated.

"A clam for supper? a cold clam? is *that* what you mean, Mrs. Hussey?" says I: "but that's a rather cold and clammy reception in the winter time, ain't it, Mrs. Hussey?"

But being in a great hurry to resume scolding the man in the purple shirt, who was waiting for it in the entry, and seeming to hear nothing but the word "clam," Mrs. Hussey hurried towards an open door leading to the kitchen, and bawling out "clam for two," disappeared.

"Queequeg," said I, "do you think that we can make out a supper for us both on one clam?"

However, a warm savory steam from the kitchen served to belie the apparently cheerless prospect before us. But when that smoking chowder came in, the mystery was delightfully explained. Oh, sweet friends! hearken to me. It was made of small juicy clams, scarcely bigger than hazelnuts, mixed with pounded ship biscuit, and salted pork cut up into little flakes; the whole enriched with butter, and plentifully seasoned with pepper and salt. Our appetites being sharpened by the frosty voyage, and, in particular, Queequeg seeing his favorite fishing food before him, and the chowder being surpassingly excellent, we dispatched it with great expedition: when leaning back a moment and bethinking me of Mrs. Hussey's clam and cod announcement, I thought I would try a little experiment. Stepping to the kitchen door, I uttered the word "cod" with great emphasis, and resumed my seat. In a few moments the savory steam came forth again, but with a different flavor, and in good time a fine cod chowder was placed before us.

We resumed business; and while plying our spoons in the bowl, thinks I to myself, I wonder now if this here has any effect on the head? What's that stultifying saying about chowder-headed people? "But look, Queequeg, ain't that a live eel in your bowl? Where's your harpoon?"

Fishiest of all fishy places was the Try Pots, which well deserved its name; for the pots there were always boiling chowders. Chowder for breakfast, and chowder for dinner, and chowder for supper, till you began to look for fish bones coming through your clothes. The area before the house was paved with clam shells. Mrs. Hussey wore a polished necklace

of codfish vertebra; and Hosea Hussey had his account books bound in superior old shark skin. There was a fishy flavor to the milk, too, which I could not at all account for, till one morning happening to take a stroll along the beach among some fishermen's boats, I saw Hosea's brindle cow feeding on fish remnants, and marching along the sand with each foot in a cod's decapitated head, looking very slipshod, I assure ye.

Supper concluded, we received a lamp, and directions from Mrs. Hussey concerning the nearest way to bed; but, as Queequeg was about to precede me up the stairs, the lady reached forth her arm, and demanded his harpoon; she allowed no harpoon in her chambers. "Why not?" said I; "every true whaleman sleeps with his harpoon — but why not!" "Because it's dangerous," says she. "Ever since young Stiggs coming from that unfort'nate v'y'ge of his, when he was gone four years and a half, with only three barrels of *ile*, was found dead in my first floor back, with his harpoon in his side; ever since then I allow no boarders to take sich dangerous weepons in their rooms at night. So, Mr. Queequeg" (for she had learned his name), "I will just take this here iron, and keep it for you till morning. But the chowder; clam or cod to-morrow for breakfast, men?"

"Both," says I; "and let's have a couple of smoked herring by way of variety."

The Ship.

In bed we concocted our plans for the morrow. But to my surprise and no small concern, Queequeg now gave me to understand that he had been diligently consulting Yojo — the name of his black little god — and Yojo had told him two or three times over, and strongly insisted upon it every way, that instead of our going together among the whaling fleet in harbor, and in concert selecting our craft; instead of this, I say, Yojo earnestly enjoined that the selection of the ship should rest wholly with me, inasmuch as Yojo purposed befriending us; and, in order to do so, had already pitched upon a vessel which, if left to myself, I, Ishmael, should infallibly light upon, for all the world as though it had turned out by chance; and in that vessel I must immediately ship myself, for the present irrespective of Queequeg.

I have forgotten to mention that, in many things, Queequeg placed great confidence in the excellence of Yojo's judgment

and surprising forecast of things; and cherished Yojo with considerable esteem, as a rather good sort of god, who perhaps meant well enough upon the whole, but in all cases did not succeed in his benevolent designs.

Now when I looked about the quarter-deck, for some one having authority, in order to propose myself as a candidate for the voyage, at first I saw nobody; but I could not well overlook a strange sort of tent, or rather wigwam, pitched a little behind the mainmast. It seemed only a temporary erection used in port. It was of a conical shape, some ten feet high; consisting of the long, huge slabs of limber black bone taken from the middle and highest part of the jaws of the right whale. Planted with their broad ends on the deck, a circle of these slabs laced together mutually sloped towards each other, and at the apex united in a tufted point, where the loose hairy fibers waved to and fro like the topknot on some old Pottawottomi sachem's head. A triangular opening faced towards the bows of the ship so that the insider commanded a complete view forward.

And half concealed in this queer tenement, I at length found one who by his aspect seemed to have authority; and who, it being noon, and the ship's work suspended, was now enjoying respite from the burden of command. He was seated on an old-fashioned oaken chair, wriggling all over with curious carving; and the bottom of which was formed of a stout interlacing of the same elastic stuff of which the wigwam was constructed.

There was nothing so very particular, perhaps, about the appearance of the elderly man I saw; he was brown and brawny, like most old seamen, and heavily rolled up in blue pilot cloth, cut in the Quaker style; only there was a fine and almost microscopic network of the minutest wrinkles interlacing round his eyes, which must have arisen from his continual sailings in many hard gales, and always looking to windward; — for this causes the muscles about the eyes to become pursed together. Such eye wrinkles are very effectual in a scowl.

"Is this the Captain of the 'Pequod'?" said I, advancing to the door of the tent.

"Supposing it be the Captain of the 'Pequod,' what dost thou want of him?" he demanded.

"I was thinking of shipping."

"Thou wast, wast thou? I see thou art no Nantucketer — ever been in a stove boat?"

"No, sir, I never have."

"Dost know nothing at all about whaling, I dare say — eh?"

"Nothing, sir; but I have no doubt I shall soon learn. I've been several voyages in the merchant service, and I think that——"

"Marchant service be damned. Talk not that lingo to me. Dost see that leg? — I'll take that leg away from thy stern, if ever thou talkest of the marchant service to me again. Marchant service indeed! I suppose now ye feel considerable proud of having served in those marchant ships. But flukes! man, what makes thee want to go a whaling, eh? — it looks a little suspicious, don't it, eh? — Hast not been a pirate, hast thou? Didst not rob thy last Captain, didst thou? — Dost not think of murdering the officers when thou gettest to sea?"

I protested my innocence of these things. I saw that under the mask of these half-humorous innuendoes, this old seaman, as an insulated Quakerish Nantucketer, was full of his insular prejudices, and rather distrustful of all aliens, unless they hailed from Cape Cod or the Vineyard.

"But what takes thee a whaling? I want to know that before I think of shipping ye."

"Well, sir, I want to see what whaling is. I want to see the world."

"Want to see what whaling is, eh? Have ye clapped eye on Captain Ahab?"

"Who is Captain Ahab, sir?"

"Aye, aye, I thought so. Captain Ahab is the Captain of this ship."

"I am mistaken then. I thought I was speaking to the Captain himself."

"Thou art speaking to Captain Peleg — that's who ye are speaking to, young man. It belongs to me and Captain Bildad to see the 'Pequod' fitted out for the voyage, and supplied with all her needs, including crew. We are part owners and agents. But as I was going to say, if thou wantest to know what whaling is, as thou tellest ye do, I can put ye in a way of finding it out before ye bind yourself to it past backing out. Clap eye on Captain Ahab, young man, and thou wilt find that he has only one leg."

"What do you mean, sir? Was the other one lost by a whale?"

"Lost by a whale! Young man, come nearer to me: it was devoured, chewed up, crunched by the monstrousest parmacetty that ever chipped a boat! — ah, ah!"

I was a little alarmed by his energy, perhaps also a little touched at the hearty grief in his concluding exclamation, but said as calmly as I could, "What you say is no doubt true enough, sir; but how could I know there was any peculiar ferocity in that particular whale, though indeed I might have inferred as much from the simple fact of the accident."

"Look ye now, young man, thy lungs are a sort of soft, d'ye see; thou dost not talk shark a bit. *Sure* ye've been to sea before now; sure of that?"

"Sir," said I, "I thought I told you that I had been four voyages in the merchant ——"

"Hard down out of that! Mind what I said about the marchant service — don't aggravate me — I won't have it. But let us understand each other. I have given thee a hint about what whaling is; do ye yet feel inclined for it?"

"I do, sir."

"Very good. Now, art thou the man to pitch a harpoon down a live whale's throat, and then jump after it? Answer, quick!"

"I am, sir, if it should be positively indispensable to do so; not to be got rid of, that is; which I don't take to be the fact."

"Good again. Now then, thou not only wantest to go a whaling, to find out by experience what whaling is, but ye also want to go in order to see the world? Was not that what ye said? I thought so. Well then, just step forward there, and take a peep over the weather bow, and then back to me and tell me what ye see there."

For a moment I stood a little puzzled by this curious request, not knowing exactly how to take it, whether humorously or in earnest. But concentrating all his crow's feet into one scowl, Captain Peleg started me on the errand.

Going forward and glancing over the weather bow, I perceived that the ship, swinging to her anchor with the flood tide, was now obliquely pointing towards the open ocean. The prospect was unlimited, but exceedingly monotonous and forbidding; not the slightest variety that I could see.

"Well, what's the report?" said Peleg when I came back; "what did ye see?"

"Not much," I replied — "nothing but water; considerable horizon though, and there's a squall coming up, I think."

"Well, what dost thou think then of seeing the world? Do ye wish to go round Cape Horn to see any more of it, eh? Can't ye see the world where you stand?"

I was a little staggered, but go a whaling I must, and I would; and the "Pequod" was as good a ship as any — I thought the best — and all this I now repeated to Peleg. Seeing me so determined, he expressed his willingness to ship me.

"And thou mayest as well sign the papers right off," he added — "come along with ye." And so saying, he led the way below deck into the cabin.

Seated on the transom was what seemed to me a most uncommon and surprising figure. It turned out to be Captain Bildad, who along with Captain Peleg was one of the largest owners of the vessel; the other shares, as is sometimes the case in these ports, being held by a crowd of old annuitants: widows, fatherless children, and chancery wards; each owning about the value of a timber head, or a foot of plank, or a nail or two in the ship. People in Nantucket invest their money in whaling vessels, the same way that you do yours in approved state stocks bringing in good interest.

Now, Bildad, like Peleg, and indeed many other Nantucketers, was a Quaker, the island having been originally settled by that sect; and to this day its inhabitants in general retain in an uncommon measure the peculiarities of the Quaker, only variously and anomalously modified by things altogether alien and heterogeneous. For some of these same Quakers are the most sanguinary of all sailors and whale hunters. They are fighting Quakers; they are Quakers with a vengeance. . . .

Like Captain Peleg, Captain Bildad was a well-to-do, retired whaleman. But unlike Captain Peleg — who cared not a rush for what are called serious things, and indeed deemed those selfsame serious things the veriest of all trifles — Captain Bildad had not only been originally educated according to the strictest sect of Nantucket Quakerism, but all his subsequent ocean life, and the sight of many unclad, lovely island creatures, round the Horn — all that had not moved this native-born Quaker one single jot, had not so much as altered one angle of his vest. Still, for all this immutableness, was there some lack of common consistency about worthy Captain Peleg.

Though refusing, from conscientious scruples, to bear arms against land invaders, yet himself had illimitably invaded the Atlantic and Pacific; and though a sworn foe to human bloodshed, yet had he, in his straight-bodied coat, spilled tuns upon tuns of leviathan gore. How now, in the contemplative evening of his days, the pious Bildad reconciled these things in the reminiscence, I do not know; but it did not seem to concern him much, and very probably he had long since come to the sage and sensible conclusion that a man's religion is one thing, and this practical world quite another. This world pays dividends. Rising from a little cabin boy in short clothes of the drabbest drab, to a harpooner in a broad shad-bellied waistcoat; from that becoming boat header, chief mate, and captain, and finally a shipowner; Bildad, as I hinted before, had concluded his adventurous career by wholly retiring from active life at the goodly age of sixty, and dedicating his remaining days to the quiet receiving of his well-earned income.

Now Bildad, I am sorry to say, had the reputation of being an incorrigible old hunks, and in his seagoing days a bitter hard taskmaster. They told me in Nantucket, though it certainly seems a curious story, that when he sailed the old "Catgut" whaleman, his crew, upon arriving home, were mostly all carried ashore to the hospital, sore exhausted and worn out. For a pious man, especially for a Quaker, he was certainly rather hard hearted, to say the least. He never used to swear, though, at his men, they said; but somehow he got an inordinate quantity of cruel, unmitigated hard work out of them. When Bildad was a chief mate, to have his drab-colored eye intently looking at you, made you feel completely nervous, till you could clutch something — a hammer or a marline spike, and go to work like mad, at something or other, never mind what. Indolence and idleness perished from before him. His own person was the exact embodiment of his utilitarian character. On his long, gaunt body, he carried no spare flesh, no superfluous beard, his chin having a soft, economical nap to it, like the worn nap of his broad-brimmed hat.

Such, then, was the person that I saw seated on the transom when I followed Captain Peleg down into the cabin. The space between the decks was small; and there, bolt upright, sat old Bildad, who always sat so, and never leaned, and this to save his coat tails. His broadbrim was placed beside him; his legs were stiffly crossed; his drab vesture was buttoned

up to his chin; and spectacles on nose, he seemed absorbed in reading from a ponderous volume.

"Bildad," cried Captain Peleg, "at it again, Bildad, eh? Ye have been studying those Scriptures, now, for the last thirty years, to my certain knowledge. How far ye got, Bildad?"

As if long habituated to such profane talk from his old shipmate, Bildad, without noticing his present irreverence, quietly looked up, and seeing me, glanced again inquiringly towards Peleg.

"He says he's our man, Bildad," said Peleg, "he wants to ship."

"Dost thee?" said Bildad, in a hollow tone, and turning round to me.

"I *dost*," said I, unconsciously, he was so intense a Quaker.

"What do ye think of him, Bildad?" said Peleg.

"He'll do," said Bildad, eying me, and then went on spelling away at his book in a mumbling tone quite audible.

I thought him the queerest old Quaker I ever saw, especially as Peleg, his friend and old shipmate, seemed such a blusterer. But I said nothing, only looking round me sharply. Peleg now threw open a chest, and drawing forth the ship's articles, placed pen and ink before him, and seated himself at a little table. I began to think it was high time to settle with myself at what terms I would be willing to engage for the voyage. I was already aware that in the whaling business they paid no wages; but all hands, including the captain, received certain shares of the profits called *lays*, and that these lays were proportioned to the degree of importance pertaining to the respective duties of the ship's company. I was also aware that being a green hand at whaling, my own lay would not be very large; but considering that I was used to the sea, could steer a ship, splice a rope, and all that, I made no doubt that from all I had heard I should be offered at least the 275th lay — that is, the 275th part of the clear net proceeds of the voyage, whatever that might eventually amount to. And though the 275th lay was what they called a rather *long lay*, yet it was better than nothing; and if we had a lucky voyage, might pretty nearly pay for the clothing I would wear out on it, not to speak of my three years' beef and board, for which I would not have to pay one stiver.

It might be thought that this was a poor way to accumulate a princely fortune — and so it was, a very poor way indeed. But

I am one of those that never take on about princely fortunes, and am quite content if the world is ready to board and lodge me, while I am putting up at this grim sign of the Thunder Cloud. Upon the whole, I thought that the 275th lay would be about the fair thing, but would not have been surprised had I been offered the 200th, considering I was of a broad-shouldered make.

But one thing, nevertheless, that made me a little distrustful about receiving a generous share of the profits was this: Ashore, I had heard something of both Captain Peleg and his unaccountable old crony Bildad; how that they being the principal proprietors of the "Pequod," therefore the other and more inconsiderable and scattered owners left nearly the whole management of the ship's affairs to these two. And I did not know but what the stingy old Bildad might have a mighty deal to say about shipping hands, especially as I now found him on board the "Pequod," quite at home there in the cabin, and reading his Bible as if at his own fireside. Now while Peleg was vainly trying to mend a pen with his jackknife, old Bildad, to my no small surprise, considering that he was such an interested party in these proceedings, Bildad never heeded us, but went on mumbling to himself out of his book. "'*Lay* not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth ——'"

"Well, Captain Bildad," interrupted Peleg, "what d'ye say, what lay shall we give this young man?"

"Thou knowest best," was the sepulchral reply, "the seven hundred and seventy-seventh wouldn't be too much, would it? —'where moth and rust do corrupt, but *lay* ——'"

Lay, indeed, thought I, and such a lay! the seven hundred and seventy-seventh! Well, old Bildad, you are determined that I, for one, shall not *lay* up many *lays* here below, where moth and rust do corrupt. It was an exceedingly *long lay* that, indeed; and though from the magnitude of the figure it might at first deceive a landsman, yet the slightest consideration will show that though seven hundred and seventy-seven is a pretty large number, yet, when you come to make a *teenth* of it, you will then see, I say, that the seven hundred and seventy-seventh part of a farthing is a good deal less than seven hundred and seventy-seven gold doubloons; and so I thought at the time.

"Why, blast your eyes, Bildad," cried Peleg, "thou dost not want to swindle this young man! he must have more than that."

"Seven hundred and seventy-seventh," again said Bildad, without lifting his eyes; and then went on mumbling — "'for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.'"

"I am going to put him down for the three hundredth," said Peleg, "do you hear that, Bildad! The three hundredth lay, I say."

Bildad laid down his book, and turning solemnly towards him said, "Captain Peleg, thou hast a generous heart; but thou must consider the duty thou owest to the other owners of this ship — widows and orphans, many of them — and that if we too abundantly reward the labors of this young man, we may be taking the bread from those widows and those orphans. The seven hundred and seventy-seventh lay, Captain Peleg."

"Thou, Bildad!" roared Peleg, starting up and clattering about the cabin. "Blast ye, Captain Bildad, if I had followed thy advice in these matters, I would afore now had a conscience to lug about that would be heavy enough to founder the largest ship that ever sailed round Cape Horn."

"Captain Peleg," said Bildad, steadily, "thy conscience may be drawing ten inches of water, or ten fathoms, I can't tell; but as thou art still an impenitent man, Captain Peleg, I greatly fear lest thy conscience be but a leaky one and will in the end sink thee foundering down to the fiery pit, Captain Peleg."

"Fiery pit! fiery pit! ye insult me, man; past all natural bearing, ye insult me. It's an all-fired outrage to tell any human creature that he's bound to hell. Flukes and flames! Bildad, say that again to me, and start my soul bolts, but I'll — I'll — yes, I'll swallow a live goat with all his hair and horns on. Out of the cabin, ye canting, drab-colored son of a wooden gun — a straight wake with ye!"

As he thundered out this he made a rush at Bildad, but with a marvelous oblique, sliding celerity, Bildad for that time eluded him.

Alarmed at this terrible outburst between the two principal and responsible owners of the ship, and feeling half a mind to give up all idea of sailing in a vessel so questionably owned and temporarily commanded, I stepped aside from the door to give egress to Bildad, who I made no doubt was all eagerness to vanish from before the awakened wrath of Peleg. But to my astonishment, he sat down again on the transom very quietly, and seemed to have not the slightest intention of withdrawing. He seemed quite used to impenitent Peleg and his ways. As

for Peleg, after letting off his rage as he had, there seemed no more left in him, and he, too, sat down like a lamb, though he twitched a little as if still nervously agitated. "Whew!" he whistled at last — "the squall's gone off to leeward, I think. Bildad, thou used to be good at sharpening a lance, mend that pen, will ye. My jackknife here needs the grindstone. That's he; thank ye, Bildad. Now then, my young man, Ishmael's thy name, didn't ye say? Well then, down ye go here, Ishmael, for the three hundredth lay."

"Captain Peleg," said I, "I have a friend with me who wants to ship too — shall I bring him down to-morrow?"

"To be sure," said Peleg. "Fetch him along, and we'll look at him."

"What lay does he want?" groaned Bildad, glancing up from the book in which he had again been burying himself.

"Oh! never thee mind about that, Bildad," said Peleg. "Has he ever whaled it any?" turning to me.

"Killed more whales than I can count, Captain Peleg."

"Well, bring him along then."

And, after signing the papers, off I went, nothing doubting but that I had done a good morning's work, and that the "Pequod" was the identical ship that Yojo had provided to carry Queequeg and me around the Cape.

CAMILLE AND ARMAND.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS.

(From "Camille.")

[ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS: A French dramatist and author; born in Paris, July 27, 1824; died November 28, 1895. He was educated at the Collège Bourbon, and published his first book, "The Sins of Youth," at seventeen. His principal novels are "La Dame aux Camellias" (known in English as "Camille") (1848), and "The Clémenceau Case" (1864). His plays include: "Camille" (1852), "Diana of the Lily" (1853), "The Other Half-World" (1855), "The Natural Son" (1857), "A Prodigal Father" (1859), "The Friend of Women" (1864), "A Woman's Torture" (1865), "Madame Aubray's Ideas" (1867), "A Wedding Call" and "The Princess Georges" (1868), "Claude's Wife" (1873), "Monsieur Alphonse" (1873), "The Danicheffs" (1876), "Joseph Balsamo" (1878), "The Princess of Bagdad" and "Françillon" (1887).]

DUVAL — Mademoiselle Camille Gauthier?

Camille — It is I, sir. To whom have I the honor of speaking?

Duval — To Monsieur Duval.

Camille — Monsieur Duval?

Duval — Yes, Mademoiselle, Armand's father.

Camille — Monsieur Armand is not here, sir.

Duval — I know it. But I would speak with you, and I wish you to listen. You are not only compromising, but ruining, my son.

Camille — You are deceived, sir. I am here beyond the reach of scandal; and I accept nothing from your son.

Duval — Which means that he has fallen so low as to be a sharer of the gain which you accept from others.

Camille — Pardon me, sir. I am a woman, and in my own house, — two reasons that should plead in my behalf to your more generous courtesy. The tone in which you addressed me is not what I have been accustomed to, and more than I can listen to from a gentleman whom I have the honor to see for the first time. I pray you will allow me to retire.

Duval — Stay, Mademoiselle, when one finds himself face to face with you, it is hard to think those things are so. Oh, I was told that you are a dangerous woman.

Camille — Yes, sir! dangerous to myself.

Duval — It is not less true, however, that you are ruining my son.

Camille — Sir, I repeat, with all the respect I have for Armand's father, that you are wrong.

Duval — Then what is the meaning of this letter to my lawyer, which apprises me of Armand's intention to dispose of his property, the gift of a dying mother? [*Gives her a letter.*

Camille — I assure you, sir, that if this is Armand's act, he has done so without my knowledge; for he knew well that had he offered such a gift, I should refuse it.

Duval — Indeed! you have not always spoken thus!

Camille — True, sir; but I have not always loved.

Duval — And now ——

Camille — I am no longer what I was.

Duval — These are very fine words.

Camille — What can I say to convince you? I swear by the love I bear your son, the holiest thing that ever filled my heart, that I was ignorant of the transaction.

Duval — Still, you must live by some means?

Camille — You force me, sir, to be explicit. So far from resembling other associations of my life, this has made me pen-

niless. I pray you, read that paper. [*Handing a paper.*] It contains a list of all that I possess on earth. When you were announced just now, I thought you were the person to whom I had sold them.

Duval — A bill of sale of all your furniture, pictures, plate, and other things, with which to pay your creditors — the surplus to be returned to you. Have I been deceived?

Camille — You have, sir. I know that my life has been clouded. — Oh, you do not know me, sir! You can never know how purely I love your son, and how he loves me! It is his love that has saved me from myself, and made me what I am. I have been so happy for three months! And you, sir, are his father. You are good, I am sure. I know you would not harm me. Then let me entreat you will not tell him ill of me, or he will believe you, for he loves you so; and I also love and honor you, because you are *his father!*

Duval — Pardon me for the manner in which I presented myself to you. I was angry at my son, for his ingratitude to his dead mother, in disposing of her gift to him. I pray you, pardon.

Camille — Oh, sir, it is you have everything to pardon. I can only bless you for those kind words. I pray you take a chair.

Duval — In the name of these sentiments, which, you say, are so sacred to you, I am about to ask of you a sacrifice greater than any you have yet performed.

Camille — Oh, heaven!

Duval — Listen, my child, and patiently, to what I have to say.

Camille — Oh, sir, I pray you let us speak no more. I know you are going to ask something terrible of me. I have been expecting this. I was too happy. Yet over my brightest hour there has always hung a cloud. It was the shadow of your frown.

Duval — Camille, I am not going to chide, but to *supplicate.* You love my son — so do I. We are both desirous of his happiness — jealous of those who could contribute to it more than we. I speak to you as a father and ask of you the happiness of both my children.

Camille — Of both your children?

Duval — Yes, Camille, of both. I have a daughter, young, beautiful, and pure as an angel. She loves as you do. That

love has been the dream of her life. But the family of the man about to marry her has learned the relation between you and Armand, and declared the withdrawal of their consent unless he gives you up. You see, then, how much depends on you. Let me entreat you in the name of your love for her brother, to save my daughter's peace.

Camille — You are very good, sir, to deign to speak such words as these. I understand you, and you are right. I will at once leave Paris, and remain away from Armand for some time. It will be a sacrifice, I confess; but I will make it for *your* sake. Besides, his joy at my return will make amends for my absence. You will allow him to write me after your daughter is married?

Duval — Thanks, my child; but I fear you do not wholly understand me. I would ask more.

Camille — What could I do more?

Duval — A temporary absence will not suffice.

Camille — Ah, you would not have me quit Armand forever?

Duval — You must.

Camille — Never! To separate us now would be more than cruel — it would be a crime. Oh, sir! you have never loved! You know not what it is to be left without a home, a friend, a father, or a family. When Armand forgave my faults he swore to be all these. I have grafted life and hope on him till they and he are one. Oh, do not tear him from me the little while I have to live! I am not well, sir. I have been ill for months. A sudden shock would kill me. Ask anything but this. Oh, do not drive me to despair! See, I am at your feet!

Duval — Rise, Camille! I know that I demand a great sacrifice from your heart! but one that, for your own good, you are fatally forced to yield. Listen. You have known Armand three months, and you love him. Are you sure you have not deceived yourself, and that even now you do not begin to tire of your new choice, and long for other conquests?

Camille — Oh, spare me, sir! Unworthy as the offering of my love may seem, Armand's heart was the first shrine in which it ever sought a sanctuary, and there it shall remain forever!

Duval — You think so now, perhaps; but sooner or later the truth must come. Youth is prodigal — old age exacting. Do you listen?

Camille — Do I listen? Oh, heaven!

Duval — You are willing to sacrifice everything for my son; but should he accept this, what sacrifice could he make you in return? Say that Armand Duval is an honest man, and would marry you, — what kind of union would that be which has neither purity nor religion to recommend it to the grace of heaven, the smile of friends, or the esteem of the world? And what will be your fate to see the man who sacrificed position, honor, all for you, bowed down with shame of her who ought to be his pride?

Camille — Oh, my punishment is come!

Duval — Avoid what may yet follow. Say that both of you love, as none has ever loved. The warmest sun will set at eve. And when the evening of your life steals on, Armand will seek elsewhere the charms he can no longer find in you; and with every trace of age on *your* brow, a blush will rise on *his*, accusing him of youth, and hopes, and honor, lost for you!

Camille — My dream is past!

Duval — Dream no more, Camille; but wake to duty to yourself, and to the man you love.

Camille — Why — why do I live?

Duval — And should you die, would you have your husband stand upon your grave, ashamed to breathe the name of her who lies there? No, Camille, you are too proud for that. I leave to your heart, to your reason, to your affection for my son, the sacrifice I might demand. You will be proud some day of having saved Armand from a fate he would have regretted all his life — which would have brought on him the idle jest and scorn of every honorable man. Pardon me, Camille; but you know the world too well to doubt the truth of what I say. It is a father who implores you to save his child. Come, *prove* to me you love my son. Give me your hand. Courage, Camille, courage! [*She slowly gives her hand.*] Bless you, bless you! You have done your duty.

Camille — You desire, sir, that I separate from your son for his good, his honor, and his fortune. What am I to do? Speak — I am ready.

Duval — You must tell him that you do not love him.

Camille — He will not believe me.

Duval — You must leave Paris.

Camille — He will follow me.

Duval — What *will* you do?

Camille — I must teach him to despise me.

Duval — But, Camille, I fear ——

Camille — Ah, fear nothing! He will hate me! I will teach him. I know how; for I have taught myself.

Duval — Armand must not know of this.

Camille — Sir, you do not know me yet; for I swear by the love I bear your son, that he shall never know from my lips what has transpired between us.

Duval — You are a noble girl! Is there aught that I can do for you?

Camille — When the heart that now is breaking lies pulseless in the grave — when the world records my very virtues to my blame — when Armand's voice shall rise with curses on my memory — tell him — oh! tell him how I loved him! And now, I pray you will withdraw into that room. He may return each moment, and discover our purpose.

Duval — Camille, you have saved my life — nay, more, you have preserved my honor. Heaven bless you for the sacrifice.

[*Exit* DUVAL. CAMILLE *staggers to table to write.*

Camille — Oh, I cannot! Every word I trace seems to tear from my heart a hope that never can take root again. [*After a struggle writes.*] What shall I say? [*Reads what she has written.*] "*Armand, in a few hours from this, the little flowers you gave me this morning will be withered on my breast, and in their place, Camellias, the badge of that life in which alone I can find happiness.*" Oh! heaven, forgive the injuries these words may bring to him, and the injustice they do my heart!

[*Folds the letter.*

Enter ARMAND.

Armand — Ah, Camille, here I am! What are you doing there?

Camille — Armand! Nothing!

Armand — You were writing as I entered.

Camille — No! That is — yes!

Armand — What does this mean? You are pale! To whom were you writing? Camille, let me see that letter.

Camille — I cannot.

Armand — I thought we had done with mystery.

Camille — And with suspicion.

Armand — Pardon me, Camille, — I was wrong. I entered excited, and saw in you my own embarrassment. My father is arrived.

Camille — Have you seen him?

Armand — No; but he left at my house a letter, in which he reproaches me very bitterly. He has learned that I am here, and doubtless will pay me a visit this evening. Some idle tongues have been busy in informing him of our retreat. But let him come. I wish him to see you — to talk with you. He will be sure to love you. Or should he remain stern for a while, and refuse his smiles, what of it? He can withhold his patronage from me; but he cannot separate me from your love. I will work, toil, labor for you, and think it a privilege and a joy, if I have but your smile to repay me at its close.

Camille — How he loves me! But you must be wise, and not anger your father unnecessarily; for you know he has much cause to blame. He is coming, you say. Then I will retire awhile until he speaks with you — then I will return, and be with you again. I will fall at his feet, and implore him not to part us.

Armand — Camille, there is something passing in your mind that you would hide from me. It is not my words that agitate you so. You can scarcely stand. There is something wrong here. It is this letter. [*Snatches the letter from her.*

Camille — Armand — that letter must not be read.

Armand — What does it contain?

Camille — A proof of my love for you. In the name of that love, return it to me unread, and ask to know no more.

Armand — Take it, Camille. [*Returns letter.*] I know it all. Madam Prudence told me this morning, and it was that which took me to Paris. I know the sacrifice you would make, and while you were considering my happiness, I was not unmindful of yours. I have arranged it all unknown to you. Ah, Camille, how can I ever return such devotion, truth, and love?

Camille — Well, now that you are satisfied and know all, let us part ——

Armand — Part?

Camille — I mean, let me retire. Your father will be here, you remember, and I would rather he would see you alone. I will be in the garden with Nichette and Gustave. You can call me when you want me. Oh, how — how can I ever part from you? You will calm your father, if he be irritated, and win him to forgive you. Will you not? Then we will be so happy — happy as we have always been since first we met! And you are happy — are you not? And have nothing to reproach me

for — have you? Since first I met you I welcomed in my heart of hearts your love, believing it a sign from heaven that the past had been forgiven. If I have ever caused your heart a pang, you will forgive me — will you not? And when you recall, one day, the little proofs of love I have bestowed on you, you will not despise or curse my memory! Oh, do not — do not curse me when you learn how I have loved you!

Armand — Camille, what does this mean?

Camille — Love for you!

Armand — But why these tears?

Camille — Oh, let them fall! I had forgotten. Do not heed them. I am such a silly girl! You know I often love to weep. See, I am calm now. They are all gone. Come, chase them away. [*He kisses her brow.*] See, now, they are all gone. No more tears, but smiles. You, too, are smiling. Ah! I will live on that smile until we meet again! See, I too can smile! You can read until your father comes, and think of me; for I shall never cease to think of you. Adieu [*Aside*] forever!

[*Exit.*

Armand — It is too late. The world would be a blank without her. [*Calls*] Ninnette! [*Enter* NANINE.] A gentleman, my father, will arrive here presently. If he ask to see Madam, say that I am here awaiting him.

Nanine — I will, sir.

ARMAND'S REVENGE.

Camille — What's to be done? I must continue to deceive him. I made a sacred promise to his father. It must not be broken. Oh, heaven! give me strength to keep it. But this duel! How to prevent it! Peril honor, life, for me! Oh! No, no, no! Rather let him hate, despise me! Oh! he is here!

Enter ARMAND.

Armand — Madam, did you send for me?

Camille — I did, Armand! I would speak with you.

Armand — Speak! I listen.

Camille — I have a few words to say to you — not of the past ——

Armand — Oh, no! Let that be buried in the shame that shrouds it.

Camille — Oh! do not crush me with reproach. See how I am bowed before you, pale, trembling, supplicating. Listen

to me without hate, and hear me without anger. Say that you will forget the past, and — give me your hand.

Armand [*rejecting her hand*] — Pardon me, Mademoiselle. If your business with me is at an end, I will retire.

Camille — Stay — I will not detain you long. Armand, you must leave Paris.

Armand — Leave Paris? And why, Mademoiselle?

Camille — Because the Count de Varville seeks to quarrel with you, and I wish you to avoid him. I alone am to blame, and I alone should suffer.

Armand — And it is thus you would counsel me to play the *coward's* part, and *flee* — *flee* from Count de Varville! What other counsel could come from such a source?

Camille — Armand, by the memory of the woman whom you once loved — in the name of the pangs it cost her to destroy your faith — and in the name of her who smiled from heaven upon the act that saved her son from shame — even in her name — your mother's name — Armand Duval, I charge you leave me! Flee — flee — anywhere from here — from me — or you will make me human!

Armand — I understand, Mademoiselle. You tremble for your lover — your wealthy Count — who holds your fortune in his hands. You shudder at the thought of the event which would rob you of his gold, or, perhaps, his title, which, no doubt, erelong you hope to wear.

Camille — I tremble for *your life!*

Armand — You tremble for my life! Oh, you jest! What is my life or death to you? Had you such a fear when you wrote that letter? [*Takes out a letter and reads.*] "*Armand forget me. The Count has offered me his protection. I accept it, for I know he loves me.*" Love you! Oh, had he loved you, you would not have been *here* to-night. These were your words. That they did not kill me was no fault of yours — and that I am not dead is because I *cannot* die until I am avenged; because I *will not* die until I see the words you have graven on my brain imprinted on the blood of him who wronged me! And should your lifestrings crack to part with him, he shall not live; for I have sworn it!

Camille — Armand, you wrong him! De Varville is innocent of all that has occurred!

Armand — He loves you, Madam! *That* is his crime — the sin that he must answer for!

Camille — Oh, could you but know his thoughts, they would tell you that I *hate* him!

Armand — Why are you *his?* Why *here* — the plaything of his vanity, the trophy of his gold?

Camille — Oh, heaven! Armand! No — no! this must not be. You may retire! I have no more to say. Do not ask me, for I cannot tell!

Armand — Then I will tell you! Because you are heartless, truthless, and make a sale of what you call love to him who bids the highest! Because when you found a man who truly loved you, who devoted every thought and act to bless and guard you, you fled from him at the very moment you were mocking him with a sacrifice you had not the courage to make. Horses, house, and jewels had to be parted with, and all for love! Oh, no! that could not be! They had to remain unsold, and so they did! They were returned, and with them, what? The bitter pangs of anguish and remorse that fill your breast, even while it heaves beneath a weight of gems! — the fixed despair on that brow on which those diamonds look down in mockery! And this is what the man you love has done for you! These are *his* triumphs — the wages of *your* shame!

Camille — Armand, you have pierced my heart — you have bowed me in the dust! Is it fit that you should die for such a wretch as you have drawn? Is it fit that you should taint your name in such a cause as hers? Remember those who love you, Armand! — your sister, father, friends, Camille! For her sake do not peril life and honor! Do not meet the Count again! Leave Paris! Forget your wrongs for *my* sake! See, at your feet I ask it in my name?

Armand — On condition that you fly from Paris with me!

Camille — Oh, you are mad!

Armand — I am indeed! I stand upon the brink of an abyss, whence I must soar or fall! You can save me. A moment since I thought I hated you. I tried to smother in my breast the truth, that it was love — *love for you!* All shall be forgotten — forgiven! We will fly from Paris and the past! We will go to the ends of the earth — away from man — where not an eye shall feast a glance upon your form, nor sound disturb your ear less gentle than the echoes that repeat our tales of love!

Camille — This cannot be!

Armand — Again!

Camille — I would give a whole eternity of life to purchase one short hour of bliss like that you have pictured now! But it must not be! There is a gulf between us which I dare not cross! I have sworn to forget you — to avoid you — to tear you from my thoughts, though it should uproot my reason!

Armand — You have sworn to whom?

Camille — To one who had the right to ask me!

Armand — To the Count de Varville, who loves you! Now say that you love *him*, and I will part with you forever!

Camille [*faltering*] — Yes, I love the Count de Varville!

Armand [*rushes to supper-room door, and violently dashes it open*] — Enter all!

[*All the characters in the act rush in.*

Camille — What would you do?

Armand — You will see! [*To guests*] You see that woman!

Olimpe — Camille?

Armand — Yes! Camille Gauthier! Do you know what she has done?

All — No!

Armand — But you shall! She once sold her horses, carriage, diamonds — all to live with me, so much she loved me! This was generous — was it not? But what did I do? You shall hear! I accepted this sacrifice at her hands without repaying her! But it is not too late! I have repented — and now that I am rich, I am come to pay it back! You all bear witness that I have paid that woman, and that I owe her nothing!

[*He throws a shower of notes and gold upon* CAMILLE, *who has thrown herself at his feet.* DE VARVILLE *advances suddenly and strikes him.*

Varville — 'Tis false! You owe me revenge!

[*Music* — ARMAND *springs at him, but is held by* GUSTAVE *and* GASTON — CAMILLE *leaning on* Madame PRUDENCE — *Tableaux.*

THE RAINY DAY.

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

DREAM LIFE.

By DONALD G. MITCHELL.

[Donald Grant Mitchell: An American essayist and novelist; born in Norwich, Conn., April 12, 1822. He graduated at Yale (1841); studied law; was United States consul at Venice (1853–1855); and has since lived on his estate, Edgewood, near New Haven, Conn. Under the pseudonym of "Ik Marvel" he has published "Reveries of a Bachelor" (1850), his best-known work; "Dream Life" (1851); "My Farm at Edgewood"; "Wet Days at Edgewood"; "English Lands, Letters, and Kings" (1889–1895).]

Boy Sentiment.

Weeks and even years of your boyhood roll on, in the which your dreams are growing wider and grander, — even as the Spring, which I have made the type of the boy age, is stretching its foliage farther and farther, and dropping longer and heavier shadows on the land.

Nelly, that sweet sister, has grown into your heart strangely; and you think that all they write in their books about love, can-

not equal your fondness for little Nelly. She is pretty, they say; but what do you care for her prettiness? She is so good, so kind — so watchful of all your wants, so willing to yield to your haughty claims!

But, alas, it is only when this sisterly love is lost forever, — only when the inexorable world separates a family and tosses it upon the waves of fate to wide-lying distances — perhaps to graves! — that a man feels, what a boy can never know, — the disinterested and abiding affection of a sister.

All this, that I have set down, comes back to you long afterward, when you recall, with tears of regret, your reproachful words, or some swift outbreak of passion.

Little Madge is a friend of Nelly's — a mischievous, blue-eyed hoyden. They tease you about Madge. You do not of course care one straw for her, but yet it is rather pleasant to be teased thus. Nelly never does this; oh no, not she. I do not know but in the age of childhood, the sister is jealous of the affections of a brother, and would keep his heart wholly at home, until suddenly, and strangely, she finds her own — wandering.

But after all, Madge is pretty; and there is something taking in her name. Old people, and very precise people, call her Margaret Boyne. But you do not; it is only plain Madge; — it sounds like her — very rapid and mischievous. It would be the most absurd thing in the world for you to like her, for she teases you in innumerable ways: she laughs at your big shoes; (such a sweet little foot as she has!) and she pins strips of paper on your coat collar; and time and again she has borne off your hat in triumph, very well knowing that you, such a quiet body, and so much afraid of her, will never venture upon any liberties with her gypsy bonnet.

You sometimes wish, in your vexation, as you see her running, that she would fall and hurt herself badly; but the next moment, it seems a very wicked wish, and you renounce it. Once, she did come very near it. You were all playing together by the big swing — (how plainly it swings in your memory now!) — Madge had the seat, and you were famous for running under with a long push, which Madge liked better than anything else: well, you have half run over the ground, when crash comes the swing, and poor Madge with it! You fairly scream as you catch her up. But she is not hurt — only a cry of fright, and a little sprain of that fairy ankle; and as she

brushes away the tears, and those flaxen curls, and breaks into a merry laugh, — half at your woe-worn face, and half in vexation at herself; and leans her hand (such a hand!) upon your shoulder to limp away into the shade, you dream — your first dream of love.

But it is only a dream, not at all acknowledged by you: she is three or four years your junior, — too young altogether. It is very absurd to talk about it. There is nothing to be said of Madge — only — Madge! The name does it.

It is rather a pretty name to write. You are fond of making capital M's; and sometimes you follow it with a capital A. Then you practice a little upon a D, and perhaps back it up with a G. Of course it is the merest accident that these letters come together. It seems funny to you — very. And as a proof that they are made at random, you make a T or an R before them, and some other quite irrelevant letters after it.

Finally, as a sort of security against all suspicion, you cross it out — cross it a great many ways; — even holding it up to the light, to see that there should be no air of intention about it.

— You need have no fear, Clarence, that your hieroglyphics will be studied so closely. Accidental as they are, you are very much more interested in them than any one else!

— It is a common fallacy of this dream in most stages of life, that a vast number of persons employ their time chiefly in spying out its operations.

Yet Madge cares nothing about you, that you know of. Perhaps it is the very reason, though you do not suspect it then, why you care so much for her. At any rate, she is a friend of Nelly's; and it is your duty not to dislike her. Nelly too, sweet Nelly, gets an inkling of matters; for sisters are very shrewd in suspicions of this sort — shrewder than brothers or fathers; and like the good kind girl that she is, she wishes to humor even your weakness.

Madge drops in to tea quite often: Nelly has something *in particular* to show her, two or three times a week. Good Nelly, — perhaps she is making your troubles all the greater! You gather large bunches of grapes for Madge — because she is a friend of Nelly's — which she doesn't want at all, and very pretty bouquets, which she either drops, or pulls to pieces.

In the presence of your father one day, you drop some hint about Madge, in a very careless way — a way shrewdly calculated to lay all suspicion; — at which your father laughs. This

Donald Grant Mitchell

is odd: it makes you wonder if your father was ever in love himself.

You rather think that he has been.

Madge's father is dead and her mother is poor; and you sometimes dream, how — whatever your father may think or feel — you will some day make a large fortune, in some very easy way, and build a snug cottage, and have one horse for your carriage, and one for your wife (not Madge, of course — that is absurd), and a turtle-shell cat for your wife's mother, and a pretty gate to the front yard, and plenty of shrubbery, and how your wife will come dancing down the path to meet you, — as the Wife does in Mr. Irving's "Sketch Book," — and how she will have a harp inside, and will wear white dresses, with a blue sash.

— Poor Clarence, it never once occurs to you, that even Madge may grow fat, and wear check aprons, and snuffy-brown dresses of woolen stuff, and twist her hair in yellow papers! Oh no, boyhood has no such dreams as that!

I shall leave you here in the middle of your first foray into the world of sentiment, with those wicked blue eyes chasing rainbows over your heart, and those little feet walking every day into your affections. I shall leave you before the affair has ripened into any overtures and while there is only a sixpence split in halves, and tied about your neck, and Maggie's neck, to bind your destinies together.

If I even hinted at any probability of your marrying her, or of your not marrying her, you would be very likely to dispute me. One knows his own feelings, or thinks he does, so much better than any one can tell him!

A Friend made and Friend lost.

To visit, is a great thing in the boy calendar: — not to visit this or that neighbor, — to drink tea, or eat strawberries, or play at draughts; — but, to go away on a visit in a coach, with a trunk, and a greatcoat, and an umbrella: — this is large!

It makes no difference, that they wish to be rid of your noise, now that Charlie is sick of a fever: — the reason is not at all in the way of your pride of visiting. You are to have a long ride in a coach, and eat a dinner at a tavern, and to see a new town almost as large as the one you live in, and you are

to make new acquaintances. In short, you are to see the world: — a very proud thing it is, to see the world!

As you journey on, after bidding your friends adieu, and as you see fences and houses to which you have not been used, you think them very odd indeed: but it occurs to you, that the geographies speak of very various national characteristics, and you are greatly gratified with this opportunity of verifying your study. You see new crops too, perhaps a broad-leaved tobacco field, which reminds you pleasantly of the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, spoken of by Peter Parley, and others.

As for the houses and barns in the new town, they quite startle you with their strangeness; you observe that some of the latter instead of having one stable door, have five or six, a fact which puzzles you very much indeed. You observe farther, that the houses many of them have balustrades upon the top, which seems to you a very wonderful adaptation to the wants of boys who wish to fly kites or to play upon the roof. You notice with special favor one very low roof, which you might climb upon by a mere plank, and you think the boys whose father lives in that house are very fortunate boys.

Your old aunt, whom you visit, you think wears a very queer cap, being altogether different from that of the old nurse, or of Mrs. Boyne, — Madge's mother. As for the house she lives in, it is quite wonderful. There are such an immense number of closets, and closets within closets, reminding you of the mysteries of Rinaldo Rinaldini. Beside which, there are immensely curious bits of old furniture — so black and heavy, and with such curious carving! — and you think of the old wainscot in the Children of the Abbey. You think you will never tire of rambling about in its odd corners, and of what glorious stories you will have to tell of it, when you go back to Nelly and Charlie.

As for acquaintances, you fall in the very first day with a tall boy next door, called Nat, which seems an extraordinary name. Besides, he has traveled; and as he sits with you on the summer nights under the linden trees, he tells you gorgeous stories of the things he has seen. He has made the voyage to London; and he talks about the ship (a real ship) and starboard and larboard, and the spanker, in a way quite surprising; and he takes the stern oar in the little skiff, when you row off in the cove abreast of the town, in a most seamanlike way.

He bewilders you too, with his talk about the great bridges of London — London Bridge specially, where they sell kids for a penny; which story your new acquaintance, unfortunately, does not confirm. You have read of these bridges, and seen pictures of them in the Wonders of the World; but then Nat has seen them with his own eyes: he has literally walked over London Bridge, on his own feet! You look at his very shoes in wonderment and are surprised you do not find some startling difference between those shoes and your shoes. But there is none — only yours are a trifle stouter in the welt. You think Nat one of the fortunate boys of this world — born, as your old nurse used to say — with a gold spoon in his mouth.

Beside Nat, there is a girl lives over the opposite side of the way, named Jenny, with an eye as black as a coal; and a half a year older than you, but about your height — whom you fancy amazingly.

She has any quantity of toys, that she lets you play with, as if they were your own. And she has an odd, old uncle, who sometimes makes you stand up together, and then marries you after his fashion, — much to the amusement of a grown-up housemaid, whenever she gets a peep at the performance. And it makes you somewhat proud to hear her called your wife; and you wonder to yourself, dreamily, if it won't be true some day or other.

— Fie, Clarence, where is your split sixpence, and your blue ribbon!

Jenny is romantic, and talks of Thaddeus of Warsaw in a very touching manner, and promises to lend you the book. She folds billets in a lover's fashion, and practices love knots upon her bonnet strings. She looks out of the corners of her eyes very often and sighs. She is frequently by herself, and pulls flowers to pieces. She has great pity for middle-aged bachelors, and thinks them all disappointed men.

After a time she writes notes to you, begging you would answer them at the earliest possible moment, and signs herself — "your attached Jenny." She takes the marriage farce of her uncle in a cold way — as trifling with a very serious subject, and looks tenderly at you. She is very much shocked when her uncle offers to kiss her; and when he proposes it to you, she is equally indignant, but — with a great change of color.

Nat says one day, in a confidential conversation, that it

won't do to marry a woman six months older than yourself; and this coming from Nat, who has been to London, rather staggers you. You sometimes think that you would like to marry Madge and Jenny both, if the thing were possible; for Nat says they sometimes do so the other side of the ocean, though he has never seen it himself.

— Ah, Clarence, you will have no such weakness as you grow older: you will find that Providence has charitably so tempered our affections, that every man of only ordinary nerve will be amply satisfied with a single wife!

All this time, — for you are making your visit a very long one, so that autumn has come, and the nights are growing cool, and Jenny and yourself are transferring your little coquetries to the chimney corner; — poor Charlie lies sick, at home. Boyhood, thank Heaven, does not suffer severely from sympathy when the object is remote. And those letters from the mother, telling you that Charlie cannot play, — cannot talk even as he used to do; — and that perhaps his "Heavenly Father will take him away, to be with him in the better world," disturb you for a time only. Sometimes, however, they come back to your thought on a wakeful night, and you dream about his suffering, and think — why it is not you, but Charlie, who is sick? The thought puzzles you; and well it may, for in it lies the whole mystery of our fate.

Those letters grow more and more discouraging and the kind admonitions of your mother grow more earnest, as if (though the thought does not come to you until years afterward) she was preparing herself to fasten upon you that surplus of affection which she fears may soon be withdrawn forever from the sick child.

It is on a frosty, bleak evening, when you are playing with Nat, that the letter reaches you which says Charlie is growing worse, and that you must come to your home. It makes a dreamy night for you — fancying how Charlie will look, and if sickness has altered him much, and if he will not be well by Christmas. From this, you fall away in your reverie, to the odd old house, and its secret cupboards, and your aunt's queer caps: then come up those black eyes of your "attached Jenny," and you think it a pity that she is six months older than you; and again — as you recall one of her sighs — you think — that six months are not much after all!

You bid her good-by, with a little sentiment swelling in

your throat, and are mortally afraid Nat will see your lip tremble. Of course you promise to write, and squeeze her hand with an honesty you do not think of doubting — for weeks.

It is a dull, cold ride, that day, for you. The winds sweep over the withered cornfields, with a harsh, chilly whistle; and the surfaces of the little pools by the roadside are tossed up into cold blue wrinkles of water. Here and there a flock of quail, with their feathers ruffled in the autumn gusts, tread through the hard, dry stubble of an oat field; or startled by the snap of the driver's whip, they stare a moment at the coach, then whir away down the cold current of the wind. The blue jays scream from the roadside oaks, and the last of the blue and purple asters shiver along the wall. And as the sun sinks, reddening all the western clouds, to the color of the frosted maples, — light lines of the Aurora gush up from the northern hills, and trail their splintered fingers far over the autumn sky.

It is quite dark when you reach home, but you see the bright reflection of a fire within, and presently at the open door Nelly clapping her hands for welcome. But there are sad faces when you enter. Your mother folds you to her heart; but at your first noisy outbursts of joy, puts her finger on her lip, and whispers poor Charlie's name. The Doctor you see too, slipping softly out of the bedroom door with glasses in his hand; and — you hardly know how — your spirits grow sad, and your heart gravitates to the heavy air of all about you.

You cannot see Charlie, Nelly says; — and you cannot, in the quiet parlor, tell Nelly a single one of the many things which you had hoped to tell her. She says — "Charlie has grows so thin and so pale, you would never know him." You listen to her, but you cannot talk: she asks you what you have seen, and you begin, for a moment joyously; but when they open the door of the sick room, and you hear a faint sigh, you cannot go on. You sit still, with your hand in Nelly's, and look thoughtfully into the blaze.

You drop to sleep after that day's fatigue with singular and perplexed fancies haunting you; and when you wake up with a shudder in the middle of the night, you have a fancy that Charlie is really dead: you dream of seeing him pale and thin, as Nelly described him, and with the starched graveclothes on him. You toss over in your bed, and grow hot and feverish. You cannot sleep; and you get up stealthily, and creep downstairs; a light is burning in the hall: the bedroom door stands

half open, and you listen — fancying you hear a whisper. You steal on through the hall, and edge around the side of the door. A little lamp is flickering on the hearth, and the gaunt shadow of the bedstead lies dark upon the ceiling. Your mother is in her chair, with her head upon her hand — though it is long after midnight. The Doctor is standing with his back toward you, and with Charlie's little wrist in his fingers; and you hear hard breathing, and now and then a low sigh from your mother's chair.

An occasional gleam of firelight makes the gaunt shadows stagger on the wall, like something spectral. You look wildly at them, and at the bed where your own brother — your laughing, gay-hearted brother, is lying. You long to see him, and sidle up softly a step or two: but your mother's ear has caught the sound, and she beckons you to her, and folds you again in her embrace. You whisper to her what you wish. She rises, and takes you by the hand, to lead you to the bedside.

The Doctor looks very solemnly, as we approach. He takes out his watch. He is not counting Charlie's pulse, for he has dropped his hand; and it lies carelessly, but oh, how thin, over the edge of the bed.

He shakes his head mournfully at your mother; and she springs forward, dropping your hand, and lays her fingers upon the forehead of the boy, and passes her hand over his mouth.

"Is he asleep, Doctor?" she says, in a tone you do not know.

"Be calm, madam." The Doctor is very calm.

"I am calm," says your mother; but you do not think it, for you see her tremble very plainly.

"Dear madam, he will never waken in this world!"

There is no cry, — only a bowing down of your mother's head upon the body of poor, dead Charlie! — and only when you see her form shake and quiver with the deep, smothered sobs, your crying bursts forth loud and strong.

The Doctor lifts you in his arms, that you may see — that pale head, — those blue eyes all sunken, — that flaxen hair gone, — those white lips pinched and hard! — Never, never, will the boy forget his first terrible sight of Death.

In your silent chamber, after the storm of sobs has wearied you, the boy dreams are strange and earnest. They take hold on that awful Visitant, — that strange slipping away from life, of which we know so little, and yet know, alas, so much!

Charlie that was your brother, is now only a name: perhaps he is an angel: perhaps (for the old nurse has said it, when he was ugly — and now, you hate her for it) he is with Satan.

But you are sure this cannot be: you are sure that God who made him suffer, would not now quicken and multiply his suffering. It agrees with your religion to think so; and just now, you want your religion to help you all it can.

You toss in your bed, thinking over and over of that strange thing — Death: — and that perhaps it may overtake you, before you are a man; and you sob out those prayers (you scarce know why) which ask God to keep life in you. You think the involuntary fear that makes your little prayer full of sobs, is holy feeling: — and so it is a holy feeling — the same feeling which makes a stricken child yearn for the embrace and the protection of a Parent. But you will find there are those canting ones, trying to persuade you at a later day, that it is a mere animal fear, and not to be cherished.

You feel an access of goodness growing out of your boyish grief: you feel right-minded: it seems as if your little brother in going to Heaven, had opened a pathway thither, down which goodness comes streaming over your soul.

You think how good a life you will lead; and you map out great purposes, spreading themselves over the school weeks of your remaining boyhood; and you love your friends, or seem to, far more dearly than you ever loved them before; and you forgive the boy who provoked you to that sad fall from the oaks, and you forgive him all his wearisome teasings. But you cannot forgive yourself for some harsh words that you have once spoken to Charlie: still less can you forgive yourself for having once struck him, in passion, with your fist. You cannot forget his sobs then: — if he were only alive one little instant, to let you say, — "Charlie, will you forgive me?"

Yourself, you cannot forgive; and sobbing over it, and murmuring "Dear — dear Charlie!" — you drop into a troubled sleep.

Manly Hope.

You are at home again; — not your own home, that is gone; but at the home of Nelly, and of Frank. The city heats of summer drive you to the country. You ramble, with a little kindling of old desires and memories, over the hillsides that once bounded your boyish vision. Here, you netted

the wild rabbits, as they came out at dusk, to feed; there, upon that tall chestnut, you cruelly maimed your first captive squirrel. The old maples are even now scarred with the rude cuts you gave them, in sappy March.

You sit down upon some height, overlooking the valley where you were born; you trace the faint, silvery line of river; you detect by the leaning elm, your old bathing place upon the Saturdays of Summer. Your eye dwells upon some patches of pasture wood, which were famous for their nuts. Your rambling and saddened vision roams over the houses; it traces the familiar chimney stacks; it searches out the low-lying cottages; it dwells upon the gray roof, sleeping yonder under the sycamores.

Tears swell in your eye as you gaze; you cannot tell whence, or why they come. Yet they are tears eloquent of feeling. They speak of brother children — of boyish glee, — of the flush of young health, — of a mother's devotion, — of the home affections, — of the vanities of life, — of the wasting years, of the Death that must shroud what friends remain, as it has shrouded what friends have gone, — and of that GREAT HOPE, beaming on your seared manhood dimly, from the upper world.

Your wealth suffices for all the luxuries of life: there is no fear of coming want; health beats strong in your veins; you have learned to hold a place in the world, with a man's strength and a man's confidence. And yet in the view of those sweet scenes which belonged to early days, when neither strength, confidence, nor wealth were yours, days never to come again, — a shade of melancholy broods upon your spirit, and covers with its veil all that fierce pride which your worldly wisdom has wrought.

You visit again, with Frank, the country homestead of his grandfather; he is dead; but the old lady still lives; and blind Fanny, now drawing towards womanhood, wears yet through her darkened life, the same air of placid content and of sweet trustfulness in Heaven. The boys whom you astounded with your stories of books are gone, building up now with steady industry the queen cities of our new Western land. The old clergyman is gone from the desk, and from under his sounding-board; he sleeps beneath a brown stone slab in the church-yard. The stout deacon is dead; his wig and his wickedness rest together. The tall chorister sings yet: but they have now a bass viol — handled by a new schoolmaster, in place of

his tuning fork; and the years have sown feeble quavers in his voice.

Once more you meet at the home of Nelly, — the blue-eyed Madge. The sixpence is all forgotten; you cannot tell where your half of it is gone. Yet she is beautiful — just budding into the full ripeness of womanhood. Her eyes have a quiet, still joy, and hope beaming in them, like angel's looks. Her motions have a native grace and freedom that no culture can bestow. Her words have a gentle earnestness and honesty that could never nurture guile.

You had thought, after your gay experiences of the world, to meet her with a kind condescension, as an old friend of Nelly's. But there is that in her eye which forbids all thought of condescension. There is that in her air which tells of a high womanly dignity, which can only be met on equal ground. Your pride is piqued. She has known — she must know your history; but it does not tame her. There is no marked and submissive appreciation of your gifts, as a man of the world.

She meets your happiest compliments with a very easy indifference; she receives your elegant civilities with a very assured brow. She neither courts your society nor avoids it. She does not seek to provoke any special attention. And only when your old self glows in some casual kindness to Nelly, does her look beam with a flush of sympathy.

This look touches you. It makes you ponder on the noble heart that lives in Madge. It makes you wish it were yours. But that is gone. The fervor and the honesty of a glowing youth is swallowed up in the flash and splendor of the world. A half-regret chases over you at nightfall, when solitude pierces you with the swift dart of gone-by memories. But at morning, the regret dies in the glitter of ambitious purposes.

The summer months linger; and still you linger with them. Madge is often with Nelly; and Madge is never less than Madge. You venture to point your attentions with a little more fervor; but she meets the fervor with no glow. She knows too well the habit of your life.

Strange feelings come over you; feelings like half-forgotten memories — musical — dreamy — doubtful. You have seen a hundred faces more brilliant than that of Madge; you have pressed a hundred jeweled hands that have returned a half-pressure to yours. You do not exactly admire; — to love, you have forgotten; — you only — linger!

It is a soft autumn evening, and the harvest moon is red and round over the eastern skirt of woods. You are attending Madge to that little cottage home, where lives that gentle and doting mother, who in the midst of comparative poverty cherishes that refined delicacy which never comes to a child but by inheritance.

Madge has been passing the day with Nelly. Something — it may be the soft autumn air wafting toward you the freshness of young days — moves you to speak, as you have not ventured to speak, — as your vanity has not allowed you to speak before.

"You remember, Madge (you have guarded this sole token of boyish intimacy), our split sixpence?"

"Perfectly!" it is a short word to speak, and there is no tremor in her tone — not the slightest.

"You have it yet?"

"I dare say I have it somewhere:" no tremor now: she is very composed.

"That was a happy time:" very great emphasis on the word "happy."

"Very happy:" — no emphasis anywhere.

"I sometimes wish I might live it over again."

"Yes?" — inquiringly.

"There are after all no pleasures in the world like those."

"No?" — inquiringly again.

You thought you had learned to have language at command: you never thought, after so many years' schooling of the world, that your pliant tongue would play you truant. Yet now, — you are silent.

The moon steals silvery into the light flakes of cloud, and the air is soft as May. The cottage is in sight. Again you risk utterance: —

"You must live very happily here."

"I have very kind friends:" — the "very" is emphasized.

"I am sure Nelly loves you very much."

"Oh, I believe it!" — with great earnestness.

You are at the cottage door: —

"Good night, Maggie," — very feelingly.

"Good night, Clarence," — very kindly; and she draws her hand coyly, and half tremulously, from your somewhat fevered grasp.

You stroll away dreamily, — watching the moon, — running

over your fragmentary life; — half moody, — half pleased, — half hopeful.

You come back stealthily, and with a heart throbbing with a certain wild sense of shame to watch the light gleaming in the cottage. You linger in the shadows of the trees, until you catch a glimpse of her figure gliding past the window. You bear the image home with you. You are silent on your return. You retire early; — but you do not sleep early.

— If you were only as you were: — if it were not too late! If Madge could only love you, as you know she will and must love one manly heart, there would be a world of joy opening before you.

You draw out Nelly to speak of Madge: Nelly is very prudent. "Madge is a dear girl," — she says. Does Nelly even distrust you? It is a sad thing to be too much a man of the world.

You go back again to noisy, ambitious life: you try to drown old memories in its blaze and its vanities. Your lot seems cast beyond all change; and you task yourself with its noisy fulfillment. But amid the silence, and the toil of your office hours, a strange desire broods over your spirit; — a desire for more of manliness, — that manliness which feels itself a protector of loving and trustful innocence.

You look around upon the faces in which you have smiled unmeaning smiles: — there is nothing there to feed your dawning desires. You meet with those ready to court you by flattering your vanity — by retailing the praises of what you may do well, — by odious familiarity, — by brazen proffer of friendship; but you see in it only the emptiness, and the vanity, which you have studied to enjoy.

Sickness comes over you, and binds you for weary days and nights; — in which life hovers doubtfully, and the lips babble secrets that you cherish. It is astonishing how disease clips a man from the artificialities of the world. Lying lonely upon his bed, moaning, writhing, suffering, his soul joins on to the universe of souls by only natural bonds. The factitious ties of wealth, of place, of reputation, vanish from his bleared eyes; and the earnest heart, deep under all, craves only — heartiness.

The old yearning of the office silence comes back: — not with the proud wish only — of being a protector, but — of being protected. And whatever may be the trust in that beneficent Power, who "chasteneth whom He loveth," — there is

yet an earnest, human leaning toward some one, whose love — most, and whose duty — least, would call her to your side; — whose soft hands would cool the fever of yours — whose step would wake a throb of joy, — whose voice would tie you to life, and whose presence would make the worst of Death — an Adieu!

As you gain strength once more, you go back to Nelly's home. Her kindness does not falter; every care and attention belong to you there. Again your eye rests upon that figure of Madge, and upon her face, wearing an even gentler expression, as she sees you sitting pale and feeble by the old hearthstone. She brings flowers — for Nelly: you beg Nelly to place them upon the little table at your side. It is as yet the only taste of the country that you can enjoy. You love those flowers.

After a time you grow strong, and walk in the fields. You linger until nightfall. You pass by the cottage where Madge lives. It is your pleasantest walk. The trees are greenest in that direction; the shadows are softest; the flowers are thickest.

It is strange — this feeling in you. It is not the feeling you had for Laura Dalton. It does not even remind of that. That was an impulse; but this is growth. That was strong; but this is — strength. You catch sight of her little notes to Nelly; you read them over and over; you treasure them; you learn them by heart. There is something in the very writing that touches you.

You bid her adieu with tones of kindness that tremble; — and that meet a half-trembling tone in reply. She is very good.

— If it were not too late!

Manly Love.

And shall pride yield at length?

— Pride! — and what has love to do with pride? Let us see how it is.

Madge is poor; she is humble. You are rich; you are a man of the world; you are met respectfully by the veterans of fashion; you have gained perhaps a kind of brilliancy of position.

Would it then be a condescension to love Madge? Dare you ask yourself such a question? Do you not know, — in spite of your worldliness, — that the man or the woman who *condescends* to love, never loves in earnest?

But again, Madge is possessed of a purity, a delicacy, and a dignity that lift her far above you, — that make you feel your weakness, and your unworthiness ; and it is the deep and the mortifying sense of this unworthiness that makes you bolster yourself upon your pride. You *know* that you do yourself honor in loving such grace and goodness ; — you know that you would be honored tenfold more than you deserve, in being loved — by so much grace and goodness.

It scarce seems to you possible ; it is a joy too great to be hoped for : and in the doubt of its attainment, your old worldly vanity comes in, and tells you to — beware, and to live on, in the splendor of your dissipation, and in the lusts of your selfish habit. Yet still, underneath all, there is a deep, low, heart voice, — quickened from above, — which assures you that you are capable of better things ; — that you are not wholly lost ; that a mine of unstarted tenderness still lies smoldering in your soul.

And with this sense quickening your better nature, you venture the wealth of your whole heart life upon the hope that now blazes on your path.

— You are seated at your desk, working with such zeal of labor as your ambitious projects never could command. It is a letter to Margaret Boyne that so tasks your love, and makes the veins upon your forehead swell with the earnestness of the employ.

— Dear Madge, — May I not call you thus, if only in memory of our childish affections ; — and might I dare to hope that a riper affection which your character has awakened, may permit me to call you thus, always ?

If I have not ventured to speak, dear Madge, will you not believe that the consciousness of my own ill desert has tied my tongue ; — will you not, at least, give me credit for a little remaining modesty of heart ? You know my life, and you know my character — what a sad jumble of errors and of misfortunes have belonged to each. You know the careless and the vain purposes which have made me recreant to the better nature, which belonged to that sunny childhood, when we lived and grew up — together. And will you not believe me when I say, that your grace of character, and kindness of heart, have drawn me back from the follies in which I lived ; and quickened new desires, which I thought to be wholly dead ? Can I indeed hope that you will overlook all that has gained your secret reproaches ; and confide in a heart, which is made conscious of better things, by the love — you have inspired ?

Ah, Madge, it is not with a vain show of words, or with any counterfeit of feeling, that I write now; — you know it is not; — you know that my heart is leaning toward you, with the freshness of its noblest instincts; — you know that — I love you!

Can I, dare I hope, that it is not spoken in vain? I had thought in my pride, never to make such avowal, — never again to sue for affection; but your gentleness, your modesty, your virtues of life and heart, have conquered me. I am sure you will treat me with the generosity of a victor.

You know my weaknesses; — I would not conceal from you a single one, — even to win you. I can offer nothing to you which will bear comparison in value with what is yours to bestow. I can only offer this feeble hand of mine — to guard you; and this poor heart — to love you!

Am I rash? Am I extravagant, in word, or in hope? Forgive it, then, dear Madge, for the sake of our old childish affection; and believe me, when I say, that what is here written, — is written honestly, and tearfully.

Adieu.

It is with no fervor of boyish passion that you fold this letter: it is with the trembling hand of eager and earnest manhood. They tell you that man is not capable of love; — so, the September sun is not capable of warmth. It may not indeed be so fierce as that of July; but it is steadier. It does not force great flaunting leaves into breadth and succulence; but it matures whole harvests of plenty.

There is a deep and earnest soul pervading the reply of Madge that makes it sacred, it is full of delicacy and full of hope. Yet it is not final. Her heart lies intrenched within the ramparts of Duty and of Devotion. It is a citadel of strength, in the middle of the city of her affections. To win the way to it, there must be not only earnestness of love, but earnestness of life.

Weeks roll by; and other letters pass and are answered, — a glow of warmth beaming on either side.

You are again at the home of Nelly; she is very joyous; she is the confidante of Madge. Nelly feels, that with all your errors, you have enough inner goodness of heart to make Madge happy; and she feels doubly — that Madge has such excess of goodness as will cover your heart with joy. Yet she tells you very little. She will give you no full assurance of the love of Madge; she leaves that for yourself to win.

She will even tease you in her pleasant way until hope

almost changes to despair; and your brow grows pale with the dread — that even now, your unworthiness may condemn you.

It is summer weather; and you have been walking over the hills of home with Madge and Nelly. Nelly has found some excuse to leave you, — glancing at you most teasingly as she hurries away.

You are left sitting with Madge, upon a bank tufted with blue violets. You have been talking of the days of childhood, and some word has called up the old chain of boyish feeling, and joined it to your new hope.

What you would say crowds too fast for utterance, and you abandon it. But you take from your pocket that little, broken bit of sixpence, — which you have found after long search, — and without a word, but with a look that tells your inmost thought, you lay it in the half-opened hand of Madge.

She looks at you, with a slight suffusion of color, — seems to hesitate a moment, — raises her other hand and draws from her bosom, by a bit of blue ribbon, a little locket. She touches a spring, and there falls beside your relique, — another, that had once belonged to it.

Hope glows now like the sun.

— "And you have worn this, Maggie?"

— "Always!"

"Dear Madge!"

"Dear Clarence!"

— And you pass your arm now, unchecked, around that yielding, graceful figure; and fold her to your bosom, with the swift and blessed assurance that your fullest and noblest dream of love is won.

IN THE TOILS.

By GUSTAV FREYTAG.

(From "Debit and Credit.")

[GUSTAV FREYTAG: A German novelist and playwright; born at Kreuzberg, Prussian Silesia, July 13, 1816. He was educated at Breslau and at Berlin; was a teacher in the University of Breslau (1839–1847); edited the Leipsic *Grenzboten* (1848–1870); and lived successively at Dresden, Leipsic, Gotha, and Wiesbaden. His greatest work is "Soll und Haben" (Debit and Credit, 1855; 37th ed., 1891). His other works include the plays, "Die Valentine" (1846) and "Die

Journalisten" (1858), and the novels "Die verlorene Handschrift" (The Lost Manuscript, 1864; 20th ed., 1891), and the series of six books, "Die Ahnen" (Our Ancestors, 1872–1881). He also published "Gesammelte Werke" (22 vols., 1886–1888).]

ONCE the baron's lands had borne better crops than those of his neighbors, his herds were acknowledged to be thoroughly healthy, bad years, which crushed others, had passed comparatively lightly over him. Now, all this was reversed as by some evil spell. A contagious disease broke out among the cattle; the wheat grew tall indeed, but when it came to be threshed the grain was light. Everywhere the outgoings exceeded the incomings. Once upon a time he could have borne this calmly, now it made him positively ill. He began to hate the sight of his farm, and left it entirely to the bailiff. All his hopes centered in the factory, and if he ever visited his fields, it was only to look after the beet root.

The new buildings rose behind the trees of the park. The voices of many busy laborers sounded shrill around it. The first crop of beet was brought in and heaped up ready for the mill. On the following day the regular factory was to begin, and yet the coppersmith was still hammering there, mechanics were working away at the great engine, and busy women carrying off chips and fragments of mortar, and scouring the scenes of their future labor. The baron stood before the building, listening impatiently to the beating of the hammer which had been so dilatory in completing its task. The morrow was to be to him the beginning of a new era. He stood now at the door of his treasure-house. He might now cast all his old cares away. During the next year he should be able to pay off what he owed, and then he would begin to put by. But, while he thus speculated, his eye fell upon his overworked horses, and the anxious face of his old bailiff, and a vague fear crept, like a loathly insect, over the fluttering leaves of his hopes; for he had staked all on this cast; he had so mortgaged his land that at this moment he hardly knew how much of it was his own; and all this to raise still higher the social dignity of his family tree!

The baron himself was much altered during the last few years. A wrinkled brow, two fretful lines around the mouth, and gray hair on the temples: these were the results of his eternal thought about capital, his family, and the future aggrandizement of the property. His voice, which once sounded

strong and full, had become sharp and thin, and every gesture betrayed irritation and impatience.

The baron had, indeed, had heavy cares of late. He had thoroughly learned the misery of extensive building operations combined with a scarcity of money. Ehrenthal was now become a regular visitor at the castle. Every week his horses consumed the baron's good hay; every week he brought out his pocket book, and reckoned up the account or paid off bills. His hand, which at first so readily and reverentially sought his purse, did so now tardily and reluctantly; his bent neck had become stiff, his submissive smile had changed into a dry greeting; he walked with a scrutinizing air through the farm, and, instead of fervent praises, found many a fault. The humble agent had grown into the creditor, and the baron had to bear, with still increasing aversion, the pretensions of a man with whom he could no longer dispense. And not Ehrenthal alone, but many a strange figure besides, knocked at the baron's study, and had private dealings with him there. The broad shape of the uncouth Pinkus appeared every quarter, and each time that his heavy foot ascended the castle stairs discord and dissatisfaction followed.

Every week, as we said, Ehrenthal had visited the estate; now came the most anxious time of all, and no eye beheld him. They said in the town that he was gone off upon a journey, and the baron was listening restlessly to the noise of every carriage that passed, wondering whether it brought the tardy, the hated, yet the indispensable, visitor.

Lenore now joined her father, a radiant beauty, full in form and tall in stature, but somewhat shadowed by life's cares, as her thoughtful eyes and the anxious glance she cast at the baron plainly proved. "The post is come in," said she, reaching him a packet of letters and newspapers; "I dare say there is no letter from Eugene again."

"He has many other things to do," replied her father; but he himself looked eagerly for the handwriting of his son. Then he saw a direction in a strange hand, and on the letter the postmark of the very town in which Eugene was quartered. It was Anton's letter. The baron tore it open. When he had seen from its respectful tenor how well it was meant, and had read the name of Itzig in it, he put it up in his pocket. The secret terror which had so often shot through his heart fell upon him again, and then followed the unwelcome thought that his embar-

rassments were the subject of conversation even in foreign towns. Ill-timed warnings were the last thing that he wanted; they only humbled. He stood long in gloomy silence by his daughter. But, as the letter contained tidings of Eugene, he forced himself at length to speak. "A Mr. Wohlfart has written to me. He is now traveling in his mercantile capacity on the other side of the frontier, and has made Eugene's acquaintance."

"He!" cried Lenore.

"He seems to be an estimable kind of man," said the baron, with an effort. "He speaks affectionately of Eugene."

"Yes," cried Lenore, in delight; "one learns to know what conscientiousness and stability mean when one associates with him. What a strange coincidence! The sister and the brother. What has he written to you about, father?"

"Matters of business, kindly meant, no doubt, but not of any present use to me. The foolish boys have heard some idle rumor, and have unnecessarily troubled themselves about my affairs." And, so saying, he gloomily walked toward his factory.

Much perturbed, Lenore followed him. At length he opened the newspaper, and carelessly turned it over till his eye fell upon a certain advertisement. His face flushed deeply, the paper fell out of his hand, and, catching hold of one of the wagons, he leaned his head upon it. Lenore, much shocked, took up the paper, and saw the name of the Polish estate on which she knew that her father had a large mortgage. A day was specified for the sale of that estate by auction on behalf of a concourse of creditors.

The intelligence fell like a thunderbolt upon the baron. Since he had burdened his own property, the sum that he had invested in Poland was his last hope of welldoing. He had often doubted whether he was not foolish to leave his money in the hands of strangers abroad, and to pay so high an interest to strangers at home; but he had always had a horror of being led to invest this round sum in his undertakings, considering it in the light of his wife's jointure and his daughter's portion. Now it, too, was endangered, the last security had vanished. Everything around him reeled. Ehrenthal had deceived him. It was he who had carried on the correspondence with the lawyer of the Polish count. He had punctually paid him the interest when it was last due. There was no

doubt that he had known the precarious nature of this foreign investment, and had kept back the knowledge from his client.

"Father," cried Lenore, raising him as she spoke, "speak with Ehrenthal; go to your solicitor; he may be able to suggest some remedy."

"You are right, my child," said the baron, with a toneless voice; "it is possible that the danger may not yet be imminent. Tell them to put the horses to; I will go to town at once. Conceal what you have read from your mother, and you, dear Lenore, come with me."

When the carriage drove up, the baron was still in the very same place where he had first read the fatal tidings. During the journey he sat silently in a corner of the carriage. Arrived in town, he took his daughter to his lodgings, which he had not yet given up, for fear of leading his wife or his acquaintance to suspect that his means were impaired. He himself drove to Ehrenthal's. He entered the office in angry mood, and, after a dry salutation, held out the newspaper to the trader. Ehrenthal rose slowly, and said, nodding his head, "I know it; Löwenberg has written to me about it."

"You have deceived me, Mr. Ehrenthal," cried the baron, striving hard for composure.

"To what purpose?" replied Ehrenthal. "Why should I hide from you what the newspapers must needs reveal? This may happen in the case of any estate, any mortgage; what great misfortune is there in this?"

"The property is deeply involved, it seems: you must long have known this; you have deceived me."

"What are you saying there about deceit?" cried Ehrenthal, indignantly; "have a care that no stranger hear your words. I have left my money standing with you; what interest can I have in lowering you and increasing your difficulties? I myself am only too deeply involved in them," and he pointed to the place occupied in most men by a heart. "Had I known that your factory would devour my good money, one thousand after another, even as the lean kine of Egypt devoured the fat, I should have taken more time to consider, and would not have paid you a single dollar. A herd of elephants will I feed with my substance, but never more a factory. How then can you say that I have deceived you?" continued he, in increasing dudgeon.

"What brings you here so late?" asked the baron, leaning on the table like one prepared for everything.

"Your honor knows that the bill of exchange for the ten thousand dollars falls due to me to-morrow."

"Could you not wait till I paid you your full ten per cent for an extension of the loan?" asked the baron, contemptuously.

"I am come," said Pinkus, "to explain that I am suddenly in want of money and must request you to let me have the principal."

The baron retreated a step. This was the second blow, and it was mortal. His face turned pale yellow, but he began with a hoarse voice to say, "How can you make such a demand, after all that has passed between us? how often have you assured me that this bill of exchange was a mere form?"

"It has been so hitherto," said Pinkus; "now it comes into force. I have ten thousand dollars to pay to-morrow to a creditor of mine."

"Make arrangements with him, then," returned the baron; "I am prepared for a higher rate of interest, but not to pay off the principal."

"Then, baron, I am sorry to tell you that you will be proceeded against."

The baron silently turned away.

"At what hour may I return to-morrow for my money?" inquired Pinkus.

"At about this hour," replied a voice, weak and hollow as that of an old man. Pinkus bobbed again and went away.

The baron tottered back to his sitting-room, where he sank down on the sofa as if paralyzed. Lenore knelt by him, calling him by every tender name, and imploring him to speak. But he neither saw nor heard, and his heart and head beat violently. The fair, many-colored bubble that he had blown had burst now; he knew the fearful truth — he was a ruined man.

They sat till late in the evening, when his daughter persuaded him to take a glass of wine and to return home. They drove away rapidly. As the trees along the roadside flew past him, and the fresh air blew in his face, the baron's spirit revived.

A night and day were still his, and during their course he must needs find help. This was not his first difficulty, and he

hoped it would not be his last. He had incurred this debt of, originally, seven thousand dollars odd, because the fellow who now dunned him had brought him the money some years ago, and intreated, almost forced, him to take it at first at a very low rate of interest. For a few weeks he had let it lie idle; then he had appropriated it, and step by step his creditor had increased his demands up to a bill of exchange and a usurious rate of interest. And now the vagabond grew insolent. Was he like the rat who foresees the sinking of the ship, and tries to escape from it? The baron laughed so as to make Lenore shudder; why, he was not the man to fall resistless into the hands of his adversary; the next day would bring help. Ehrenthal could never leave him in the lurch.

It was night when they reached home, and the baron hurried to his own room and went to bed, knowing well, however, that sleep would not visit him that night. He heard every hour strike, and every hour his pulse beat more stormily and his anguish increased. He saw no hope of deliverance but in Ehrenthal; yet his horror of appearing before that man as a suppliant forced drops of sweat from his brow. It was morning before he lost the consciousness of his misery.

Shrill sounds awoke him. The factory laborers, with the village band, had prepared him a serenade.

At another time he would have been pleased with this mark of good feeling; now he only heard the discord it produced, and it annoyed him.

He hastily dressed himself and hurried into the court. The house was hung with garlands, the laborers were all ranged in order before the door, and received him with loud acclamations. He had to tell them in return how much he rejoiced to see this day, and that he expected great results, and while he spoke he felt his words a lie, and his spirit broken. He drove off without seeing his wife or daughter, and knocked at the door of Ehrenthal's office before it was open. The usurer was summoned down from his breakfast.

Anxious to know the reason of so unusual an occurrence as this early visit, Ehrenthal did not give himself time to change his dressing gown. The baron stated the case as coolly as he could.

Ehrenthal fell into the greatest passion. "This Pinkus," he went on repeating, "he has presumed to lend you money on a bill of exchange. How could he have so large a sum? The

man has not got ten thousand dollars; he is an insignificant man, without capital."

The baron confessed that the sum was not so large originally, but this only increased Ehrenthal's excitement.

"From seven to ten," he cried, running wildly up and down till his dressing gown flapped round him like the wings of an owl. "So he has made nearly three thousand dollars! I have always had a bad opinion of that man; now I know what he is. He is a rascal—a double dealer. He never advanced the seven thousand either; his whole shop is not worth so much."

This strong, moral indignation on the part of Ehrenthal threw a ray of joy into the baron's soul. "I, too, have reason to consider Pinkus a dangerous man," said he.

But this agreement in opinion proved unlucky, diverting, as it did, Ehrenthal's anger against the baron instead. "Why do I speak of Pinkus?" he screamed; "he has acted as a man of his stamp will act. But you—you, who are a nobleman, how could you deal so with me? You have carried on money transactions with another man behind my back, and you have, in a short time, let him win three thousand dollars on a bill of exchange—a bill of exchange," continued he; "do you know what that means?"

"I wish that the debt had not been necessary," said the baron; "but as it falls due to-day, and the man will not wait, the question is how we are to pay him."

"What do you mean by *we?*" cried Ehrenthal, hastily. "You must contrive to pay; you must see where you can get money for the man you have helped to pocket three thousand dollars; you did not consult me when you gave the bill; you need not consult me as to how you are to pay it."

In the baron's soul a contest between wrath and wretchedness was going on. "Moderate your language, Mr. Ehrenthal," cried he.

"Why should I be moderate?" screamed he. "You have not been moderate, nor Pinkus either, and neither will I."

"I will call again," said the baron, "when you have regained that degree of decorum which, under all circumstances, I must beg you to observe toward me."

"If you want money from me, don't call again, baron," cried Ehrenthal. "I have no money for you; I would rather throw my dollars in the street than pay you one other."

The baron silently retired. His wretchedness was great; he had to bear the insults of the plebeian. Next, he went round to all his acquaintances, and endured the torment of asking on all sides for money, and on all sides having it refused. He returned to his lodgings, and was considering whether it were best to try Ehrenthal again, or to attempt to postpone the payment of the bill by offering usurious interest, when, to his surprise, a strange figure, that he had only seen once or twice before, entered his apartments, with a haggard face, surrounded by red hair, two sly eyes, and a grotesque expression about the mouth, such as one sees on laughing masks at Carnival time.

Veitel bowed low, and began: "Most gracious baron, have the condescension to forgive my coming to you on matters of business. I have a commission from Mr. Pinkus, empowering me to receive the money for the bill of exchange. I would most humbly inquire whether you will be so gracious as to pay it me?"

The sad seriousness of the hour was for a moment lost upon the baron when he saw the lank figure twisting and turning before him, making faces and attempting to be polite. "Who are you?" inquired he, with all the dignity of his race.

"Veitel Itzig is my name, gracious sir, if you will permit me to announce it to you."

The baron started on hearing the name of Itzig. That was the man of whom he had been warned — the invisible, the merciless.

"I was till now bookkeeper at Ehrenthal's," modestly continued Itzig; "but Ehrenthal was too haughty for me. I have come into a small sum of money, and I have invested it in Mr. Pinkus' business. I am on the point of establishing myself."

"You cannot have the money at present," said the baron, more composedly. This helpless creature could hardly be a dangerous enemy.

"It is an honor to me," said Veitel, "to be told by the gracious baron that he will pay me later in the afternoon; I have plenty of time." He drew out a silver watch. "I can wait till evening; and that I may not inconvenience the baron by coming at an hour that might not suit him, or when he chanced to be out, I will take the liberty to place myself on his steps. I will stand there," said he, as if deprecating the baron's refusal to let him sit. "I will wait till five o'clock. The baron need not inconvenience himself on my account." And Veitel

bowed himself out, and retired from the room backward like a crab. The baron recalled him, and he stood still in that bent and ridiculous attitude. At that moment he looked the weakest and oddest of men. The warning letter must have confounded the poor bookkeeper with his master. At all events, it was easier to deal with this man than with any other.

"Can you tell me of any way in which I may satisfy your claim without paying down the sum this day?"

Veitel's eyes flashed like those of a bird of prey, but he shook his head and shrugged his shoulders long in pretended reflection. "Gracious baron," said he, at length, "there is one way—only one way. You have a mortgage of twenty thousand on your property, which mortgage belongs to yourself, and is kept in Ehrenthal's office. I will persuade Pinkus to leave you the ten thousand, and will add another ten if you make over that mortgage to my friend."

The baron listened. "Perhaps you do not know," rejoined he, with much severity, "that I have already made over that deed of mortgage to Ehrenthal."

"Forgive me, gracious sir, you have not; there has been no legal surrender of it made."

"But my written promise has been given," said the baron.

Veitel shrugged again. "If you promised Ehrenthal a mortgage, why should it be this very one of all others? But what need of a mortgage to Ehrenthal at all? This year you will receive your capital from the Polish estate, and then you can pay him off in hard cash. Till then, just leave the mortgage quietly in his hands; no one need know that you have surrendered it to us. If you will have the kindness to come with me to a lawyer, and assign the deed to my friend, I will give you two thousand dollars for it at once, and on the day that you place the deed in our hands I will pay down the rest of the money."

The baron had forced himself to listen to this proposal with a smile. At last he replied briefly, "Devise some other plan; I cannot consent to this."

"There is no other," said Itzig; "but it is only midday, and I can wait till five."

He again began a series of low bows, and moved to the door.

"Reflect, gracious sir," said he, earnestly, "that you do not merely want the ten thousand dollars. You will, in the course of the next few months, require as much more for your factory

and the getting your money out of the Polish investment. If you surrender the mortgage to us, you will have the whole sum you need; but pray do not mention the matter to Ehrenthal; he is a hard man, and would injure me throughout life."

"Have no fear," said the baron, with a gesture of dismissal.

Veitel withdrew.

The baron paced up and down. The proposal just made revolted him. True, it would rescue him from this and other impending difficulties, but, of course, it was out of the question. The man who proposed it was so absurd a being, that it was of no use even to be angry with him. But the baron's word was pledged, and the matter could not be thought of further.

And yet how trifling the risk! The documents would remain at Ehrenthal's till the Polish count had paid him, then he would clear his own debts to Ehrenthal, and release his documents. No one need ever know of it; and if the worst should befall, he had but to give Ehrenthal another mortgage on his property, and the money broker would be equally satisfied. The baron kept banishing the thought, and yet it ceaselessly returned. It struck one, it struck two; he rang for his servant, and ordered the carriage round, carelessly asking if the stranger were still there. The coachman drove up; the stranger was on the steps; the baron went down without looking at him, got into the carriage, and when he was asked by the footman, hat off, whither the coachman was to drive, it first occurred to him that he did not know. At length he said, "To Ehrenthal's."

Meanwhile Ehrenthal had been spending a troubled morning. He began to suspect that some other, too, was speculating against the baron. He sent for Pinkus, overwhelmed him with reproaches, and tried in every sort of way to discover whence he had got his capital; but Pinkus had been well schooled: he was bold, rude, and silent. Then Ehrenthal sent for Itzig. Itzig was nowhere to be found.

Consequently, Ehrenthal was in a very bad temper when the baron returned, and he told him dryly that the day had come when his payments must cease. A painful scene ensued; the baron left the office in bitter mood, and determined to pay a last visit to an early comrade, who was known to be a rich man.

It was past four when he returned hopeless to his lodgings. A thin figure was leaning against the steps, and bowed low to the baron as he hurried past. His strength was exhausted;

he sat on the sofa as he had done the day before, and blindly stared before him. He knew there was no rescue but that which waited on the steps below. Prostrate, powerless, he heard the clock strike the quarter to five; his pulses beat like hammers, and each throb brought the moment nearer that was to decide his fate. The last stroke of the hour was over. The anteroom bell rang; the baron rose. Itzig opened the door, holding the two papers in his hand.

"I cannot pay," the baron cried, in a hoarse voice.

Itzig bowed again and offered him the other paper: "Here is the sketch of a contract."

The baron took up his hat, and said, without looking at him, "Come to an attorney."

It was evening when the baron returned to the castle of his forefathers. The pale moonlight shone on the turrets, the lake was black as ink, and colorless as they was the face of the man who leaned back in the carriage, with close compressed lips, like one who, after a long struggle, had come to an irrevocable decision. He looked apathetically on the water and on the cool moonshine on the roof, and yet he was glad that the sun did not shine, and that he did not see his father's house in its golden light. He tried to think of the future he had insured; he pondered over all the advantages to accrue from his factory; he looked forward to the time when his son would dwell here, rich, secure, free from the cares that had involved his father with vulgar traders, and prematurely blanched his hair. He thought of all this, but his favorite thoughts had become indifferent to him. He entered the house, felt for his full pocket book before he gave his hand to his wife, and nodded significantly to Lenore. He spoke cheerfully to the ladies, and even contrived to joke about his busy day; but he felt that something had come between him and his dearest ones—even they seemed estranged. If they leaned over him or took his hand, his impulse was to withdraw from the caress. And when his wife looked lovingly at him, there was a something in her eyes, where once he was wont to turn for comfort in every extremity, that he could no longer bear to meet.

He went to his factory, where he was again received with huzza after huzza by the workmen, and with merry tunes by the village band. They played the very air to which he had often marched with his regiment by the side of his old general, whom he loved as a father. He thought of the scarred face of

the old warrior, and thought too of a court of honor that he and his brother officers had once held upon an unhappy youth who had lightly given and broken his word of honor. He went into his bedroom, and rejoiced that it had become dark, and that he could no longer see his castle, his factory, or his wife's searching glance. And again he heard hour after hour strike, and at the stroke of each the thought was forced in upon him, "There is now another of that regiment who has, when gray-haired, done the very deed that led a youth to blow out his brains: here lies the man, and cannot sleep because he has broken his word of honor."

NIGEL'S DOOM.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

(From "The Days of Bruce.")

[GRACE AGUILAR, an English novelist, was born at Hackney, in June, 1816; died at Frankfort, September 16, 1847. Her parents were Jews, and she became deeply interested in the history of that nation. Before reaching her twelfth year she wrote a drama, "Gustava Vasa," and two years later she began a series of poems, published in book form in 1835 under the title "Magic Wreath." Her books, which relate chiefly to Jewish subjects, include: "The Spirit of Judaism" (1841), "The Jewish Faith, its Spiritual Consolation, Moral Guidance, and Immortal Hope" (1845), "The Women of Israel" (1845), "Home Influence" (1847), "A Mother's Recompense" (1850), "The Vale of Cedars" (1850), "Woman's Friendship" (1851), "The Days of Bruce" (1852), and "Home Scenes and Heart Studies" (1853).]

PERPLEXED with many sad thoughts, Nigel Bruce was one day slowly traversing a long gallery leading to some uninhabited chambers in the west wing of the building; it was of different architecture, and ruder, heavier aspect, than the remainder of the castle. Tradition said that those rooms had been the original building inhabited by an ancestor of the line of Bruce, and the remainder had been gradually added to them; that some dark deed of blood had been there committed, and consequently they were generally kept locked, none of the vassals in the castle choosing to run the risk of meeting the spirits which they declared abode there. We have before said that Nigel was not superstitious, though his mind being of a cast which, adopting and embodying the ideal, he was likely

to be supposed such. The particulars of the tradition he had never heard, and consequently it was always with a smile of disbelief he listened to the oft-repeated injunction not to walk at dusk in the western turret. This warning came across him now, but his mind was far otherwise engrossed, too much so indeed for him even to give more than a casual glance to the rude portraits which hung on either side the gallery.

He mistrusted the Earl of Ross, and there came a fear upon his noble spirit that, in permitting the departure of the queen and her attendants, he might be liable to the censure of his sovereign, that he was failing in his trust; yet how was he to act, how put a restraint upon his charge? Had he indeed believed that the defense of the castle would be successful, that he should be enabled to force the besiegers to raise the siege, he might perhaps have felt justified in restraining the queen — but he did not feel this. He had observed there were many discontented and seditious spirits in the castle, not indeed in the three hundred of his immediate followers; but what were they compared to the immense force now pouring over the country, and whose goal he knew was Kildrummie? The increase of inmates also, from the number of small villages which had emptied their inhabitants into his walls till he was compelled to prevent further ingress, must inevitably diminish his stores, and when once blockaded, to replenish them would be impossible. No personal fears, no weakness of purpose, entered the high soul of Nigel Bruce amid these painful cogitations. He well knew no shade of dishonor *could* fall on him; he thought not one moment of his own fate, although if the castle were taken he knew death awaited him, either by the besieger's sword or the hangman's cord, for he would make no condition; he thought only that this was well-nigh the last castle in his brother's keeping, which, if lost, would in the present depressed state of his affairs be indeed a fatal blow, and a still greater triumph to England.

These thoughts naturally engrossed his mind to the exclusion of all imaginative whisperings, and therefore was it that he drew back the bolt of a door which closed the passage, without any of those peculiar feelings that at a less anxious time might have possessed him; for souls less gifted than that of Nigel Bruce can seldom enter a spot hallowed by tradition without the electric thrill which so strangely unites the present with the past.

It was a chamber of moderate dimensions to which the oaken door admitted him, hung with coarse and faded tapestry, which, disturbed by the wind, disclosed an opening into another passage, through which he pursued his way. In the apartment on which the dark and narrow passage ended, however, his steps were irresistibly arrested. It was paneled with black oak, of which the floor also was composed, giving the whole an aspect calculated to infect the most thoughtless spirit with gloom. Two high and very narrow windows, the small panes of which were quite incrusted with dust, were the only conductors of light, with the exception of a loophole — for it could scarcely be dignified by the name of casement — on the western side. Through this loophole the red light of a declining winter sun sent its rays, which were caught and stayed on what seemed at the distance an antique picture frame. Wondering to perceive a picture out of its place in the gallery, Nigel hastily advanced towards it, pausing, however, on his way to examine, with some surprise, one of the planks in the floor, which, instead of the beautiful black polish which age had rather heightened than marred in the rest, was rough and white, with all the appearance of having been hewn and scraped by some sharp instrument.

It is curious to mark how trifling a thing will sometimes connect, arrange, and render clear as day to the mind all that has before been vague, imperfect, and indistinct. It is like the touch of lightning on an electric chain, link after link starts up till we see the illumined whole. We have said Nigel had never heard the particulars of the tradition; but he looked on that misshapen plank, and in an instant a tale of blood and terror weaved itself in his mind; in that room the deed, whatever it was, had been done, and from that plank the sanguine evidence of murder had been with difficulty erased. A cold shuddering passed over him, and he turned instinctively away, and strode hastily to examine the frame which had attracted him. It did contain a picture, — we should rather say a portrait, — for it comprised but one figure, the half-length of a youthful warrior, clad in steel, save the beautifully formed head, which was covered only by his own luxuriant raven curls. In a better light it could not have been placed, particularly in the evening; the rays, condensed and softened, seemed to gather up their power into one focus, and throw such an almost supernatural glow on the half-face, give such an extraordinary appearance

of life to the whole figure, that a casual visitant to that chamber might well fancy it was no picture, but reality on which he gazed. But no such emotion was at work in the bosom of Nigel Bruce, though his first glance upon that face occasioned an almost convulsive start, and then a gaze of such intense, such almost fearful interest, that he stood as if fascinated by some overpowering spell. His features, worked with internal emotions, flushed and paled alternately. It was no weak-minded terror which bound him there, no mood in which a step or sound could chill and startle, for so wrapt was he in his own strange dreams that he heard not a slow and measured step approach him; he did not even start when he felt a hand on his shoulder, and the melodious voice of the seer caused him to turn slowly around.

"The warnings thou hast heard have no power on thee, young lord," he said, slightly smiling, "or I should not see thee here at this hour alone. Yet thou wert strangely wrapt."

"Knowest thou aught of *him*, good father?" answered Nigel, in a voice that to his own ears sounded hoarse and unnatural, and turning his glance once again to the portrait. "My thoughts are busy with that face and yon tale-telling plank; there are wild, feverish, incongruous dreams within me, and I would have them solved. Thou of all others art best fitted to the task, for amid the records of the past, where thou hast loved to linger, thou hast surely found the tradition of this tower. I shame not to confess there is in my heart a deep yearning to learn the truth. Wherefore, when thy harp and song have so pleasantly whiled the evening hours, did not this tale find voice, good father?"

"Alas! my son, 'tis too fraught with horror, too sad for gentle ears. A few stern, rugged words will best repeat it. I love not to linger on the theme; listen then now, and it shall be told thee.

"In the reign of Malcolm the Second, the districts now called Aberdeen and Forfar were possessed, and had been so, so tradition saith, since Kenneth MacAlpine, by the Lords of Brus or Bris, a family originally from the North. They were largely and nobly connected, particularly with Norway and Gaul. It is generally supposed the first possessions in Scotland held in fief by the line of Bruce can be traced back only to the time of David I., in the person of Robert de Bruce, an Anglo-Norman baron, whose father came over to England with

the Conqueror. The cause of this supposition my tale will presently explain.

"Haco Brus or Bris was the Lord of Aberdeen in the reign of Malcolm the Second. He spent many years abroad, indeed, was supposed to have married and settled there, when, to the surprise of his vassals, he suddenly returned unmarried, and soon after uniting himself with a beautiful and accomplished girl, nearly related to the blood royal of Scotland, settled quietly in this tower, which was the stronghold of his possessions. Years passed; the only child of the baron, a son, born in the first year of his marriage, grew up in strength and beauty, the idol not only of his mother, but of his father, a man stern and cold in seeming, even morose, but with passions fearful alike in their influence and extent. Your eye glances to that pictured face: he was not the baron's son of whom I speak. The affections, nay, the very passions of the baron were centered in this boy. It is supposed pride and ambition were their origin, for he looked, through his near connection with the sovereign, for further aggrandizement for himself. There were some who declared ambition was not the master passion, that a deeper, sterner, fiercer emotion dwelt within. Whether they spoke thus from the sequel, I know not, but that sequel proved their truth.

"There was a gathering of all the knightly and noble in King Malcolm's court, not perchance for trials at arms resembling the tourneys of the present day, but very similar in their motive and bearing, though ruder and more dangerous. The wreath of glory and victory was ever given by the gentle hand of beauty. Bright eyes and lovely forms presided at the sports even as now, and the king and his highest nobles joined in the revels.

"The wife of the Baron of Brus and his son, now a fine boy of thirteen, were of course amongst the royal guests. Though matron grace and dignified demeanor had taken the place of the blushing charms of early girlhood, the Lady Helen Brus was still very beautiful, and as the niece of the king and wife of such a distinguished baron, commanded and received universal homage. Among the combatants was a youthful knight, of an exterior and bearing so much more polished and graceful than the sons of the soil or their more northern visitors, that he was instantly recognized as coming from Gaul, then as now the most polished kingdom of the south. Delighted with his bravery,

his modesty, and most chivalric bearing, the king treated him with most distinguished honor, invited him to his palace, spoke with him as friend with friend on the kingdoms of Normandy and France, to the former of which he was subject. There was a mystery, too, about the young knight, which heightened the interest he excited; he bore no device on his shield, no cognizance whatever to mark his name and birth; and his countenance, beautiful as it was, often when in repose expressed sadness and care unusual to his years, for he was still very young, though in reply to the king's solicitations that he would choose one of Scotland's fairest maidens (her dower should be princely) and make the Scottish court his home, he had smilingly avowed that he was already a husband and father.

"The notice of the king, of course, inspired the nobles with similar feelings of hospitality. Attention and kindness were lavished on the stranger from all, and nothing was talked of but the nameless knight. The Lord of Brus, who had been absent on a mission to a distant court during the continuance of the martial games, was on his return presented by the king himself to the young warrior. It is said that both were so much moved by this meeting, that all present were mystified still more. The baron, with that deep subtlety for which he was remarkable, recovered himself the first, and accounted for his emotion to the satisfaction of his hearers, though not apparently to that of the stranger, who, though his cheek was blanched, still kept his bright searching eyes upon him, till the baron's quailed 'neath his gaze. The hundred tongues of rumor chose to speak of relationship, that there was a likeness between them, yet I know not how that could be. There is no impress of the fiendish passion at work in the baron's soul on those bright, beautiful features."

"Ha! Is it of him you speak?" involuntarily escaped from Nigel, as the old man for a moment paused; "of him? Methought yon portrait was of an ancestor of Bruce, or wherefore is it here?"

"Be patient, good my son. My narrative wanders, for my lips shrink from its tale. That the baron and the knight met, not in warlike joust but in peaceful converse, and at the request of the latter, is known, but of what passed in that interview even tradition is silent — it can only be imagined by the sequel; they appeared, however, less reserved than at first. The baron treated him with the same distinction as his fellow-nobles, and

the stranger's manner towards him was even more respectful than the mere difference of age appeared to demand. Important business with the Lord of Brus was alleged as the cause of his accepting that nobleman's invitation to the tower of Kildrummie, in preference to others earlier given and more eagerly enforced. They departed together, the knight accompanied but by two of his followers, and the baron leaving the greater number of his in attendance on his wife and child, whom, for some frivolous reason, he left with the court. It was a strange thing for him to do, men said, as he had never before been known to lose sight of his boy even for a day. For some days all seemed peace and hospitality within the tower. The stranger was too noble himself, and too kindly disposed towards all his fellow-creatures, to suspect aught of treachery, or he might have remarked the retainers of the baron were changed; that ruder forms and darker visages than at first were gathering around him. How the baron might have intended to make use of them — almost all robbers and murderers by trade — cannot be known, though it may be suspected. In this room the last interview between them took place, and here, on this silent witness of the deed, the hand of the father was bathed in the blood of the son!"

"God in heaven!" burst from Nigel's parched lips, as he sprang up. "The son — how could that be? how known?"

"Fearfully, most fearfully!" shudderingly answered the old man; "through the dying ravings of the maniac Lord of Brus himself. Had not heaven, in its all-seeing justice, thus revealed it, the crime would ever have remained concealed. His bandit hirelings were at hand to remove and bury, many fathoms deep in moat and earth, all traces of the deed. One of the unfortunate knight's followers was supposed to have shared the fate of his master, and to the other, who escaped almost miraculously, you owe the preservation of your royal line.

"But there was one witness of the deed neither time nor the most cunning art could efface. The blood lay in a pool on the oaken floor, and the voice of tradition whispers that day after day it was supernaturally renewed; that vain were the efforts to absorb it, it ever seemed moist and red; and that to remove the plank and re-floor the apartment was attempted again and again in vain. However this may be, it is evident that *erasing it* was attended with extreme difficulty; that the

blood had penetrated well-nigh through the immense thickness of the wood."

Nigel stooped down over the crumbling fragment; years, aye, centuries had rolled away, yet there it still stood, arrested it seemed even in its decay, not permitted to crumble into dust, but to remain an everlasting monument of crime and its retribution. After a brief pause Nigel resumed his seat, and pushing the hair from his brow, which was damp with some untold emotion, signed to the old man to proceed.

"That the stranger warrior returned not to Malcolm's court, and had failed in his promises to various friends, was a matter of disappointment, and, for a time, of conjecture to the king and his court. That his followers, in obedience, it was said, to their master's signet, set off instantly to join him either in England or Normandy, for both of which places they had received directions, satisfied the greater number. If others suspected foul play, it was speedily hushed up; for the baron was too powerful, too closely related to the throne, and justice then too weak in Scotland to permit accusation or hope for conviction. Time passed, and the only change observable in the baron was that he became more gloomy, more abstracted, wrapt up, as it were, in one dark remembrance, one all-engrossing thought. Towards his wife he was changed — harsh, cold, bitterly sarcastic, as if her caresses had turned to gall. Her gentle spirit sank beneath the withering blight, and he was heard to laugh, the mocking laugh of a fiend, as he followed her to the grave; her child, indeed, he still idolized, but it was a fearful affection, and a just heaven permitted not its continuance. The child, to whom many had looked as likely to ascend the Scottish throne, from the failure of all direct heirs, the beautiful and innocent child of a most guilty father, faded like a lovely flower before him, so softly, so gradually, that there came no suspicion of death till the cold hand was on his heart, and he lay lifeless before him who had plunged his soul in deadliest crime through that child to aggrandize himself. Then was it that remorse, torturing before, took the form of partial madness, and there was not one who had power to restrain, or guide, or soothe.

"Then it was the fearful tale was told, freezing the blood, not so much with the wild madness of the tone, but that the words were too collected, too stamped with truth, to admit of aught like doubt. The couch of the baron was, at his own

command, placed here, where we now stand, covering the spot where his firstborn fell, and that portrait, obtained from Normandy, hung where it now is, ever in his sight. The dark tale which those wild ravings revealed was simply this: —

"He had married, as was suspected, during his wanderings, but soon tired of the yoke, more particularly as his wife possessed a spirit proud and haughty as his own; and all efforts to mold her to his will being useless, he plunged anew into his reckless career. He had never loved his wife, marrying her simply because it suited his convenience, and brought him increase of wealth and station; and her ill-disguised abhorrence of many of his actions, her beautiful adherence to virtue, however tempted, occasioned all former feelings to concentrate in hatred the most deadly. More than one attempt to rid himself of her by poison she had discovered and frustrated, and at last removed herself and her child, under a feigned name, to Normandy, and ably eluded all pursuit and inquiry.

"The baron's search continued some time, in the hope of silencing her forever, as he feared she might prove a dangerous enemy; but failing in his wishes, he traveled some time over different countries, returned at length to Scotland, and acted as we have seen. The young knight had been informed of his birthright by his mother, at her death, which took place two years before he made his appearance in Scotland; that she had concealed from him the fearful character of his father, being unable so completely to divest herself of all feeling towards the father of her child, as to make him an object of aversion to his son. She had long told him his real name, and urged him to demand from his father an acknowledgment of his being heir to the proud barony of the Bruce. His likeness to herself was so strong, that she knew it must carry conviction to his father; but to make his identity still more certain, she furnished him with certain jewels and papers, none but herself could produce. She had done this in the presence of two faithful witnesses, the father and brother of her son's betrothed bride, high lords of Normandy, the former of which made it a condition annexed to his consent to the marriage, that as soon as possible afterwards he should urge and claim his rights. Sir Walter, of course, willingly complied; they were married by the name of Brus, and their child so baptized. A war, which retained Sir Walter in arms with his sovereign, prevented his seeing Scotland till his boy was a year old, and then for his sake,

far more than for his own, the young father determined on asserting his birthright,—his child should not be nameless, as he had been; but to spare his unknown parent all public mortification, he joined the martial games without any cognizance or bearing on his shield.

"Terrible were the ravings in which the baron alluded to the interview he had had with his murdered child; the angelic mildness and generosity of the youthful warrior; that, amid all his firmness never to depart from his claim—as it was not alone himself but his child he would irreparably injure—he never wavered in his respectful deference to his parent. He quitted the court in the belief that the baron sought Kildrummie to collect the necessary papers for substantiating his claim; but ere he died, it appeared his eyes were opened. The fierce passions of the baron had been too long restrained in the last interview; they burst even his politic control, and he had flung the papers received from the hand of his too confiding son on the blazing hearth, and with dreadful oaths swore that if he would not instantly retract his claim, and bind himself by the most sacred promise never to breathe the foul tale again, death should be its silent keeper. He would not bring his own head low, and avow that he had dishonored a scion of the blood royal.

"Appalled far more at the dark, fiendish passions he beheld than the threat held out to himself, Sir Walter stood silent awhile, and then mildly demanded to be heard; that if so much public mortification to his parent would attend the pursuance of his claims at the present time, he would consent to forego them, on condition of his father's solemnly promising on his deathbed to reveal the truth, and do him tardy justice then, but forego them altogether he would not, were his life the forfeit. The calm firmness of his tone, it is supposed, lashed his father into greater madness, and thus the dark deed was done.

"That the baron several times endeavored to possess himself of the infant child of Sir Walter also came to light in his dying moments; that he had determined to exterminate root and branch, fearful he should still possess some clew to his birth, he had frantically avowed, but in his last hour he would have given all his amassed treasure, his greatness, his power, but for one little moment of assurance that his grandson lived. He left him all his possessions, his lordship, his name, but as there were none came forth to claim, they of neccessity passed to the crown."

"But the child, the son of Sir Walter, — if from him our line descends, he must have lived to manhood, — why did he not demand his rights?"

"He lived, aye, and had a goodly progeny; but the fearful tale of his father's fate related to him again and again by the faithful Edric, who had fled from his master's murdered corse to watch over the safety of that master's child, and warn all who had the charge of him of the fiend in human shape who would probably seek the boy's life as he had his father's, caused him to shun the idea of his Scottish possessions with a loathing horror which he could not conquer; they were associated with the loss of both his parents, for his father's murder killed his devoted mother. He was contented to feel himself Norman in possessions as well as in name. He received lands and honors from the Dukes of Normandy, and at the advanced age of seventy and five, accompanied Duke William to England. The third generation from him obtained anew Scottish possessions, and gradually Kildrummie and its feudal tenures returned to its original lords; but the tower had been altered and enlarged, and except the tradition of these chambers, the fearful fate of the second of the line has faded from the minds of his descendants, unless casually or supernaturally recalled."

"Ha! supernaturally, sayest thou?" interrupted Nigel, in a tone so peculiar it almost startled his companion. "Are there those who assert they have seen his semblance — good, gifted, beautiful as thou hast described him? why not at once deem him the guardian spirit of our house?"

"And there are those who deem him so, young lord," answered the seer. "It is said that until the Lords of Bruce again obtained possession of these lands, in the visions of the night the form of the murdered warrior, clad as in yon portrait, save with the addition of a scarf across his breast bearing the crest and cognizance of the Bruce, appeared once in his lifetime to each lineal descendant. Such visitations are said to have ceased, and he is now only seen by those destined like himself to an early and bloody death, cut off in the prime of manhood, nobleness, and joy."

"And where — sleeping or waking?" demanded the young nobleman, in a low, deep tone, laying his hand on the minstrel's arm, and looking fixedly on his now strangely agitated face.

"Sleeping or waking? it hath been both," he answered, and his voice faltered. "If it be in the front of the war, amid the

press, the crush, the glory of the battle, he hath come, circled with bright forms and brighter dreams, to the sleeping warrior on the eve of his last fight; if"—and his voice grew lower and huskier yet—"if by the red hand of the foe, by the captive's chain and headsman's ax, as the noble Wallace, there have been those who say—I vouch not for its truth—he hath been seen in the vigils of the night on the eve of knighthood, when the young, aspiring warrior hath watched and prayed beside his arms. Boy! boy! why dost thou look upon me thus!"

"Because thine eye hath read my doom," he said, in a firm, sweet tone; "and if there be aught of truth in thy tale, thou knowest, feelest, I have seen him. God of mercy, the captive's chain, the headsman's ax! Yet 'tis Thy will, and for my country—let it come."

ELIZA'S ESCAPE.

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

(From "Uncle Tom's Cabin.")

[Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth Beecher Stowe, the noted American author, was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1812, the daughter of Lyman Beecher and sister of Henry Ward Beecher. She was educated at Hartford, Conn.; taught there and in Cincinnati; and in 1836 was married to Professor Calvin E. Stowe, with whom she removed to Brunswick, Me., upon his appointment to a professorship in Bowdoin College; and wrote there "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was published serially in the *National Era*, an antislavery paper of Washington, D.C. It has been translated into all the leading languages of the world. Mrs. Stowe died at Hartford, July 1, 1896. Her other works include: "Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp," "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "Agnes of Sorrento," and "Oldtown Folks."]

It is impossible to conceive of a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom's cabin.

Her husband's sufferings and dangers, and the danger of her child, all blended in her mind with a confused and stunning sense of the risk she was running, in leaving the only home she had ever known, and cutting loose from the protection of a friend whom she loved and revered. Then there was the parting from every familiar object,—the place where she had grown up, the trees under which she had played, the groves where she had walked many an evening in happier days, by the

side of her young husband, — everything, as it lay in the clear, frosty starlight, seemed to speak reproachfully to her, and ask her whither she could go from a home like that?

But stronger than all was maternal love, wrought into a paroxysm of frenzy by the near approach of a fearful danger. Her boy was old enough to have walked by her side, and, in an indifferent case, she would only have led him by the hand; but now the bare thought of putting him out of her arms made her shudder, and she strained him to her bosom with a convulsive grasp, as she went rapidly forward.

The frosty ground creaked beneath her feet, and she trembled at the sound: every quaking leaf and fluttering shadow sent the blood backward to her heart, and quickened her footsteps. She wondered within herself at the strength that seemed to come upon her; for she felt the weight of her boy as if it had been a feather, and every flutter of fear seemed to increase the supernatural power that bore her on, while from her pale lips burst forth, in frequent ejaculations, the prayer to a Friend above, — "Lord, help! Lord, save me!"

If it were *your* Harry, mother, or your Willie, that were going to be torn from you by a brutal trader, to-morrow morning, — if you had seen the man, and heard that the papers were signed and delivered, and you had only from twelve o'clock till morning to make good your escape, — how fast could *you* walk? How many miles could you make in those few brief hours, with the darling at your bosom, — the little sleepy head on your shoulder, — the small, soft arms trustingly holding on to your neck? For the child slept. At first, the novelty and alarm kept him waking; but his mother so hurriedly repressed every breath or sound, and so assured him that if he were only still she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck, only asking, as he found himself sinking to sleep, —

"Mother, I don't need to keep awake, do I?"

"No, my darling; sleep, if you want to."

"But, mother, if I do get asleep, you won't let him get me?"

"No! so may God help me!" said his mother, with a paler cheek and a brighter light in her large, dark eyes.

"You're *sure*, an't you, mother?"

"Yes, *sure!*" said the mother, in a voice that startled herself; for it seemed to her to come from a spirit within, that was no part of her; and the boy dropped his little weary head on

her shoulder, and was soon asleep. How the touch of those warm arms, and gentle breathings that came in her neck, seemed to add fire and spirit to her movements! It seemed to her as if strength poured into her in electric streams, from every gentle touch and movement of the sleeping, confiding child. Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that, for a time, can make flesh and nerve impregnable, and string the sinews like steel so that the weak become so mighty.

The boundaries of the farm, the grove, the wood lot, passed by her dizzily, as she walked on; and still she went, leaving one familiar object after another, slacking not, pausing not, till reddening daylight found her many a long mile from all traces of any familiar objects upon the open highway.

She had often been, with her mistress, to visit some connections, in the little village of T——, not far from the Ohio River, and knew the road well. To go thither, to escape across the Ohio River, were the first hurried outlines of her plan of escape; beyond that, she could only hope in God.

When horses and vehicles began to move along the highway, with that alert perception peculiar to a state of excitement, and which seems to be a sort of inspiration, she became aware that her headlong pace and distracted air might bring on her remark and suspicion. She therefore put the boy on the ground, and, adjusting her dress and bonnet, she walked on at as rapid a pace as she thought consistent with the preservation of appearances. In her little bundle she had provided a store of cakes and apples, which she used as expedients for quickening the speed of the child, rolling the apple some yards before them, when the boy would run with all his might after it; and this ruse, often repeated, carried them over many a half mile.

After a while, they came to a thick patch of woodland, through which murmured a clear brook. As the child complained of hunger and thirst she climbed over the fence with him; and, sitting down behind a large rock which concealed them from the road, she gave him a breakfast out of her little package. The boy wondered and grieved that she could not eat; and when, putting his arms round her neck, he tried to wedge some of his cake into her mouth, it seemed to her that the rising in her throat would choke her.

"No, no, Harry darling! mother can't eat till you are safe!

We must go on, — on, — till we come to the river!" And she hurried again into the road, and again constrained herself to walk regularly and composedly forward.

She was many miles past any neighborhood where she was personally known. If she should chance to meet any who knew her, she reflected that the well-known kindness of the family would be of itself a blind to suspicion, as making it an unlikely supposition that she could be a fugitive. As she was also so white as not to be known as of colored lineage, without a critical survey, and her child was white also, it was much easier for her to pass on unsuspected.

On this presumption, she stopped at noon at a neat farm-house, to rest herself, and buy some dinner for her child and self; for, as the danger decreased with the distance, the supernatural tension of the nervous system lessened, and she found herself both weary and hungry.

The good woman, kindly and gossiping, seemed rather pleased than otherwise with having somebody come in to talk with; and accepted, without examination, Eliza's statement, that she "was going on a little piece, to spend a week with her friends," — all which she hoped in her heart might prove strictly true.

An hour before sunset, she entered the village of T——, by the Ohio River, weary and footsore, but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side.

It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore, on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities, and the narrow channel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another, thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged, and formed a great, undulating raft, filling up the whole river, and extending almost to the Kentucky shore.

Eliza stood, for a moment, contemplating this unfavorable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferryboat from running, and then turned into a small public house on the bank, to make a few inquiries.

The hostess, who was busy in various fizzing and stewing operations over the fire, preparatory to the evening meal.

stopped, with a fork in her hand, as Eliza's sweet and plaintive voice arrested her.

"What is it?" she said.

"Isn't there any ferry or boat, that takes people over to B——, now?" she said.

"No, indeed!" said the woman; "the boats has stopped running."

Eliza's look of dismay and disappointment struck the woman, and she said inquiringly: —

"Maybe you're wanting to get over? — anybody sick? Ye seem mighty anxious."

"I've got a child that's very dangerous," said Eliza. "I never heard of it till last night, and I've walked quite a piece to-day, in hopes to get to the ferry."

"Well, now, that's onlucky," said the woman, whose motherly sympathies were much aroused; "I'm re'lly consarned for ye. Solomon!" she called, from the window, towards a small back building. A man, in a leather apron and very dirty hands, appeared at the door.

"I say, Sol," said the woman, "is that ar man going to tote them bar'ls over to-night?"

"He said he should try, if 'twas anyway prudent," said the man.

"There's a man a piece down here, that's going over with some truck this evening, if he durs' to; he'll be in here to supper to-night, so you'd better set down and wait. That's a sweet little fellow," added the woman, offering him a cake.

But the child, wholly exhausted, cried with weariness.

"Poor fellow! he isn't used to walking, and I have hurried him on so," said Eliza.

"Well, take him into this room," said the woman, opening into a small bedroom, where stood a comfortable bed. Eliza laid the weary boy upon it, and held his hand in hers till he was fast asleep. For her there was no rest. As a fire in her bones, the thought of the pursuer urged her on; and she gazed with longing eyes on the sullen, surging waters that lay between her and liberty.

Here we must take our leave of her for the present to follow the course of her pursuers.

Though Mrs. Shelby had promised that the dinner should be hurried on table, yet it was soon seen, as the thing has often

been seen before, that it required more than one to make a bargain. So, although the order was fairly given out in Haley's hearing, and carried to Aunt Chloe by at least half a dozen juvenile messengers, that dignitary only gave certain very gruff snorts, and tosses of her head, and went on with every operation in an unusually leisurely and circumstantial manner.

For some singular reason, an impression seemed to reign among the servants generally that Missis would not be particularly disobliged by delay; and it was wonderful what a number of counter accidents occurred constantly, to retard the course of things. One luckless wight contrived to upset the gravy; and then gravy had to be got up *de novo*, with due care and formality,—Aunt Chloe watching and stirring with dogged precision, answering shortly, to all suggestions of haste, that she "warn't a going to have raw gravy on the table, to help nobody's catchings." One tumbled down with the water, and had to go to the spring for more; and another precipitated the butter into the path of events; and there was from time to time giggling news brought into the kitchen that "Mas'r Haley was mighty oneasy, and that he couldn't sit in his cheer noways, but was walkin' and stalkin' to the winders and through the porch."

"Sarves him right!" said Aunt Chloe, indignantly. "He'll get wus nor oneasy, one of these days, if he don't mend his ways. *His* master'll be sending for him, and then see how he'll look!"

"He'll go to torment, and no mistake," said little Jake.

"He desarves it!" said Aunt Chloe, grimly; "he's broke a many, many, many hearts,—I tell ye all!" she said, stopping with a fork uplifted in her hands; "it's like what Mas'r George reads in Ravelations,—souls a callin' under the altar! and a callin' on the Lord for vengeance on sich!—and by and by the Lord he'll hear 'em,—so he will!"

Aunt Chloe, who was much revered in the kitchen, was listened to with open mouth; and, the dinner being now fairly sent in, the whole kitchen was at leisure to gossip with her and to listen to her remarks.

"Sich'll be burnt up forever, and no mistake; won't ther?" said Andy.

"I'd be glad to see it, I'll be boun'," said little Jake.

"Chil'en!" said a voice that made them all start. It was

Uncle Tom, who had come in, and stood listening to the conversation at the door.

"Chil'en!" he said, "I'm afeared you don't know what ye're sayin'. Forever is a *dre'ful* word, chil'en; it's awful to think on't. You oughtenter wish that ar to any human crittur."

"We wouldn't to anybody but the soul drivers," said Andy; "nobody can help wishing it to them, they's so awful wicked."

"Don't natur herself kinder cry out on 'em?" said Aunt Chloe. "Don't dey tear der suckin' baby right off his mother's breast and sell him, and der little children as is crying and holding on by her clothes, — don't dey pull 'em off and sells 'em? Don't dey tear wife and husband apart?" said Aunt Chloe, beginning to cry, "when it's jest takin' the very life on 'em? — and all the while does they feel one bit, — don't dey drink and smoke, and take it oncommon easy! Lor, if the devil don't get them, what's he good for?" And Aunt Chloe covered her face with her checked apron, and began to sob in good earnest.

"Pray for them that spitefully use you, the good book says," says Tom.

"Pray for 'em!" said Aunt Chloe; "Lor, it's too tough; I can't pray for 'em."

"It's natur, Chloe, and natur's strong," said Tom, "but the Lord's grace is stronger; besides, you oughter think what an awful state a poor crittur's soul's in that'll do them ar things, — you oughter thank God that you an't *like* him, Chloe. I'm sure I'd rather be sold, ten thousand times over, than to have all that ar poor crittur's got to answer for."

"So'd I, a heap," said Jake. "Lor, *shouldn't* we cotch it, Andy?"

Andy shrugged his shoulders, and gave an acquiescent whistle.

"I'm glad Mas'r didn't go off this morning, as he looked to," said Tom; "that ar hurt me more than sellin', it did. Mebbe it might have been natural for him, but 'twould have come despit hard on me, as has known him from a baby; but I've seen Mas'r, and I begin to feel sort o' reconciled to the Lord's will now. Mas'r couldn't help hisself; he did right, but I'm feared things will be kinder goin' to rack, when I'm gone. Mas'r can't be spected to be a pryin' round everywhar, as I've done, a keepin' up all the ends. The boys all means well, but they's powerful car'less. That ar troubles me."

The bell here rang, and Tom was summoned to the parlor.

"Tom," said his master, kindly, "I want you to notice that I give this gentleman bonds to forfeit a thousand dollars if you are not on the spot when he wants you. He's going to-day to look after his other business, and you can have the day to yourself. Go anywhere you like, boy."

"Thank you, Mas'r," said Tom.

"And mind yerself," said the trader, "and don't come it over yer master with any o' yer nigger tricks; for I'll take every cent out of him, if you an't thar. If he'd hear to me he wouldn't trust any on ye, — slippery as eels!"

"Mas'r," said Tom, — and he stood very straight, — "I was jist eight years old when ole Missis put you into my arms, and you wasn't a year old. 'Thar,' says she, 'Tom, that's to be *your* young Mas'r; take good care on him,' says she. And now I jist ask you, Mas'r, have I broke word to you, or gone contrary to you, 'specially since I was a Christian?"

Mr. Shelby was fairly overcome, and the tears rose to his eyes.

"My good boy," said he, "the Lord knows you say but the truth; and if I was able to help it, all the world shouldn't buy you."

"And sure as I am a Christian woman," said Mrs. Shelby, "you shall be redeemed as soon as I can anyway bring together means. Sir," she said to Haley, "take good account of whom you sell him to, and let me know."

"Lor, yes, for that matter," said the trader, "I may bring him up in a year, not much the wus for wear, and trade him back."

"I'll trade with you then, and make it for your advantage," said Mrs. Shelby.

"Of course," said the trader, "all's equal with me; li'ves trade 'em up as down, so I does a good business. All I want is a livin', you know, ma'am; that's all any on us wants, I s'pose."

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby both felt annoyed and degraded by the familiar impudence of the trader, and yet both saw the absolute necessity of putting a constraint on their feelings. The more hopelessly sordid and insensible he appeared, the greater became Mrs. Shelby's dread of his succeeding in recapturing Eliza and her child, and of course the greater her motive for detaining him by every female artifice. She therefore gra-

ciously smiled, assented, chatted familiarly, and did all she could to make time pass imperceptibly.

At two o'clock Sam and Andy brought the horses up to the posts, apparently greatly refreshed and invigorated by the scamper of the morning.

Sam was there, new oiled from dinner, with an abundance of zealous and ready officiousness. As Haley approached, he was boasting, in flourishing style, to Andy, of the evident and eminent success of the operation, now that he had "farly come to it."

"Your master, I s'pose, don't keep no dogs," said Haley, thoughtfully, as he prepared to mount.

"Heaps on 'em," said Sam, triumphantly; "thar's Bruno, — he's a roarer! and, besides that, 'bout every nigger of us keeps a pup of some natur or uther."

"Poh!" said Haley, — and he said something else, too, with regard to the said dogs, at which Sam muttered, —

"I don't see no use cussin' on 'em, noway."

"But your master don't keep no dogs (I pretty much know he don't) for trackin' out niggers."

Sam knew exactly what he meant, but he kept up a look of earnest and desperate simplicity.

"Our dogs all smells round consid'able sharp. I spect they's the kind, though they han't never had no practice. They's *far* dogs, though, at most anything, if you'd get 'em started. Here, Bruno," he called, whistling to the lumbering Newfoundland, who came pitching tumultuously toward him.

"You go hang!" said Haley, getting up. "Come, tumble up, now."

Sam tumbled up accordingly, dexterously contriving to tickle Andy as he did so, which occasioned Andy to split out into a laugh, greatly to Haley's indignation, who made a cut at him with his riding whip.

"I's 'stonished at yer, Andy," said Sam, with awful gravity. "This yer's a seris bisness, Andy. Yer mustn't be a makin' game. This yer an't no way to help Mas'r."

"I shall take the straight road to the river," said Haley, decidedly, after they had come to the boundaries of the estate. "I know the way of all of 'em, — they makes tracks for the underground."

"Sartin," said Sam, "dat's the idee. Mas'r Haley hits de

thing right in de middle. Now, der's two roads to de river, — de dirt road and der pike, — which Mas'r mean to take?"

Andy looked up innocently at Sam, surprised at hearing this new geographical fact, but instantly confirmed what he said by a vehement reiteration.

"'Cause," said Sam, "I'd rather be 'clined to 'magine that Lizy'd take de dirt road, bein' it's de least traveled."

Haley, notwithstanding that he was a very old bird, and naturally inclined to be suspicious of chaff, was rather brought up by this view of the case.

"If yer warn't both on yer such cussed liars, now!" he said contemplatively, as he pondered a moment.

The pensive, reflective tone in which this was spoken appeared to amuse Andy prodigiously, and he drew a little behind, and shook so as apparently to run a great risk of falling off his horse, while Sam's face was immovably composed into the most doleful gravity.

"Course," said Sam, "Mas'r can do as he'd ruther; go de straight road, if Mas'r thinks best, — it's all one to us. Now, when I study 'pon it, I think the straight road de best, *deridedly*."

"She would naturally go a lonesome way," said Haley, thinking aloud, and not minding Sam's remark.

"Dar an't no sayin'," said Sam; "gals is pecul'ar; they never does nothin' ye thinks they will; mose gen'lly the contrar. Gals is nat'lly made contrary; and so, if you thinks they've gone one road, it is sartin you'd better go t'other, and then you'll be sure to find 'em. Now, my private 'pinion is, Lizy took der dirt road; so I think we'd better take de straight one."

This profound generic view of the female sex did not seem to dispose Haley particularly to the straight road; and he announced decidedly that he should go the other, and asked Sam when they should come to it.

"A little piece ahead," said Sam, giving a wink to Andy with the eye which was on Andy's side of the head; and he added gravely, "but I've studded on de matter, and I'm quite clar we ought not to go dat ar way. I nebber been over it noway. It's despit lonesome, and we might lose our way, — whar we'd come to, de Lord only knows."

"Nevertheless," said Haley, "I shall go that way."

"Now I think on't, I think I hearn 'em tell that dat ar road

was all fenced up and down by der creek, and thar, an't it, Andy?"

Andy wasn't certain; he'd only "hearn tell" about that road, but never been over it. In short, he was strictly non-committal.

Haley, accustomed to strike the balance of probabilities, between lies of greater or lesser magnitude, thought that it lay in favor of the dirt road, aforesaid. The mention of the thing he thought he perceived was involuntary on Sam's part at first, and his confused attempts to dissuade him he set down to a desperate lying on second thoughts, as being unwilling to implicate Eliza.

When, therefore, Sam indicated the road, Haley plunged briskly into it, followed by Sam and Andy.

Now, the road, in fact, was an old one, that had formerly been a thoroughfare to the river, but abandoned for many years after the laying of the new pike. It was open for about an hour's ride, and after that it was cut across by various farms and fences. Sam knew this fact perfectly well, — indeed, the road had been so long closed up that Andy had never heard of it. He therefore rode along with an air of dutiful submission, only groaning and vociferating occasionally that 'twas "despit rough, and bad for Jerry's foot."

"Now, I jest give yer warning," said Haley, "I know yer; yer won't get me to turn off this yer road, with all yer fussin', — so you shet up!"

"Mas'r will go his own way!" said Sam, with rueful submission, at the same time winking most portentously to Andy, whose delight was now very near the explosive point.

Sam was in wonderful spirits, — professed to keep a very brisk lookout, — at one time exclaiming that he saw "a gal's bonnet" on the top of some distant eminence, or calling to Andy "if thar wasn't Lizy down in the hollow;" always making these exclamations in some rough or craggy part of the road, where the sudden quickening of speed was a special inconvenience to all parties concerned, and thus keeping Haley in a state of constant commotion.

After riding about an hour in this way, the whole party made a precipitate and tumultuous descent into a barnyard belonging to a large farming establishment. Not a soul was in sight, all the hands being employed in the fields; but, as the barn stood conspicuously and plainly square across the road, it

was evident that their journey in that direction had reached a decided finale.

"Warn't dat ar what I telled Mas'r?" said Sam, with an air of injured innocence. "How does strange gentlemen spect to know more about a country dan de natives born and raised?"

"You rascal!" said Haley, "you knew all about this."

"Didn't I tell yer I *know'd*, and yer wouldn't believe me? I telled Mas'r 'twas all shet up, and fenced up, and I didn't spect we could get through, — Andy heard me."

It was all too true to be disputed, and the unlucky man had to pocket his wrath with the best grace he was able, and all three faced to the right about, and took up their line of march for the highway.

In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis, Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once; she drew suddenly back; the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door.

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap, — impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake; — stumbling, —

leaping, — slipping, — springing upwards again! Her shoes are gone, — her stockings cut from her feet, — while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!" said the man, with an oath.

Eliza recognized the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"Oh, Mr. Symmes! — save me, — do save me, — do hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what's this?" said the man. "Why, if 'tan't Shelby's gal!"

"My child! — this boy! — he'd sold him! There is his Mas'r," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "Oh, Mr. Symmes, you've got a little boy!"

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly, but kindly, drew her up the steep bank. "Besides, you're a right brave gal. I like grit, wherever I see it!"

When they had gained the top of the bank, the man paused. "I'd be glad to do something for ye," said he; "but then there's nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell ye to go *thar*," said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. "Go thar; they're kind folks. Thar's no kind o' danger but they'll help you, — they're up to all that sort o' thing."

"The Lord bless you!" said Eliza, earnestly.

"No 'casion, no 'casion in the world," said the man. "What I've done's of no 'count."

"And oh, surely, sir, you won't tell any one!"

"Go to thunder, gal! What do you take a feller for? In course not," said the man. "Come, now, go along like a likely, sensible gal, as you are. You've arnt your liberty, and you shall have it, for all me."

The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away. The man stood and looked after her.

"Shelby, now, mebbe won't think this yer the most neighborly thing in the world; but what's a feller to do? If he catches one of my gals in the same fix, he's welcome to pay back. Somehow I never could see no kind o' crittur a strivin' and pantin', and trying to clar theirselves, with the dogs arter

'em, and go agin 'em. Besides, I don't see no kind o' 'casion for me to be hunter and catcher fer other folks, neither!"

So spoke this poor heathenish Kentuckian, who had not been instructed in his constitutional relations, and consequently was betrayed into acting in a sort of Christianized manner, which, if he had been better situated and more enlightened, he would not have been left to do.

GEORGE BORROW AND THE PUBLISHER.

(From "Lavengro.")

[GEORGE BORROW, philologist, bohemian, and romancer, was born at East Dereham, Norfolk, England, in 1803, and was educated chiefly in Edinburgh, Scotland. He published "Faustus" (translated from German, 1825), "Romantic Ballads" (translated from Danish, 1826), "Targum" (1835), "The Zincali; or, an Account of the Gypsies in Spain" (1841), "The Bible in Spain" (1843), "Lavengro" (1851), "The Romany Rye" (1857), "The Sleeping Bird" (translated from Cambrian-British, 1860), "Wild Wales" (1862), and "Romano Lavo-Lil" (1874). He died at Oulton, Norfolk, England, July 30, 1881. Most of his works are ostensible relations of personal experience, but hardly offer materials for a credible biography.]

THERE were two individuals in the room in which I now found myself; it was a small study, surrounded with bookcases, the window looking out upon the square. Of these individuals he who appeared to be the principal stood with his back to the fireplace. He was a tall stout man, about sixty, dressed in a loose morning gown. The expression of his countenance would have been bluff but for a certain sinister glance, and his complexion might have been called rubicund but for a considerable tinge of bilious yellow. He eyed me askance as I entered. The other, a pale, shriveled-looking person, sat at a table apparently engaged with an account book; he took no manner of notice of me, never once lifting his eyes from the page before him.

"Well, sir, what is your pleasure?" said the big man, in a rough tone, as I stood there, looking at him wistfully — as well I might — for upon that man, at the time of which I am speaking, my principal, I may say my only, hopes rested.

"Sir," said I, "my name is so-and-so, and I am the bearer of a letter to you from Mr. so-and-so, an old friend and correspondent of yours."

The countenance of the big man instantly lost the suspicious and lowering expression which it had hitherto exhibited; he strode forward, and, seizing me by the hand, gave me a violent squeeze.

"My dear sir," said he, "I am rejoiced to see you in London. I have been long anxious for the pleasure — we are old friends, though we have never before met. Taggart," said he to the man who sat at the desk, "this is our excellent correspondent, the friend and pupil of our other excellent correspondent."

The pale, shriveled-looking man slowly and deliberately raised his head from the account book, and surveyed me for a moment or two; not the slightest emotion was observable in his countenance. It appeared to me, however, that I could detect a droll twinkle in his eye: his curiosity, if he had any, was soon gratified; he made me a kind of bow, pulled out a snuffbox, took a pinch of snuff, and again bent his head over the page.

"And now, my dear sir," said the big man, "pray sit down, and tell me the cause of your visit. I hope you intend to remain here a day or two."

"More than that," said I; "I am come to take up my abode in London."

"Glad to hear it; and what have you been about of late? got anything which will suit me? Sir, I admire your style of writing, and your manner of thinking; and I am much obliged to my good friend and correspondent for sending me some of your productions. I inserted them all, and wished there had been more of them — quite original, sir, quite: took with the public, especially the essay about the non-existence of anything. I don't exactly agree with you though; I have my own peculiar ideas about matter — as you know, of course, from the book I have published. Nevertheless, a very pretty piece of speculative philosophy — no such thing as matter — impossible that there should be — *ex nihilo* — what is the Greek? I have forgot — very pretty indeed; very original."

"I am afraid, sir, it was very wrong to write such trash, and yet more to allow it to be published."

"Trash! not at all; a very pretty piece of speculative philosophy; of course you were wrong in saying there is no world. The world must exist, to have the shape of a pear; and that the world is shaped like a pear, and not like an apple, as the fools of Oxford say, I have satisfactorily proved in my book.

Now, if there were no world, what would become of my system? But what do you propose to do in London?"

"Here is the letter, sir," said I, "of our good friend, which I have not yet given to you; I believe it will explain to you the circumstances under which I come."

He took the letter, and perused it with attention. "Hem!" said he, with a somewhat altered manner, "my friend tells me that you are come up to London with the view of turning your literary talents to account, and desires me to assist you in my capacity of publisher in bringing forth two or three works which you have prepared. My good friend is perhaps not aware that for some time past I have given up publishing — was obliged to do so — had many severe losses — do nothing at present in that line, save sending out the Magazine once a month; and, between ourselves, am thinking of disposing of that — wish to retire — high time at my age — so you see ——"

"I am very sorry, sir, to hear that you cannot assist me" (and I remember that I felt very nervous); "I had hoped ——"

"A losing trade, I assure you, sir; literature is a drug. Taggart, what o'clock is it?"

"Well, sir!" said I, rising, "as you cannot assist me, I will now take my leave; I thank you sincerely for your kind reception, and will trouble you no longer."

"Oh, don't go. I wish to have some further conversation with you; and perhaps I may hit upon some plan to benefit you. I honor merit, and always make a point to encourage it when I can; but — Taggart, go to the bank, and tell them to dishonor the bill twelve months after date for thirty pounds which becomes due to-morrow. I am dissatisfied with that fellow who wrote the fairy tales, and intend to give him all the trouble in my power. Make haste."

Taggart did not appear to be in any particular haste. First of all, he took a pinch of snuff, then, rising from his chair, slowly and deliberately drew his wig, for he wore a wig of a brown color, rather more over his forehead than it had previously been, buttoned his coat, and, taking his hat, and an umbrella which stood in a corner, made me a low bow, and quitted the room.

"Well, sir, where were we? Oh, I remember, we were talking about merit. Sir, I always wish to encourage merit, especially when it comes so highly recommended as in the present instance. Sir, my good friend and correspondent speaks

of you in the highest terms. Sir, I honor my good friend, and have the highest respect for his opinion in all matters connected with literature — rather eccentric though. Sir, my good friend has done my periodical more good and more harm than all the rest of my correspondents. Sir, I shall never forget the sensation caused by the appearance of his article about a certain personage whom he proved — and I think satisfactorily — to have been a legionary soldier — rather startling, was it not? The S—— of the world a common soldier, in a marching regiment — original, but startling; sir, I honor my good friend."

"So you have renounced publishing, sir," said I, "with the exception of the Magazine?"

"Why, yes; except now and then, under the rose; the old coachman, you know, likes to hear the whip. Indeed, at the present moment, I am thinking of starting a Review on an entirely new and original principle; and it just struck me that you might be of high utility in the undertaking — what do you think of the matter?"

"I should be happy, sir, to render you any assistance, but I am afraid the employment you propose requires other qualifications than I possess; however, I can make the essay. My chief intention in coming to London was to lay before the world what I had prepared; and I had hoped by your assistance ——"

"Ah! I see, ambition! Ambition is a very pretty thing; but, sir, we must walk before we run, according to the old saying — what is that you have got under your arm?"

"One of the works to which I was alluding; the one, indeed, which I am most anxious to lay before the world, as I hope to derive from it both profit and reputation."

"Indeed! what do you call it?"

"Ancient songs of Denmark, heroic and romantic, translated by myself; with notes philological, critical, and historical."

"Then, sir, I assure you that your time and labor have been entirely flung away; nobody would read your ballads, if you were to give them to the world to-morrow."

"I am sure, sir, that you would say otherwise if you would permit me to read one to you;" and, without waiting for the answer of the big man, nor indeed so much as looking at him, to see whether he was inclined or not to hear me, I undid my

manuscript, and, with a voice trembling with eagerness, I read to the following effect: —

"Buckshank bold and Elfinstone,
And more than I can mention here,
They caused to be built so stout a ship,
And unto Iceland they would steer.

"They launched the ship upon the main,
Which bellowed like a wrathful bear;
Down to the bottom the vessel sank,
A laidly Trold has dragged it there.

"Down to the bottom sank young Roland,
And round about he groped awhile;
Until he found the path which led
Unto the bower of Ellenlyle."

"Stop!" said the publisher; "very pretty indeed, and very original; beats Scott hollow, and Percy too: but, sir, the day for these things is gone by; nobody at present cares for Percy, nor for Scott either, save as a novelist; sorry to discourage merit, sir, but what can I do! What else have you got?"

"The songs of Ab Gwilym, the Welsh bard, also translated by myself, with notes critical, philological, and historical."

"Pass on — what else?"

"Nothing else," said I, folding up my manuscript with a sigh, "unless it be a romance in the German style; on which, I confess, I set very little value."

"Wild?"

"Yes, sir, very wild."

"Like the Miller of the Black Valley?"

"Yes, sir, very much like the Miller of the Black Valley."

"Well, that's better," said the publisher; "and yet, I don't know, I question whether any one at present cares for the miller himself. No, sir, the time for those things is also gone by; German, at present, is a drug; and, between ourselves, nobody has contributed to make it so more than my good friend and correspondent; — but, sir, I see you are a young gentleman of infinite merit, and I always wish to encourage merit. Don't you think you could write a series of evangelical tales?"

"Evangelical tales, sir?"

"Yes, sir, evangelical novels."

"Something in the style of Herder?"

"Herder is a drug, sir; nobody cares for Herder — thanks to my good friend. Sir, I have in yon drawer a hundred pages about Herder, which I dare not insert in my periodical; it would sink it, sir. No, sir, something in the style of the 'Dairyman's Daughter.'"

"I never heard of the work till the present moment."

"Then, sir, procure it by all means. Sir, I could afford as much as ten pounds for a well-written tale in the style of the 'Dairyman's Daughter'; that is the kind of literature, sir, that sells at the present day! It is not the Miller of the Black Valley — no, sir, nor Herder either, that will suit the present taste; the evangelical body is becoming very strong, sir; the canting scoundrels ——"

"But, sir, surely you would not pander to a scoundrelly taste?"

"Then, sir, I must give up business altogether. Sir, I have a great respect for the goddess Reason — an infinite respect, sir; indeed, in my time, I have made a great many sacrifices for her; but, sir, I cannot altogether ruin myself for the goddess Reason. Sir, I am a friend to Liberty, as is well known; but I must also be a friend to my own family. It is with the view of providing for a son of mine that I am about to start the Review of which I was speaking. He has taken into his head to marry, sir, and I must do something for him, for he can do but little for himself. Well, sir, I am a friend to Liberty, as I said before, and likewise a friend to Reason; but I tell you frankly that the Review which I intend to get up under the rose, and present him with when it is established, will be conducted on Oxford principles."

"Orthodox principles, I suppose you mean, sir?"

"I do, sir; I am no linguist, but I believe the words are synonymous."

Much more conversation passed between us, and it was agreed that I should become a contributor to the Oxford Review. I stipulated, however, that, as I knew little of politics, and cared less, no other articles should be required from me than such as were connected with belles-lettres and philology; to this the big man readily assented. "Nothing will be required from you," said he, "but what you mention; and now and then, perhaps, a paper on metaphysics. You understand German, and perhaps it would be desirable that you should review Kant; and in a review of Kant, sir, you could introduce

to advantage your peculiar notions about *ex nihilo*." He then reverted to the subject of the "Dairyman's Daughter," which I promised to take into consideration. As I was going away, he invited me to dine with him on the ensuing Sunday.

"That's a strange man!" said I to myself, after I had left the house; "he is evidently very clever; but I cannot say that I like him much, with his Oxford Reviews and Dairyman's Daughters. But what can I do? I am almost without a friend in the world. I wish I could find some one who would publish my ballads, or my songs of Ab Gwilym. In spite of what the big man says, I am convinced that, once published, they would bring me much fame and profit. But how is this?—what a beautiful sun!—the porter was right in saying that the day would clear up—I will now go to my dingy lodging, lock up my manuscripts, and then take a stroll about the big city." . . .

On the Sunday I was punctual to my appointment to dine with the publisher. As I hurried along the square in which his house stood, my thoughts were fixed so intently on the great man that I passed by him without seeing him. He had observed me, however, and joined me just as I was about to knock at the door. "Let us take a turn in the square," said he, "we shall not dine for half an hour."

"Well," said he, as we were walking in the square, "what have you been doing since I last saw you?"

"I have been looking about London," said I, "and I have bought the 'Dairyman's Daughter'; here it is."

"Pray put it up," said the publisher; "I don't want to look at such trash. Well, do you think you could write anything like it?"

"I do not," said I.

"How is that?" said the publisher, looking at me.

"Because," said I, "the man who wrote it seems to be perfectly well acquainted with his subject; and, moreover, to write from the heart."

"By the subject you mean ——"

"Religion."

"And ain't you acquainted with religion?"

"Very little."

"I am sorry for that," said the publisher, seriously, "for he who sets up for an author ought to be acquainted not only with

religion, but religions, and indeed with all subjects, like my good friend in the country. It is well that I have changed my mind about the 'Dairyman's Daughter,' or I really don't know whom I could apply to on the subject at the present moment, unless to himself; and after all I question whether his style is exactly suited for an evangelical novel."

"Then you do not wish for an imitation of the 'Dairyman's Daughter'?"

"I do not, sir; I have changed my mind, as I told you before; I wish to employ you in another line, but will communicate to you my intentions after dinner."

At dinner, beside the publisher and myself, were present his wife and son with his newly married bride; the wife appeared a quiet respectable woman, and the young people looked very happy and good-natured; not so the publisher, who occasionally eyed both with contempt and dislike. Connected with this dinner there was one thing remarkable: the publisher took no animal food, but contented himself with feeding voraciously on rice and vegetables prepared in various ways.

"You eat no animal food, sir?" said I.

"I do not, sir," said he; "I have forsworn it upwards of twenty years. In one respect, sir, I am a Brahmin. I abhor taking away life—the brutes have as much right to live as ourselves."

"But," said I, "if the brutes were not killed, there would be such a superabundance of them that the land would be overrun with them."

"I do not think so, sir; few are killed in India, and yet there is plenty of room."

"But," said I, "Nature intended that they should be destroyed, and the brutes themselves prey upon one another, and it is well for themselves and the world that they do so. What would be the state of things if every insect, bird, and worm were left to perish of old age?"

"We will change the subject," said the publisher; "I have never been a friend of unprofitable discussions."

I looked at the publisher with some surprise; I had not been accustomed to be spoken to so magisterially; his countenance was dressed in a portentous frown, and his eye looked more sinister than ever; at that moment he put me in mind of some of those despots of whom I had read in the history of Morocco, whose word was law. He merely wants power,

thought I to myself, to be a regular Muley Mehemet; and then I sighed, for I remembered how very much I was in the power of that man.

The dinner over, the publisher nodded to his wife, who departed, followed by her daughter-in-law. The son looked as if he would willingly have attended them; he, however, remained seated; and, a small decanter of wine being placed on the table, the publisher filled two glasses, one of which he handed to myself, and the other to his son, saying, "Suppose you two drink to the success of the Review. I would join you," said he, addressing himself to me, "but I drink no wine; if I am a Brahmin with respect to meat, I am a Mahometan with respect to wine."

So the son and I drank success to the Review, and then the young man asked me various questions; for example—How I liked London?—Whether I did not think it a very fine place?—Whether I was at the play the night before?—and whether I was in the park that afternoon? He seemed preparing to ask me some more questions; but, receiving a furious look from his father, he became silent, filled himself a glass of wine, drank it off, looked at the table for about a minute, then got up, pushed back his chair, made me a bow, and left the room.

"Is that young gentleman, sir," said I, "well versed in the principles of criticism?"

"He is not, sir," said the publisher; "and, if I place him at the head of the Review ostensibly, I do it merely in the hope of procuring him a maintenance; of the principle of a thing he knows nothing, except that the principle of bread is wheat, and that the principle of that wine is grape. Will you take another glass?"

I looked at the decanter; but, not feeling altogether so sure as the publisher's son with respect to the principle of what it contained, I declined taking any more.

"No, sir," said the publisher, adjusting himself in his chair, "he knows nothing about criticism, and will have nothing more to do with the reviewals than carrying about the books to those who have to review them; the real conductor of the Review will be a widely different person, to whom I will, when convenient, introduce you. And now we will talk of the matter which we touched upon before dinner: I told you then that I had changed my mind with respect to you; I have been con-

sidering the state of the market, sir, the book market, and I have come to the conclusion that, though you might be profitably employed upon evangelical novels, you could earn more money for me, sir, and consequently for yourself, by a compilation of Newgate lives and trials."

"Newgate lives and trials!"

"Yes, sir," said the publisher, "Newgate lives and trials; and now, sir, I will briefly state to you the services which I expect you to perform, and the terms which I am willing to grant. I expect you, sir, to compile six volumes of Newgate lives and trials, each volume to contain by no manner of means less than one thousand pages; the remuneration which you will receive when the work is completed will be fifty pounds, which is likewise intended to cover any expenses you may incur in procuring books, papers, and manuscripts necessary for the compilation. Such will be one of your employments, sir, — such the terms. In the second place, you will be expected to make yourself useful in the Review — generally useful, sir — doing whatever is required of you; for it is not customary, at least with me, to permit writers, especially young writers, to choose their subjects. In these two departments, sir, namely compilation and reviewing, I had yesterday, after due consideration, determined upon employing you. I had intended to employ you no farther, sir — at least for the present; but, sir, this morning I received a letter from my valued friend in the country, in which he speaks in terms of strong admiration (I don't overstate) of your German acquirements. Sir, he says that it would be a thousand pities if your knowledge of the German language should be lost to the world, or even permitted to sleep, and he entreats me to think of some plan by which it may be turned to account. Sir, I am at all times willing, if possible, to oblige my worthy friend, and likewise to encourage merit and talent; I have, therefore, determined to employ you in German."

"Sir," said I, rubbing my hands, "you are very kind, and so is our mutual friend; I shall be happy to make myself useful in German; and if you think a good translation from Goethe — his 'Sorrows' for example, or more particularly his 'Faust'——"

"Sir," said the publisher, "Goethe is a drug; his 'Sorrows' are a drug, so is his 'Faustus,' more especially the last, since that fool —— rendered him into English. No, sir, I do not want you to translate Goethe or anything belonging to him;

nor do I want you to translate anything from the German: what I want you to do is to translate into German. I am willing to encourage merit, sir; and as my good friend in his last letter has spoken very highly of your German acquirements, I have determined that you shall translate my book of philosophy into German."

"Your book of philosophy into German, sir?"

"Yes, sir; my book of philosophy into German. I am not a drug, sir, in Germany as Goethe is here, no more is my book. I intend to print the translation at Leipsic, sir; and if it turns out a profitable speculation, as I make no doubt it will, provided the translation be well executed, I will make you some remuneration. Sir, your remuneration will be determined by the success of your translation."

"But, sir——"

"Sir," said the publisher, interrupting me, "you have heard my intentions; I consider that you ought to feel yourself highly gratified by my intentions towards you; it is not frequently that I deal with a writer, especially a young writer, as I have done with you. And now, sir, permit me to inform you that I wish to be alone. This is Sunday afternoon, sir; I never go to church, but I am in the habit of spending part of every Sunday afternoon alone — profitably I hope, sir — in musing on the magnificence of nature and the moral dignity of man."

THE FRIEND OF FRIENDS.

By RICHARD HENGIST HORNE.

Who is the Friend of Friends? — Not one who smiles
While you are prosperous, purse-full, in fair fame;
Flattering, "Come, be my household's altar flame,"
When knowing you can bask on sunny isles:
Not one who sayeth "That brain's a mighty mold,"
With base-coined hints about alloys in gold:
Nor he who frankly tells you all your faults,
But drops all merit into vampire vaults;
No: the true friend stands close 'mid circling storms,
When you are poor — lost — wrestling through a cloud;
With whom your ship rides high in freezing calms,
Its banner, ghostly pale, to him still proud;
Whose heart's blest Arab-spice dead hope embalms,
The same though you sate throned, or waiting for your shroud.

A MENDELSSOHN ROMANCE.

By ELIZABETH SARA SHEPPARD.

(From "Charles Auchester.")

[ELIZABETH SARA SHEPPARD, an English novelist, born at Blackheath in 1830, wrote "Charles Auchester" (1853), "Counterparts," "Rumor," etc. She died in 1862.]

LET me not prose where I should most of all be poetical. The rehearsal was considered very successful. St. Michel praised us. He was a good old man, and, as Davy had remarked, very steady. There was a want of unction about his conducting, but I did not know it, certainly not feel it, that night. The "Messiah" was more hurried through than it should have been, because of the late hour, and also because, as we were reminded, "it was the most generally known." Besides, there was to be a full rehearsal with the band before the festival, but I was not to be present, Davy considerately deeming the full effect would be lost for me were it in any sense to be anticipated.

I feel I should only fail if I should attempt to delineate my sensations on the first two days of performance, for the single reason that the third morning of that festival annihilated the others so effectually as to render me only master at this moment of its unparalleled incidents. *Those* I bear on my heart and in my life even to this very hour, and shall take them with me, yea, as a part of my essential immortality.

The second night I had not slept so well as the first, but on the third morning I was, nathless, extraordinarily fresh. I seemed to have lived ages, but yet all struck me in perfect unison as new. I was only too intensely happy as I left our house with Davy, he having breakfasted with us.

He was very much pleased with my achievements. I was very much pleased with everything; I was saturated with pleasure. That day has lasted me — a light — to this. Had I been stricken blind and deaf afterwards, I ought not to have complained, — so far would my happiness, in degree and nature, have outweighed any other I can imagine to have fallen to any other lot. Let those who endure, who rejoice, alike pure in passion, bless God for the power they possess — innate, unalienable, intransferable — of suffering all they feel.

I shall never forget that scene. The hall was already

crowded when we pressed into our places half an hour before the appointed commencement. Every central speck was a head; the walls were pillared with human beings; the swarm increased, floating into the reserved places, and a stream still poured on beneath the gallery.

As if to fling glory on music not of its own, it was a most splendid day, — the finest, warmest, and serenest we had had for weeks. Through the multitudinous panes the sky was a positive blaze of blue; the sunshine fell upon the orchestra from the great arched window at the end of the vaulted building, and through that window's purple and orange border radiated gold and amethyst upon the countenances of the entering crowd. The hands of the clock were at the quarter now; we in the chorus wondered that St. Michel had not come. Again they moved, those noiseless hands, and the "tongue" of iron told eleven. We all grew anxious. Still, as all the clocks in the town were not alike, we might be the mistaken ones by ours. It now struck eleven, though, from the last church within our hearing, and there was not yet St. Michel. We were all in the chorus fitted in so nicely that it would have been difficult for some to get out, or if out, impossible to get in. They were all in the orchestra placed as closely as possible, amidst a perfect grove of music stands. The reserved seats were full, the organist was seated, the score lay wide open upon the lofty desk; but St. Michel did not come!

I shall never forget how we wearied and wondered, and how I, at least, racked myself, writhed, and agonized. The door beneath the orchestra was shut, but every instant or two a hand turned the lock outside; one agitated face peeped in, then another, but were immediately withdrawn. I scarcely suppose the perfect silence lasted three minutes; it was like an electrical suspension, and as quickly snapped. The surcharging spleen of the audience began to break in a murmuring, humming, and buzzing, from center to gallery. The confusion of forms and faces became a perfect dream, it dazzled me dizzy, and I felt quite sick. A hundred fans began to ply in the reserved seats, the gentlemen bent over the ladies; the sound gathered strength and portentous significance from the non-explanatory calm of the orchestra force; but all eyes were turned, all chins lengthened, towards the orchestra door. At precisely a quarter past eleven the door opened wide, and up came a gentleman in a white waistcoat. He stood somewhere in front,

but he could not get his voice out at first. Oh, the hisses then! the shouts! the execrations! But it was a musical assembly, and a few cries of "Shame!" hushed the storm sufficiently to give our curiosity vent.

The speaker was a member of the committee, and very woebegone he looked. He had to say (and it was of course his painful duty) that the unprecedented delay in the commencement of the performance was occasioned by an inevitable and most unexpected accident. Mr. St. Michel, in riding from his house a few miles out, had been thrown from his horse at the corner of the market place, and falling on his right arm, had broken it below the elbow.

The suddenness of the event would account for the delay sufficiently; all means at present were being employed to secure the services of an efficient resident professor, and it was trusted he would arrive shortly. Otherwise, should there among the enlightened audience be present any professor able and willing to undertake the responsible office of conductor *pro tempore*, the committee would feel — A hurricane of noes tore up the rest of the sentence in contempt, and flung it in the face of the gentleman in the white waistcoat. He still stood. It was well known that not a hand could be spared from the orchestra; but of course a fancy instantly struck me of Lenhart Davy. I looked up wistfully at him, among the basses, and endeavored to persuade him with my eyes to come down. He smiled upon me, and his eye was kindled; otherwise he seemed determined to remain as he was. Davy was very proud, though one of the most modest men I ever knew.

A fresh volley of hisses broke from the very heart of the hall. Still, it did not circulate, though the confusion seemed increasing in the center; and it was at that very instant — before poor Merlington had left his apologetic stand — that a form, gliding light, as if of air, appeared hovering on the steps at the side of the orchestra.

It was a man at least, if not a spirit; but I had not seen where that gliding form came from, with its light and stealthy speed.

Swift as a beam of morning he sprang up the steps, and with one hand upon the balustrade bowed to the audience. In a moment silence seemed to mantle upon the hall.

He stood before the score, and as he closed upon the time stick those pointed fingers, he raised his eyes to the chorus,

and then let them fall upon the band. Those piercing eyes recalled us. Every hand was on the bow, every mouthpiece lifted. There was still silence, but we "heard" no "voice." He raised his thin arm: the overture began. The curiosity of the audience had dilated with such intensity that all who had been standing still stood, and not a creature stirred. The calm was perfect upon which the "Grave" broke. It was not interpretation alone, it was inspiration. All knew that "Grave," but few had heard it as it had been spoken that day. It was *then* a heard voice, — "a voice from heaven." There seemed not a string that was not touched by fire.

The tranquil echo of the repeat enabled me to bear it sufficiently to look up and form some notion of him on whom so much depended. He was slight, so slight that he seemed to have grown out of the air. He was young, so young that he could not have numbered twenty summers; but the heights of eternity were far-shadowed in the forehead's marble dream.

A strange transparency took the place of bloom upon that face of youth, as if from temperament too tender, or blood too rarefied; but the hair betrayed a wondrous strength, clustering in dark curls of excessive richness. The pointed fingers were pale, but they grasped the time stick with an energy like naked nerve.

But not until the violins woke up, announcing the subject of the allegro, did I feel fully conscious of that countenance absolved from its repose of perfection by an excitement itself divine.

It would exhaust thought no less than words to describe the aspect of music, thus revealed, thus presented. I was a little child then, my brain was unused to strong sensation, and I can only say I remembered not how he looked after all was over. The intense impression annihilated itself, as a white, dazzling fire struck from a smith's anvil dies without ashy sign. I have since learned to discover, to adore, every express lineament of that matchless face; but then I was lost in gazing, in a spiritual, ebbless excitement, — then I was conscious of the composition that he had made one with himself, that became one with him.

The fire with which he led, the energy, the speed, could only have been communicated to an English orchestra by such accurate force. The perfection with which the conductor was endued must surely have passed electrically into every player,

— there fell not a note to the ground. Such precision was well-nigh oppressive; one felt some hand must drop.

From beginning to end of the allegro not a disturbing sound arose throughout the hall; but on the closing chord of the overture there burst one deep toll of wonderful applause. I can only call it a "toll"; it was simultaneous. The conductor looked over his shoulder, and slightly shook his head. It was enough, and silence reigned as the heavenly sympathy of the recitative trembled from the strings surcharged with fire. Here it was as if he whispered "Hush!" for the sobbing staccato of the accompaniment I never heard so low, — it was silvery, almost awful. The baton stirred languidly, as the stem of a wind-swept lily, in those pointed fingers.

Nor would he suffer any violence to be done to the solemn brightness of the aria. It was not until we all arose that he raised his arm, and impetuously, almost imperiously, fixed upon us his eyes. He glanced not *a moment* at the score, he never turned a leaf, but he urged the time majestically, and his rapturous beauty brightened as the voices firmly, safely, swelled over the sustaining chords, launched in glory upon those waves of sound.

I almost forgot the festival. I am not certain that I remembered who I was, or where I was, but I seemed to be singing at every pore. I seemed pouring out my life instead of my voice; but the feeling I had of being irresistibly borne along was so transporting that I can conceive of nothing else like it, until after death.

I walked home also, and was tolerably tired. Entering the house as one at home there, I found nobody at home, no Starwood, — no Chevalier. I lay upon the sofa in a day dream or two, and when rested, went out into the garden. I searched every corner, too, in vain; but wandering past the dividing hedge, a voice floated articulately over the still afternoon.

All was calm and warm. The slightest sound made way, and I hesitated not to scale the green barrier, nowhere too high for me to leap it, and to approach the parlor of the cottage in that unwonted fashion. I was in for pictures this while, I suppose; for when I reached the glass doors, that swept the lawn wide open, and could peep through them without disturbing foot on that soft soil, I saw, indeed, another, a less impressive, not less expressive, view. Clara sat at her

piano, her side face was in the light. His own, which I was sure to find there, in profile also, was immediately behind her; but as he stood, the shade had veiled him, the shade from the trembling leaves without, through which one sunbeam shot, and upon the carpet kissed his feet. She was singing, as I could hear, scarcely see, for her lips opened not more than for a kiss, to sing. The strains molded themselves imperceptibly, or as a warble shaken in the throat of a careless nightingale that knew no listener.

Seraphael, as he stood apart drinking in the notes with such eagerness that his lips were also parted, had never appeared to me so borne out of himself, so cradled in a second nature. I could scarcely have believed that the face I knew so well had yet an expression hidden I knew not of; but it was so: kindled at another fire than that which his genius had stolen from above, his eye was charged, his cheek flushed.

So exquisitely beautiful they looked together, — he in that soft shadow, she in that tremulous light, — that at first I noticed not a third figure, now brought before me. Behind them both, but sitting so that she could see his face, was Laura, — or rather she half lay; some antique figures carved in statuary have an attitude as listless, that bend on monuments, or crouch in relievo. She had both her arms outspread upon the little work table, hanging over the edge, the hands just clasped together, as reckless in repose; her face all colorless, her eyes all clear, but with scarcely more tinting, were fixed, rapt, upon Seraphael.

I could not tell whether she was feeding upon his eye, his cheek, or his beauteous hair; all her life came forth from her glance, but it spent itself without expression. Still, that deep, that feeding gaze was enough for me; there was in it neither look of hope nor of despair, as I could have interpreted it. I did not like to advance, and waited till my feet were stiff; but neither could I retire.

I waited while Clara, without comment on her part or request of his, glided from song to *scena*, from the romance of a wilderness to the simplest troll. Her fingers just touched the keys as we touch them for the violin solo, — supporting, but unnoticeable. At last, when afraid to be caught, — for the face of the Chevalier in its new expression I rather dreaded, — I went back, like a thief, the way I came, and still more like a thief in that I carried away a treasure of remembrance from those who knew not they had lost it.

I found Starwood yet out, and roved very impatiently all over the house until, at perhaps five o'clock, Seraphael came in for something. The dog in the yard barked out; but I was in no humor to let him loose, and ran straight into the hall.

"Carlomein," said the Chevalier, "I thought you were in London. Is it possible, my child, that you have not dined?" and he gave orders for an instant preparation. "I am truly vexed that I did not know it, but Stern is gone to his father, and will stay till the last coach to-night. I thought you would be absent also."

"And so, sir, I suppose you had determined to go without your dinner?"

He smiled.

"Not at all, Carlomein. The fact is, I *have* dined. I could not resist La Benetta benedetta. I never knew what young potatoes were until I tasted them over there."

"I dare say not," I thought; but I was wise enough to hold my tongue.

"Then, sir, I shall dine alone; and very much I shall enjoy it. There is nothing I like so well as dining alone, except to dine alone with you."

"Carl! Carl! hadst thou been in that devil when he tempted Eve! Pardon, but I have come home for a few things, and have promised to return."

"Sir, if you will not think it rude, I must say that for once in your life you are enjoying what you confer upon others. I am so glad!"

"I thought it says, 'It is better to give than to receive.' I do like receiving; but perhaps that is because I cannot give this which I now receive. Carlomein, there is a spell upon thee; there is a charm about thee, that makes thee lead all thou lovest to all they love! It is a thing I cannot comprehend, but am too content to feel."

He ran into his study, and returning, just glanced into the room with an air of *allegresse* to bid me adieu; but what had he in his arms, if it were not the score of his oratorio? I knew its name by this time; I saw it in that nervous writing which I could read at any earthly distance, — what was to be done with it, and what then? Was he going to the rehearsal, or a rehearsal of his own?

I had not been half an hour quiet, playing to myself, having unpacked my fiddle for the first time since I came to London,

when the lady of the scanty silk arrived at my door and aroused me. Some gentlemen had called to see the Chevalier, and as he was supposed to be absent, must see me. I went down into a great, dampish dining room we had not lived in at all, and found three or four worthies, a deputation from the band and chorus, who had helplessly assembled two hours ago in London, and were at present waiting for the conductor.

It was no pleasant task to infringe the fragrant privacy of the cottage, but I had to do it. I went to the front gate this time, and sent up a message, that I might not render myself more intrusive than necessary. He came down as upon the wings of the wind, with his hat half falling from his curls, and flew to the deputation without a syllable to me; they carried him off in triumph so immediately that I could only fancy he looked annoyed, and may have been about that matter mistaken.

Certainly Clara was not annoyed, whom I went indoors to see; Laura had vanished, and she herself was alone in the room, answering my first notes of admiration merely, "Yes, I have sung to him a good while." I was, however, so struck with the change, not in manner, but in her mien, that I would stay on to watch, at the risk of being in the way more than ever in my days. Since I had entered, she had not once looked up; but an unusual flush was upon her face, she appeared serious, but intent, — something seemed to occupy her. At last, after turning about the music sheets that strewed the chamber everywhere, and placing them by in silence, — and a very long time she took, — she raised her eyes. Their luster was indeed quickened; never saw I so much excitement in them; they were still not so grave as significant, — full of unwonted suggestions. I ventured to say then: —

"And now, Miss Benette, I may ask you what you feel about the personality of this hero?"

I could not put it better; she replied not directly, but came and sat beside me on the sofa, by the window. She laid her little hands in her lap, and her glance followed after them. I could see she was inexpressibly burdened with some inward revelation. I could not for a moment believe she trembled, but certainly there was a quiver of her lips; her silken curls, so calm, did not hide the pulsation, infantinely rapid, of those temples where the harebell-azure veins penciled the rose-flower skin. After a few moments' pause, during which she evidently

collected herself, she addressed me, her own sweet voice as clear as ever, but the same trouble in it that touched her gaze.

"Sir, I am going to tell you something, and to ask your advice besides."

"I am all attention!" indeed, I was in an agony to attend and learn.

"I have had a strange visitor this morning, — very sudden, and I was not prepared. You will think me very foolish when you hear what is the matter with me, that I have not written to Mr. Davy; but I prefer to ask you. You are more enlightened, though you are so young."

"Miss Benette, I know your visitor; for on returning home next door, I missed my master, and I knew he could be only here. What has he done that could possibly raise a difficulty, or said that could create a question? He is my unerring faith, and should be yours."

"I do not wonder; but I have not known him so long, you see, and contemplate him differently. I had been telling him, as he requested to know my plans, of the treatment I had received at the opera, and how I had not quite settled whether to come out now or next year as an actress. He answered: —

"'Do neither.'

"I inquired why?

"'You must not accept any engagement for the stage in England, and pray do not hold out to them any idea that you will.'

"Now, what does he mean? Am I to give up my only chance of being able to live in England? For I wish to live here. And am I to act unconscientiously? For my conscience tells me that the pure-hearted should always follow their impulses. Now, I know very few persons; but I am born to be known of many, — at least I suppose so, or why was I gifted with this voice, my only gift?"

"Miss Benette, you cannot suppose the Chevalier desires your voice to be lost. Has he not been informing and interpenetrating himself with it the whole morning? He has a higher range in view for you, be assured, or he had not persuaded you, *I* am certain, to annul your present privileges. He has the right to will what he pleases."

"And are we all to obey him?"

"Certainly; and only him, — in matters musical. If you knew him as I do, you would feel this."

"But is it like a musician to draw me away from my duty?"

"Not obviously; but there may be no duty here. You do not know how completely, in the case of dramatic, and indeed of all other art, the foundations are out of course."

"You mean they do not fulfill their first intentions. But then nothing does, except, certainly, as it was first created. We have lost that long."

"Music, Miss Benette, it appears to me, so long as it preserves its purity, may consecrate all the forms of art by raising them into its own atmosphere, — govern them as the soul the body. But where music is itself degraded, its very type defaced, its worship rendered ridiculous, its nature mere name, by its own master the rest falls. I know not much about it, but I know how little the drama depends on music in this country, and how completely, in the first place, one must lend one's self to its meanest effect in order to fulfill the purpose of the writer. All writers for the stage have become profane, and dramatic writers whom we still confess to are banished from the stage in proportion to the elevation of their works. I even go so far as to think an artist does worse who lends an incomparable organ to such service than an unheeded player (myself, for example), who should form one in the ranks of such an orchestra as that of our opera houses, where the bare notion or outline of harmony is all that is provided for us. While the idea of the highest prevails with us, our artist life must harmonize, or Art will suffer, — and it suffers enough now. I have said too long a say, and perhaps I am very ignorant; but this is what I think."

"You cannot speak too much, sir, and you know a great deal more than I do. My feeling was that I could perhaps have shown the world that simplicity of life is not interfered with by a public career, and that those who love what is beautiful must also love what is good, and endeavor to live up to it besides. I have spoken to several musicians abroad, who came to me on purpose; they all extolled my voice, and entreated me to sing upon the stage. I did so then because I was poor and had several things I wished to do; but I cannot say I felt at home with music on the stage in Italy. The gentleman who was here to-day was the first who disturbed my ideas and dissuaded me. I was astonished, not because I am piqued, — for you do not know how much I should prefer to live a quiet life,

— but because everybody else had told me a different story. I do not like to think I shall only be able to sing in concerts, for there are very few concerts that content me, and I do so love an orchestra. Am I to give it all up? If this gentleman had said, 'Only sing in this opera or that,' I could have made up my mind. But am I never to sing in any? Am I to waste my voice that God gave me as he gives to others a free hand or a great imagination? You cannot think so, with all your industry and all your true enthusiasm."

"Miss Benette, you must not be shocked at what I shall now say, because I mean it with all reverence. I could no more call in question the decision of such genius than I could that of Providence if it sent me death sickness or took away my friends. I am certain that the motive, which you cannot make clear just yet, is that you would approve of."

"And you also, sir?"

"And I also, though it is as dark to me as to you. Let it stand over, then; but for all our sakes do not thwart him, — he has suffered too much to be thwarted."

"Has he suffered? I did not know that."

"Can such a one live and not suffer? A nature which is all love, — an imagination all music?"

"I thought that he looked delicate, but very happy, — happy as a child or an angel. I have seen your smile turn bitter, sir, — pardon, — but never his. I am sure, if it matters to him that I should accede, I will do so, and I cannot thank you enough for telling me."

"Miss Benette, if you are destined to do anything great for music, it may be in one way as well as in another; that is, if you befriend the greatest musician, it is as much as if you befriended music. Now you cannot but befriend him if you do exactly as he requests you."

"In all instances, you recommend?"

"*I*, at least, could refuse him nothing. The nourishment such a spirit requires is not just the same as our own, perhaps, but it must not the less be supplied. If I could, now, clean his boots better than any one else, or if he liked my cookery, I would give up what I am about and take a place in his service."

"What! you would give up your violin, your career, your place among the choir of ages?"

"I would; for in rendering a single hour of his existence on earth unfretted, — in preserving to him one day of ease and

comfort, — I should be doing more for all people, all time, at least for the ideal, who will be few in every age, but many in all the ages, and who I believe leaven society better than a priesthood. I would not say so except to a person who perfectly understands me; for as I hold laws to be necessary, I would infringe no social or religious *régime* by one heterodox utterance to the ear of the uninitiated: still, having said it, I keep to my text, that you must do exactly as he pleases. He has not set a seal upon your throat at present, if you have been singing all the morning."

"I have been singing from his new great work. There is a contralto solo, 'Art Thou not from Everlasting?' which spoiled my voice; I could not keep the tears down, it was so beautiful and entreating. He was a little angry at me; at least he said, 'You must not do that.' There is also a very long piece which I scarcely tried, we had been so long over the other, which he made me sing again and again until I composed myself. What a mercy Mr. Davy taught us to read so fast! I have found it help me ever since. Do you mean to go to this oratorio?"

"I am to go with Miss Lawrence. How noble, how glorious she is!"

"Your eyes sparkle when you speak of her. I knew you would there find a friend."

"I hope you, too, will hear it, Miss Benette. I shall speak to the Chevalier about it."

"I pray you not to do so; there will not be any reason, for I find out all about those affairs. Take care of yourself, Mr. Auchester, or rather make Miss Lawrence take care of you; she will like to have to do so."

"I must go home, if it is not to be just yet, and return on purpose for the day."

"But that will fatigue you very much, — cannot you prevent it? One ought to be quiet before a great excitement."

"Oh! you have found that. I cannot be quiet until afterwards."

"I have never had a great excitement," said Clara, innocently; "and I hope I never may. It suits me to be still."

"May that calm remain in you and for you with which you never fail to heal the soul within your power, Miss Benette!"

"I should indeed be proud, Mr. Auchester, to keep you quiet; but that you will never be until it is forever."

"In that sense no one could, for who could ever desire to awaken from that rest? And from all rest here it is but to awaken."

I felt I ought to go, or that I might even remain too long. It was harder at that moment to leave her than it had ever been before; but I had a prescience that for that very reason it was better to depart. Starwood had returned, I found, and was waiting about in the evening, before the candles came.

We both watched the golden shade that bound the sunset to its crimson glow, and then the violet dark, as it melted downwards to embrace the earth. We were both silent, Starwood from habit (I have never seen such power of abstraction), I by choice. An agitated knock came suddenly, about nine, and into the room bounced the big dog, tearing the carpet up with his capers. Seraphael followed, silent at first as we; he stole after us to the window, and looked softly forth. I could tell even in the uncertain silver darkness of that thinnest shell of a moon that his face was alight with happiness, an ineffable gentleness, — not the dread alien air of heaven, soothing the passion of his countenance. He laid for long his tiny hand upon my shoulder, his arm crept round my neck, and drawing closer still, he sighed rather than said, after a thrilling pause: —

"Carlomein, wilt thou come into my room? I have a secret for thee; it will not take long to tell."

"The longer the better, sir."

We went out through the dark drawing-room, we came to his writing chamber; here the white sheets shone like ghosts in the bluish blackness, for we were behind the sunset.

"We will have no candles, because we shall return so soon. And I love secrets told in the dark, or between the dark and light. I have prevented that child from taking her own way. It was very naughty, and I want to be shriven. Shrive me, Charles."

"In all good part, sir, instantly."

"I have been quarreling with the manager. He was very angry, and his whiskers stood out like the bristles of a cat; for I had snatched the mouse from under his paw, you see."

"The mouse must have been glad enough to get away, sir. And you have drawn a line through her engagement? She has told me something of it, and we are grateful."

"I have canceled her engagement! Well, this one, — but I am going to give her another. She does not know it, but she

will sing for me at another time. Art thou angry, Carl? Thou art rather a dread confessor."

"I could not do anything but rejoice, sir. How little she expects to bear such a part! She is alone fitted for it; an angel, if he came into her heart, could not find one stain upon his habitation."

"The reason you take home to you, then, Carlomein?"

"Sir, I imagine that you consider her wanting in dramatic power; or that as a dramatic songstress under the present dispensation she would but disappoint herself, and perhaps ourselves; or that she is too delicately organized, — which is no new notion to me."

"All of these reasons, and yet not one, — not even because, Carlomein, in all my efforts I have not written directly for the stage, nor because a lingering recollection ever forbids profane endeavor. There is yet a reason, obvious to myself, but which I can scarcely make clear to you. Though I would have you know, and learn as truth, that there is nothing I take from this child I will not restore to her again, nor shall she have the lesson to be taught to feel that in heaven alone is happiness."

He made a long, long pause. I was in no mood to reply, and it was not until I was ashamed of my own silence that I spoke; then my own accents startled me. I told Seraphael I must return on the morrow to my own place if I were to enjoy at length what Miss Lawrence had set before me. He replied that I must come back to him when I came, and that he would write to me meantime.

"If I can, Carlomein; but I cannot always write, even, my child, to thee. There is one thing more between us, — a little end of business."

He lit with a waxen match a waxen taper, which was coiled into a brazen cup; he brought it from the mantelshelf to the table; he took a slip of paper and a pen. The tiny flame threw out his hand, of a brilliant ivory, while his head remained in flickering shadow, — I could trace a shadow smile.

"Now, Carlomein, this brother of yours. His name is David, I think?"

"Lenhart Davy, sir."

"Has he many musical friends?"

"Only his wife particularly so, — the class are all neophytes."

"Well, he can do as he pleases. Here is an order."

He held out the paper in a regal attitude, and in the other

hand brought near the tremulous taper, that I so might read. It was: —

ABBEY CHOIR WESTMINSTER.

Admit Mr. Lenhart Davy and party 21st June.

SERAPHAEL.

I could say nothing, nor even essay to thank him, — indeed he would not permit it, as I could perceive. We returned directly to the drawing-room, and roused Starwood from a blue study, as the Chevalier expressed it.

"I am ready, and Miss Lemark is tired of waiting for both of us," said Miss Lawrence, as she entered that crown of days, the studio; "I have left her in the drawing-room. And, by the way, though it is nothing to the purpose, she has dressed herself very prettily."

"I do not think it is nothing to the purpose, — people dress to go to church, and why not, then, to honor music? You have certainly succeeded also, Miss Lawrence, if it is not impertinent that I say so."

"It is not impertinent. You will draw out the colors of that bit of canvas, if you gaze so ardently."

It was not so easy to refrain. That morning the pictured presence had been restored to its easel, framed and ready for inspection. I had indeed lost myself in that contemplation; it was hard to tear myself from it even for the embrace of the reality. The border, dead gold, of great breadth and thickness, was studded thickly with raised bright stars, polished and glittering as points of steel. The effect thus seemed conserved and carried out where in general it abates. I cannot express the picture; it was finished to that high degree which conceals its own design, and mantles mechanism with pure suggestion. I turned at length and followed the paintress; my prospects more immediate rushed upon me.

Our party, small and select as the most seclusive spirit could ask for, consisted of Miss Lawrence and her father, — a quiet but genuine amateur he, — of Miss Lemark, whom my friend had included without a question, with Starwood and myself. We had met at Miss Lawrence's, and went together in her carriage. She wore a deep blue muslin dress, — blue as that summer heaven; her scarf was gossamer, the hue of the yellow butterfly, and her bonnet was crested with feathers drooping like golden hair. Laura was just in white; her Leghorn hat

lined with grass-green gauze; a green silk scarf waved around her. Both ladies carried flowers. Geraniums and July's proud roses were in Miss Lawrence's careless hand, and Laura's bouquet was of myrtle and yellow jasmine.

We drove in that quiet mood which best prepares the heart. We passed so street by street, until at length, and long before we reached it, the gray Abbey towers beckoned us from beyond the houses, seeming to grow distant as we approached, as shapes of unstable shadow, rather than time-fast masonry.

Into the precinct we passed, we stayed at the mist-hung door. It was the strangest feeling — mere physical sensation — to enter from that searching heat, those hot blue heavens, into the cool, the dream of dimness, where the shady marbles clustered, and the foot fell dead and awfully, where hints more awful pondered, and for our coming waited. Yea, as if from far and very far, as if beyond the grave descending, fell wondrous unwonted echoes from the tuning choir unseen. Involuntarily we paused to listen, and many others paused, — those of the quick hand or melodious forehead, those of the alien aspect who ever draw after music. Now the strings yearned fitfully, — a sea of softest dissonances; the wind awoke and moaned; the drum detonated and was still; past all the organ swept, a thundering calm.

Entering, still hushed and awful, the center of the nave, we caught sight of the transept already crowded with hungering, thirsting faces; still they too, and all there hushed and awful. The vision of the choir itself, as it is still preserved to me, is as a picture of heaven to infancy. What more like one's idea of heaven than that height, that aspiring form — the arches whose sun-kissed summits glowed in distance, whose vista stretched its boundaries from the light of rainbows at one end, on the other to the organ, music's archetype? Not less powerful, predominating, this idea of our other home, because no earthly flowers nor withering garlands made the thoughts recoil on death and destiny, — the only flowers there, the rays transfused through sun-pierced windows; the blue mist strewing aisle and wreathing arch, the only garlands. Nor less because for once an assembly gathered of all the fraternities of music, had the unmixed element of pure enthusiasm thrilled through the "electric chain" from heart to heart. Below the organ stood Seraphael's desk, as yet unhaunted; the orchestra; the chorus, as a cloud-hung company, with starlike faces in the lofty front.

I knew not much about London orchestras, and was taking a particular stare, when Miss Lawrence whispered in a manner that only aroused, not disturbed me: "There is our old friend Santonio. Do look and see how little he is altered!"

I caught his countenance instantly, — as fine, as handsome, a little worn at its edges, but rather refined by that process than otherwise. "I did not ask about him, because I did not know he was in London. He is, then, settled here; and is he very popular?"

"You need not ask the question; he is too true to himself. No, Santonio will never be rich, though he is certainly not poor."

Then she pointed to me one head and another crowned with fame; but I could only spare for them a glance, — Santonio interested me still. He was reminding me especially of himself as I remembered him, by laying his head, as he used to do, upon the only thing he ever really loved, — his violin, — when, so quietly as to take us by surprise, Seraphael entered, I may almost say rose upon us, as some new-sprung star or sun.

Down the nave the welcome rolled, across the transept it overflowed the echoes; for a few moments nothing else could be felt, but there was, as it were, a tender shadow upon the very reverberating jubilance, — it was subdued as only the musical subdue their proud emotions; it was subdued for the sake of one whose beauty, lifted over us, appeared descending, hovering from some late-left heaven, ready to depart again, but not without a sign, for which we waited. Immediately, and while he yet stood with his eyes of power upon the whole front of faces, the solo singers entered also and took their seats all calmly.

There were others besides Clara, but besides her I saw nothing, except that they were in colors, while she wore black, as ever; but never had I really known her loveliness until it shone in contrast with that which was not so lovely. More I could not perceive, for now the entering bar of silence riveted; we held our breath for the coming of the overture.

It opened like the first dawn of lightening, yet scarce yet lightened, morning, its vast subject introduced with strings alone in that joyous key which so often served him, yet as in the extreme of vaulting distance; but soon the first trombone blazed out, the second and third responding with their stupendous tones, as the amplifications of fugue involved and spread

themselves more and more, until, like glory filling up and flooding the height of heaven from the heaven of heavens itself, broke in the organ, and brimmed the brain with the calm of an utter and forceful expression, realized by tone. In sympathy with each instrument, it was alike with none, even as the white and boundless ray of which all beams, all color tones, are born. The perfect form, the distinct conception of this unbrothered work, left our spirits as the sublime fulfillment confronted them. For once had genius, upon the wings of aspiration, that alone are pure, found all it rose to seek, and mastered without a struggle all that it desired to embrace; for the pervading purpose of that creation was the passioned quietude with which it wrought its way. The vibrating harmonies, pulselike, clung to our pulses, then drew up, drew out each heart, deep-beating and distracted, to adore at the throne above from whence all beauty springs. And opening and spreading thus, too intricately, too transcendentally for criticism, we do not essay, even feebly, to portray that immortal work of a music-veiled immortal.

Inextricable holiness, precious as the old Hebrew psalm of all that hath life and breath, exhaled from every modulation, each dropped celestial fragrances, the freshness of everlasting spring. Suggestive, — our oratorio suggested nothing here, nothing that we find or feel; all that we seek and yearn to clasp, but rest in our restlessness to discover is beyond us! In nothing that form of music reminded of our forms of worship, — in the day of Paradise it might have been dreamed of, an antepast of earth's last night, and of eternity at hand, — or it might be the dream of heaven that haunts the loving one's last slumber.

I can no more describe the hush that hung above and seemed to spiritualize the listeners until, like a very cloud of mingling souls, they seemed congregated to wait for the coming of a Messiah who had left them long, promising to return; nor how, as chorus after chorus, built up, sustained, and self-supported, gathered to the stricken brain, the cloud of spirits sank, as in slumber sweeter than any dreamful stir, upon the alternating strains and songs, all softness, — all dread soothing, as the fire that burned upon the strings seemed suddenly quenched in tears. Faint supplications wafted now, now deep acclaims of joy; but all, all surcharged the spirit alike with the mysterious thrall and tenderness of that uncreate and unpronounceable Name, whose eternal love is all we need to assure us of eternal life.

It was with one of those alternate strains that Clara rose to sing, amidst silence yet unbroken, and the more impressive because of the milder symphony that stole from the violoncello, its meandering pathos asking to support and serve her voice. Herself penetrated so deeply with the wisdom of genius, she failed to remind us of herself; even her soft brow and violet eyes — violet in the dense glory of the Abbey afternoon light — were but as outward signs and vivid shadows of the spirit that touched her voice. Deeper, stiller than the violoncello notes, hers seemed as those articulated, surcharged with a revelation beyond all sound.

Calm as deep, clear as still, they were not yet passionless; though they clung and molded themselves strictly to the passion of the music, lent not a pulse of their own; nor disturbed it the rapt serenity of her singing to gaze upon her angel face. No child could have seemed less sensitive to the surrounding throng, nor have confided more implicitly in the father of its heart, than she leaned upon Seraphael's power.

I made this observation afterwards, when I had time to think; at present I could only feel, and feeling know, that the intellect is but the servant of the soul. When at length those two hours, concentrating such an eternity in their perfection of all sensation, had reached their climax, or rather when, brightening into the final chorus, unimprisoned harmonies burst down from stormy-hearted organ, from strings all shivering alike, from blasting, rending tubes, and thus bound fast the Alleluia, — it was as if the multitude had sunk upon their knees, so profound was the passion-cradling calm. The blue-golden luster, dim and tremulous, still crowned the unwavering arches, — tender and overwrought was laid that vast and fluctuating mind. So many tears are not often shed as fell in that silent while, — dew-stilly they dropped and quickened; but still not all had wept.

Many wept then who had never wept before; many who had wept before could not weep now, — among them I. Our party were as if lost to me; as I hid my face my companion did not disturb me, — she was too far herself in my own case. I do not know whether I heard, but I was aware of a stretching and breathing; the old bones stirring underneath the pavement would have shaken me less, but could not have been less to my liking; the rush, however soft, the rustle, however subdued, were agony, were torment: I could only feel, "Oh that I were

in heaven! that I might never return to earth!" But then it came upon me, to that end we must all be changed. This was sad, but of a sadness peculiarly soothing; for could we be content to remain forever as we are here, even in our holiest, our strongest moments?

During the last reverberations of that unimaginable Alleluia I had not looked up at all; now I forced myself to do so, lest I should lose my sight of *him*, — his seal upon all that glory. As Seraphael had risen to depart, the applause, stifled and trembling, but not the less by heartfuls, rose for him.

He turned his face a moment, — the heavenly half-smile was there; then at that very moment the summer sun, that, falling downwards in its piercing glare, glowed gorgeous against the flower-leaf windows, flung its burning bloom, its flushing gold, upon that countenance. We all saw it, we all felt it, — the seraph strength, the mortal beauty, — and that it was pale as the cheek of the quick and living changed in death, — that his mien was of no earthly triumph!

A PARABLE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: An American poet, critic, and scholar; born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819; died there August 12, 1891. He graduated at Harvard (1838), and was admitted to the bar (1841), but soon abandoned the legal profession for literature. In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages at Harvard; was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* (1857–1862), and of the *North American Review* (1863–1872) with C. E. Norton; United States minister to Spain (1877–1880), and to Great Britain (1880–1885). His chief poetical works are: "A Year's Life" (1841), "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "The Biglow Papers," "Commemoration Ode," "Under the Willows," "The Cathedral," "Heartsease and Rue." In prose he published: "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets," "Fireside Travels," "Among my Books," "My Study Windows," "Democracy," and "Political Essays."]

WORN and footsore was the Prophet,
When he gained the holy hill;
"God has left the earth," he murmured,
"Here his presence lingers still.

"God of all the olden prophets,
Wilt thou speak with men no more?
Have I not as truly served thee,
As thy chosen ones of yore?

"Hear me, guider of my fathers,
Lo! a humble heart is mine;
By thy mercy I beseech thee,
Grant thy servant but a sign!"

Bowing then his head, he listened
For an answer to his prayer;
No loud burst of thunder followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air:—

But the tuft of moss before him
Opened while he waited yet,
And, from out the rock's hard bosom,
Sprang a tender violet.

"God! I thank thee," said the Prophet:
"Hard of heart and blind was I,
Looking to the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy.

"Still thou speakest with thy children
Freely as in eld sublime;
Humbleness, and love, and patience,
Still give empire over time.

"Had I trusted in my nature,
And had faith in lowly things,
Thou thyself wouldst then have sought me,
And set free my spirit's wings.

"But I looked for signs and wonders,
That o'er men should give me sway,
Thirsting to be more than mortal,
I was even less than clay.

"Ere I entered on my journey,
As I girt my loins to start,
Ran to me my little daughter,
The beloved of my heart;—

"In her hand she held a flower,
Like to this as like may be,
Which, beside my very threshold,
She had plucked and brought to me."

THE LAMPLIGHTER.

By MARIA S. CUMMINS.

[Maria Susanna Cummins: An American novelist; born at Salem, Mass., April 9, 1827; died at Dorchester, Mass., October 1, 1866. She is chiefly remembered as the author of the once popular novel "The Lamplighter" (1853), of which seventy thousand copies were sold in the first year of publication. Later works are "Mabel Vaughan" and "Haunted Hearts."]

I.

It was growing dark in the city. Out in the open country it would be light for half an hour or more; but within the close streets where my story leads me it was already dusk. Upon the wooden doorstep of a low-roofed, dark, and unwholesome-looking house, sat a little girl, who was gazing up the street with much earnestness. The house door, which was open behind her, was close to the sidewalk; and the step on which she sat was so low that her little unshod feet rested on the cold bricks. It was a chilly evening in November, and a light fall of snow, which had made everything look bright and clean in the pleasant open squares, near which the fine houses of the city were built, had only served to render the narrow streets and dark lanes dirtier and more cheerless than ever; for, mixed with the mud and filth which abound in those neighborhoods where the poor are crowded together, the beautiful snow had lost all its purity.

A great many people were passing to and fro, bent on their various errands of duty or of pleasure; but no one noticed the little girl, for there was no one in the world who cared for her. She was scantily clad, in garments of the poorest description. Her hair was long and very thick; uncombed and unbecoming, if anything could be said to be unbecoming to a set of features which, to a casual observer, had not a single attraction, — being thin and sharp, while her complexion was sallow, and her whole appearance unhealthy.

She had, to be sure, fine dark eyes; but so unnaturally large did they seem, in contrast to her thin puny face, that they only increased the peculiarity of it, without enhancing its beauty. Had any one felt any interest in her (which nobody did), had she had a mother (which, alas! she had not), those friendly and partial eyes would perhaps have found something in her to praise. As it was, however, the poor little thing was told, a dozen times a day, that she was the worst-looking child in the world: and, what was more, the worst-behaved. No one loved her, and she loved no one; no one treated her kindly; no one tried to make her happy, or cared whether she were so. She was but eight years old, and all alone in the world.

There was one thing, and one only, which she found pleasure in. She loved to watch for the coming of the old man who lit the street lamp in front of the house where she lived; to see the bright torch he carried flicker in the wind; and then, when he ran up his ladder, lit the lamp so quickly and easily, and made the whole place seem cheerful, one gleam of joy was shed on a little desolate heart, to which gladness was a stranger; and, though he had never seemed to see, and certainly had never spoken to her, she almost felt, as she watched for the old lamplighter, as if he were a friend.

"Gerty," exclaimed a harsh voice within, "have you been for the milk?"

The child made no answer, but, gliding off the doorstep, ran quickly round the corner of the house and hid a little out of sight.

"What's become of that child?" said the woman from whom the voice proceeded, and who now showed herself at the door.

A boy who was passing, and had seen Gerty run, — a boy who had caught the tone of the whole neighborhood, and looked upon her as a sort of imp, or spirit of evil, — laughed aloud, pointed to the corner which concealed her, and, walking off with his head over his shoulder, to see what would happen next, exclaimed to himself, as he went, "She'll catch it! Nan Grant'll fix her!"

In a moment more, Gerty was dragged from her hiding place, and, with one blow for her ugliness and another for her impudence (for she was making up faces at Nan Grant with all her might), she was dispatched down a neighboring alley with a kettle for the milk.

She ran fast, for she feared the lamplighter would come and go in her absence, and was rejoiced, on her return, to catch sight of him, as she drew near the house, just going up his ladder. She stationed herself at the foot of it, and was so engaged in watching the bright flame, that she did not observe when the man began to descend; and, as she was directly in his way, he hit against her, as he sprang to the ground, and she fell upon the pavement. "Hello, my little one!" exclaimed he, "how's this?" as he stopped to lift her up.

She was upon her feet in an instant; for she was used to hard knocks, and did not much mind a few bruises. But the milk! — it was all spilt.

"Well! now, I declare!" said the man, "that's too bad! — what'll mammy say?" and, for the first time looking full in Gerty's face, he interrupted himself with, "My! what an odd-faced child! — looks like a witch!" Then, seeing that she looked apprehensively at the spilt milk, and gave a sudden glance up at the house, he added kindly, "She won't be hard on such a mite of a thing as you are, will she? Cheer up, my ducky! never mind if she does scold you a little. I'll bring you something, to-morrow, that I think you'll like, maybe; you're such a lonesome sort of a looking thing. And, mind, if the old woman makes a row, tell her I did it. — But didn't I hurt you? What was you doing with my ladder?"

"I was seeing you light the lamp," said Gerty, "and I an't hurt a bit; but I wish I hadn't spilt the milk."

At this moment Nan Grant came to the door, saw what had happened, and commenced pulling the child into the house, amid blows, threats, and profane and brutal language. The lamplighter tried to appease her; but she shut the door in his face. Gerty was scolded, beaten, deprived of the crust which she usually got for her supper, and shut up in her dark attic for the night. Poor little child! Her mother had died in Nan Grant's house five years before; and she had been tolerated there since, not so much because when Ben Grant went to sea he bade his wife be sure and keep the child until his return (for he had been gone so long that no one thought he would ever come back), but because Nan had reasons of her own for doing so; and, though she considered Gerty a dead weight upon her hands, she did not care to excite inquiries by trying to dispose of her elsewhere.

When Gerty first found herself locked up for the night in

the dark garret (Gerty hated and feared the dark), she stood for a minute perfectly still; then suddenly began to stamp and scream, tried to beat open the door, and shouted, "I hate you, Nan Grant! Old Nan Grant, I hate you!" But nobody came near her; and, after a while, she grew more quiet, went and threw herself down on her miserable bed, covered her face with her little thin hands, and sobbed and cried as if her heart would break. She wept until she was utterly exhausted; and then gradually, with only now and then a low sob and catching of the breath, she grew quite still. By and by she took away her hands from her face, clasped them together in a convulsive manner, and looked up at a little glazed window by the side of the bed. It was but three panes of glass unevenly stuck together, and was the only chance of light the room had. There was no moon; but, as Gerty looked up, she saw through the window shining down upon her *one* bright star. She thought she had never seen anything half so beautiful. She had often been out of doors when the sky was full of stars, and had not noticed them much; but this one, all alone, so large, so bright, and yet so soft and pleasant-looking, seemed to speak to her; it seemed to say, "Gerty! Gerty! *poor* little Gerty!" She thought it seemed like a kind face, such as she had a long time ago seen or dreamt about. Suddenly it flashed through her mind, "Who lit it? Somebody lit it! Some good person, I know! O! how could he get up so high!" And Gerty fell asleep, wondering who lit the star.

Poor little, untaught, benighted soul! Who shall enlighten thee? Thou art God's child, little one! Christ died for thee. Will he not send man or angel to light up the darkness within, to kindle a light that shall never go out, the light that shall shine through all eternity!

II.

Gerty awoke the next morning, not as children wake who are roused by each other's merry voices, or by a parent's kiss, who have kind hands to help them dress, and know that a nice breakfast awaits them. But she heard harsh voices below; knew, from the sound, that the men who lived at Nan Grant's (her son and two or three boarders) had come in to breakfast, and that her only chance of obtaining any share of the meal was to be on the spot when they had finished, to take that por-

tion of what remained which Nan might chance to throw or shove towards her. So she crept downstairs, waited a little out of sight until she smelt the smoke of the men's pipes as they passed through the passage, and, when they had all gone noisily out, she slid into the room, looking about her with a glance made up of fear and defiance. She met but a rough greeting from Nan, who told her she had better drop that ugly, sour look; eat some breakfast, if she wanted it, but take care and keep out of her way, and not come near the fire, plaguing round where she was at work, or she'd get another dressing, worse than she had last night.

Gerty had not looked for any other treatment, so there was no disappointment to bear; but, glad enough of the miserable food left for her on the table, swallowed it eagerly, and, waiting no second bidding to keep herself out of the way, took her little old hood, threw on a ragged shawl, which had belonged to her mother, and which had long been the child's best protection from the cold, and, though her hands and feet were chilled by the sharp air of the morning, ran out of the house.

Back of the building where Nan Grant lived, was a large wood and coal yard; and beyond that a wharf, and the thick muddy water of a dock. Gerty might have found playmates enough in the neighborhood of this place. She sometimes did mingle with the troops of boys and girls, equally ragged with herself, who played about in the yard; but not often, — there was a league against her among the children of the place. Poor, ragged, and miserably cared for, as most of them were, they all knew that Gerty was still more neglected and abused. They had often seen her beaten, and daily heard her called an ugly, wicked child, told that she belonged to nobody, and had no business in any one's house. Children as they were, they felt their advantage, and scorned the little outcast. Perhaps this would not have been the case if Gerty had ever mingled freely with them, and tried to be on friendly terms. But, while her mother lived there with her, though it was but a short time, she did her best to keep her little girl away from the rude herd. Perhaps that habit of avoidance, but still more a something in the child's nature, kept her from joining in their rough sports, after her mother's death had left her to do as she liked. As it was, she seldom had any intercourse with them. Nor did they venture to abuse her, otherwise than in words; for, singly, they dared not cope with her; — spirited,

sudden, and violent, she had made herself feared, as well as disliked. Once a band of them had united in a plan to tease and vex her; but, Nan Grant coming up at the moment when one of the girls was throwing the shoes, which she had pulled from Gerty's feet, into the dock, had given the girl a sound whipping, and put them all to flight. Gerty had not had a pair of shoes since; but Nan Grant, for once, had done her good service, and the children now left her in peace.

It was a sunshiny, though a cold day, when Gerty ran away from the house, to seek shelter in the wood yard. There was an immense pile of timber in one corner of the yard, almost out of sight of any of the houses. Of different lengths and unevenly placed, the planks formed, on one side, a series of irregular steps, by means of which it was easy to climb up. Near the top was a little sheltered recess, overhung by some long planks, and forming a miniature shed, protected by the wood on all sides but one, and from that looking out upon the water.

This was Gerty's haven of rest, her sanctum, and the only place from which she was never driven away. Here, through the long summer days, the little, lonesome child sat, brooding over her griefs, her wrongs, and her ugliness, sometimes weeping for hours. Now and then, when the course of her life had been smooth for a few days (that is, when she had been so fortunate as to offend no one, and had escaped whipping, or being shut up in the dark), she would get a little more cheerful, and enjoy watching the sailors belonging to a schooner hard by, as they labored on board their vessel, or occasionally rowed to and fro in a little boat. The warm sunshine was so pleasant, and the men's voices at their work so lively, that the poor little thing would for a time forget her woes.

But summer had gone; the schooner, and the sailors, who had been such pleasant company, had gone too. The weather was now cold, and for a few days it had been so stormy that Gerty had been obliged to stay in the house. Now, however, she made the best of her way to her little hiding place; and, to her joy, the sunshine had reached the spot before her, dried up the boards, so that they felt warm to her bare feet, and was still shining so bright and pleasant, that Gerty forgot Nan Grant, forgot how cold she had been, and how much she dreaded the long winter. Her thoughts rambled about some time, but at last settled down upon the kind look and voice of the old lamplighter; and then, for the first time since the

promise was made, it came into her mind that he had engaged to bring her something the next time he came. She could not believe he would remember it; but still he might, he seemed to be so good-natured, and sorry for her fall.

What could he mean to bring? Would it be something to eat? O, if it were only some shoes! But he wouldn't think of *that*. Perhaps he did not notice but she had some.

At any rate, Gerty resolved to go for her milk in season to be back before it was time to light the lamp, so that nothing should prevent her seeing him.

The day seemed unusually long, but darkness came at last; and with it came True — or rather Trueman — Flint, for that was the lamplighter's name.

Gerty was on the spot, though she took good care to elude Nan Grant's observation.

True was late about his work that night, and in a great hurry. He had only time to speak a few words in his rough way to Gerty; but they were words coming straight from as good and honest a heart as ever throbbed. He put his great, smutty hand on her head in the kindest way, told her how sorry he was she got hurt, and said, "It was a plaguy shame she should have been whipped too, and all for a spill o' milk, that was a misfortin', and no crime.

"But here," added he, diving into one of his huge pockets, "here's the critter I promised you. Take good care on't; don't 'buse it; and, I'm guessin', if it's like the mother that I've got at home, 't won't be a little ye'll be likin' it, 'fore you're done. Good-by, my little gal;" and he shouldered his ladder and went off, leaving in Gerty's hands a little gray and white kitten.

Gerty was so taken by surprise, on finding in her arms a live kitten, something so different from what she had anticipated, that she stood for a minute irresolute what to do with it. There were a great many cats, of all sizes and colors, inhabitants of the neighboring houses and yard; frightened-looking creatures, which, like Gerty herself, crept or scampered about, and often hid themselves among the wood and coal, seeming to feel, as she did, great doubts about their having a right to be anywhere. Gerty had often felt a sympathy for them, but never thought of trying to catch one, carry it home and tame it; for she knew that food and shelter were most grudgingly accorded to herself, and would not cer-

tainly be extended to her pets. Her first thought, therefore, was to throw the kitten down and let it run away.

But, while she was hesitating, the little animal pleaded for itself in a way she could not resist. Frightened by its long imprisonment and journey in True Flint's pocket, it crept from Gerty's arms up to her neck, clung there tight, and, with its low, feeble cries, seemed to ask her to take care of it. Its eloquence prevailed over all fear of Nan Grant's anger. She hugged pussy to her bosom, and made a childish resolve to love it, feed it, and, above all, keep it out of Nan's sight.

How much she came in time to love that kitten, no words can tell. Her little, fierce, untamed, impetuous nature had hitherto only expressed itself in angry passion, sullen obstinacy, and even hatred. But there were in her soul fountains of warm affection yet unstirred, a depth of tenderness never yet called out, and a warmth and devotion of nature that wanted only an object to expend themselves upon.

So she poured out such wealth of love on the little creature that clung to her for its support as only such a desolate little heart has to spare. She loved the kitten all the more for the care she was obliged to take of it, and the trouble and anxiety it gave her. She kept it, as much as possible, out among the boards, in her own favorite haunt. She found an old hat, in which she placed her own hood, to make a bed for pussy. She carried it a part of her own scanty meals; she braved for it what she would not have done for herself; for she almost every day abstracted from the kettle, when she was returning with the milk for Nan Grant, enough for pussy's supper; running the risk of being discovered and punished, the only risk or harm the poor ignorant child knew or thought of, in connection with the theft and deception; for her ideas of abstract right and wrong were utterly undeveloped. She would play with her kitten for hours among the boards, talk to it, and tell it how much she loved it. But, when the days were very cold, she was often puzzled to know how to keep herself warm out of doors, and the risk of bringing the kitten into the house was great. She would then hide it in her bosom, and run with it into the little garret room where she slept; and, taking care to keep the door shut, usually eluded Nan's eyes and ears. Once or twice, when she had been off her guard, her little playful pet had escaped from her, and scampered through the lower room and passage. Once Nan

drove it out with a broom; but in that thickly peopled region, as we have said, cats and kittens were not so uncommon as to excite inquiry.

It may seem strange that Gerty had leisure to spend all her time at play. Most children living among the poorer class of people learn to be useful even while they are very young. Numbers of little creatures, only a few years old, may be seen in our streets, about the yards and doors of houses, bending under the weight of a large bundle of sticks, a basket of shavings, or, more frequently yet, a stout baby, nearly all the care of which devolves upon them. We have often pitied such little drudges, and thought their lot a hard one. But, after all, it was not the worst thing in the world; they were far better off than Gerty, who had nothing to do at all, and had never known the satisfaction of *helping* anybody. Nan Grant had no babies; and, being a very active woman, with but a poor opinion of children's services, at the best, she never tried to find employment for Gerty, much better satisfied if she would only keep out of her sight; so that, except her daily errand for the milk, Gerty was always idle,—a fruitful source of unhappiness and discontent, if she had suffered from no other.

Nan was a Scotchwoman, no longer young, and with a temper which, never good, became worse and worse as she grew older. She had seen life's roughest side, had always been a hard-working woman, and had the reputation of being very smart and a driver. Her husband was a carpenter by trade; but she made his home so uncomfortable, that for years he had followed the sea. She took in washing, and had a few boarders; by means of which she earned what might have been an ample support for herself, had it not been for her son, an unruly, disorderly young man, spoilt in early life by his mother's uneven temper and management, and who, though a skillful workman when he chose to be industrious, always squandered his own and a large part of his mother's earnings. Nan, as we have said, had reasons of her own for keeping Gerty, though they were not so strong as to prevent her often having half a mind to rid herself of the incumbrance.

III.

When Gerty had had her kitten about a month, she took a violent cold from being out in the damp and rain; and Nan,

fearing she should have trouble with her if she became seriously ill, bade her stay in the house, and keep in the warm room where she was at work. Gerty's cough was fearful; and it would have been a great comfort to sit by the stove all day and keep warm, had it not been for her anxiety about the kitten, lest it should get lost or starve, before she was well enough to be out taking care of it; or, worst of all, come running into the house in search of her. The whole day passed away, however, and nothing was seen of pussy. Towards night, the men were heard coming in to supper. Just as they entered the door of the room where Nan and Gerty were, and where the coarse meal was prepared, one of them stumbled over the kitten, which had come in with them, unperceived.

"Cracky! what's this 'ere?" said the man whom they all were accustomed to call Jemmy; "a cat, I vow! Why, Nan, I thought you kind o' hated cats!"

"Well, 'tan't none o' mine; drive it out," said Nan.

Jemmy started to do so; but puss, suddenly drawing back, and making a circuit round his legs, sprang forward into the arms of Gerty, who was anxiously watching its fate.

"Whose kitten's that, Gerty?" said Nan.

"Mine!" said Gerty, bravely.

"Well, how long have you kept cats? I should like to know," said Nan. "Speak! how came you by this?"

The men were all looking on. Gerty was afraid of the men. They sometimes teased, and were always a source of alarm to her. She could not think of acknowledging to whom she was indebted for the gift of the kitten; she knew it would only make matters worse, for Nan had never forgiven True Flint's rough expostulation against her cruelty in beating the child for spilling the milk; and Gerty could not summon presence of mind to think of any other source to which she could ascribe the kitten's presence, or she would not have hesitated to tell a falsehood; for her very limited education had not taught her a love or habit of truth where a lie would better serve her turn, and save her from punishment. She was silent, and burst into tears.

"Come," said Jemmy, "give us some supper, Nan, and let the gal alone till arterwards."

Nan complied, ominously muttering, however.

The supper was just finished, when an organ grinder struck up a tune outside the door. The men stepped out to join the

crowd, consisting chiefly of the inmates of the house, who were watching the motions of a monkey that danced in time to the music. Gerty ran to the window to look out. Delighted with the gambols of the creature, she gazed intently, until the man and monkey moved off; so intently, that she did not miss the kitten, which, in the mean time, crept down from her arms, and, springing upon the table, began to devour the remnants of the repast. The organ grinder was not out of sight when Gerty's eyes fell upon the figure of the old lamplighter coming up the street. She thought she would stay and watch him light his lamp, when she was startled by a sharp and angry exclamation from Nan, and turned just in time to see her snatch her darling kitten from the table. Gerty sprang forward to the rescue, jumped into a chair, and caught Nan by the arm; but she firmly pushed her back with one hand, while with the other she threw the kitten half across the room. Gerty heard a sudden splash and a piercing cry. Nan had flung the poor creature into a large vessel of steaming-hot water, which stood ready for some household purpose. The little animal struggled and writhed an instant, then died in torture.

All the fury of Gerty's nature was roused. Without hesitation, she lifted a stick of wood which lay near her, and flung it at Nan with all her strength. It was well aimed, and struck the woman on the head. The blood started from the wound the blow had given; but Nan hardly felt the blow, so greatly was she excited against the child. She sprang upon her, caught her by the shoulder, and, opening the house door, thrust her out upon the sidewalk. "Ye'll never darken my doors again, yer imp of wickedness!" said she, as she rushed into the house, leaving the child alone in the cold, dark night.

When Gerty was angry or grieved, she always cried aloud, — not sobbing, as many children do, but uttering a succession of piercing shrieks, until she sometimes quite exhausted her strength. When she found herself in the street, she commenced screaming; — not from fear at being turned away from her only home, and left all alone at nightfall to wander about the city, and perhaps freeze before morning (for it was very cold), — she did not think of herself for a moment. Horror and grief at the dreadful fate of the only thing she loved in the world entirely filled her little soul. So she crouched down against the side of the house, her face hid in her hands, unconscious of the noise she was making, and unaware of the

triumph of the girl who had once thrown away her shoes, and who was watching her from the house door opposite. Suddenly she found herself lifted up and placed on one of the rounds of Trueman Flint's ladder, which still leaned against the lamp-post. True held her firmly, just high enough on the ladder to bring her face opposite his, recognized her as his old acquaintance, and asked her, in the same kind way he had used on the former occasion, what was the matter.

But Gerty could only gasp and say, "O, my kitten! my kitten!"

"What! the kitten I gave you? Well, have you lost it? Don't cry! there — don't cry!"

"O, no! not lost! O, poor kitty!" and Gerty began to cry louder than ever, and coughed at the same time so dreadfully that True was quite frightened for the child. Making every effort to soothe her, and having partially succeeded, he told her she would catch her death o' cold, and she must go into the house.

"O, she won't let me in!" said Gerty, "and I wouldn't go, if she would!"

"Who won't let you in? — your mother?"

"No! Nan Grant."

"Who's Nan Grant?"

"She's a horrid, wicked woman, that drowned my kitten in bilin' water!"

"But where's your mother?"

"I han't got none."

"Who do you belong to, you poor little thing!"

"Nobody; and I've no business anywhere!"

"But who do you live with, and who takes care of you?"

"O, I lived with Nan Grant; but I hate her. I threw a stick of wood at her head, and I wish I'd killed her!"

"Hush! hush! you mustn't say that! I'll go and speak to her."

True moved towards the door, trying to draw Gerty in with him; but she resisted so forcibly that he left her outside, and, walking directly into the room, where Nan was binding up her head with an old handkerchief, told her she had better call her little girl in, for she would freeze to death out there.

"She's no child of mine," said Nan; "she's been here long enough: she's the worst little creature that ever lived; it's a wonder I've kept her so long; and now I hope I'll never lay

eyes on her agin, — and, what's more, I don't mean to. She ought to be hung for breaking my head! I believe she's got an ill spirit in her, if ever anybody did have in this world!"

"But what'll become of her?" said True. "It's a fearful cold night. How'd you feel, marm, if she were found to-morrow morning all *friz* up just on your doorstep?"

"How'd I feel? — That's your business, is it? S'posen you take care on her yourself! Yer make a mighty deal o' fuss about the brat. Carry her home, and try how yer like her. Yer've been here a talkin' to me about her once afore; and I tell you I won't hear a word more. Let other folks see to her, I say; I've had more'n my share; and, as to her freezin', or dyin' anyhow, I'll risk her. Them children that comes into the world nobody knows how, don't go out of it in a hurry. She's the city's property — let 'em look out for her; and you'd better go long, and not meddle with what don't consarn you."

True did not wait to hear more. He was not used to women; and an angry woman was the most formidable thing to him in the world. Nan's flashing eyes and menacing attitude were sufficient warning of the coming tempest, and he wisely hastened away before it should burst upon his head.

Gerty had ceased crying when he came out, and looked up into his face with the greatest interest.

"Well," said he, "she says you shan't come back."

"O, I'm so glad!" said Gerty.

"But where'll you go to?"

"I don't know; p'raps I'll go with you, and see you light the lamps."

"But where'll you sleep to-night?"

"I don't know where; I haven't got any house. I guess I'll sleep out, where I can see the stars. I don't like dark places. But it'll be cold, won't it?"

"My goodness! You'll freeze to death, child."

"Well, what'll become of me, then?"

"The Lord only knows!"

True looked at Gerty in perfect wonder and distress. He knew nothing about children, and was astonished at her simplicity. He could not leave her there, such a cold night; but he hardly knew what he could do with her if he took her home, for he lived alone, and was poor. But another violent coughing spell decided him at once to share with her his shelter, fire, and food, for one night, at least. So he took her by the hand,

saying, "Come with me;" and Gerty ran along confidently by his side, never asking whither.

True had about a dozen more lamps to light before they reached the end of the street, when his round of duty was finished. Gerty watched him light each one with as keen an interest as if that were the only object for which she was in his company, and it was only after they had reached the corner of the street, and walked on for some distance without stopping, that she inquired where they were going.

"Going home," said True.

"Am I going to your home?" said Gerty.

"Yes," said True, "and here it is."

He opened a little gate close to the sidewalk. It led into a small and very narrow yard, which stretched along the whole length of a decent two-storied house. True lived in the back part of the house; so they went through the yard, passed by several windows and the main entrance, and, keeping on to a small door in the rear, opened it and went in. Gerty was by this time trembling with the cold; her little bare feet were quite blue with walking so far on the pavements. There was a stove in the room into which they had entered, but no fire in it. It was a large room, and looked as if it might be pretty comfortable, though it was very untidy. True made as much haste as he could to dispose of his ladder, torch, etc., in an adjoining shed; and then, bringing in a handful of wood, he lit a fire in the stove. In a few minutes there was a bright blaze, and the chilly atmosphere grew warm. Drawing an old wooden settle up to the fire, he threw his shaggy greatcoat over it, and lifting little Gerty up, he placed her gently upon the comfortable seat. He then went to work to get supper; for True was an old bachelor, and accustomed to do everything for himself. He made tea; then, mixing a great mug full for Gerty, with plenty of sugar, and all his cent's worth of milk, he produced from a little cupboard a loaf of bread, cut her a huge slice, and pressed her to eat and drink as much as she could; for he judged well when he concluded, from her looks, that she had not always been well fed; and so much satisfaction did he feel in her evident enjoyment of the best meal she had ever had, that he forgot to partake of it himself, but sat watching her with a tenderness which proved that the unerring instinct of childhood had not been wanting in Gerty, when she felt, as she watched True about his work, so long before he ever spoke to her, that

he was a friend to everybody, even to the most forlorn little girl in the world.

Trueman Flint was born and brought up in New Hampshire; but, when fifteen years old, being left an orphan, he had made his way to Boston, where he supported himself for many years by whatever employment he could obtain, having been, at different times, a newspaper carrier, a cab driver, a porter, a woodcutter, indeed, a jack-at-all-trades; and so honest, capable, and good-tempered had he always shown himself, that he everywhere won a good name, and had sometimes continued for years in the same employ. Previous to his entering upon the service in which we find him, he had been for some time a porter in a large store, owned by a wealthy and generous merchant. Being one day engaged in removing some heavy casks, he had the misfortune to be severely injured by one of them falling upon his chest. For a long time no hope was entertained of his recovering from the effects of the accident; and when he at last began to mend, his health returned so gradually that it was a year before he was able to be at work again. This sickness swallowed up the savings of years; but his late employer never allowed him to want for any comforts, provided an excellent physician, and saw that he was well taken care of.

True, however, had never been the same man since. He rose up from his sick bed ten years older in constitution, and his strength so much enfeebled that he was only fit for some comparatively light employment. It was then that his kind friend and former master obtained for him the situation he now held as lamplighter; in addition to which, he frequently earned considerable sums by sawing wood, shoveling snow, etc.

He was now between fifty and sixty years old, a stoutly-built man, with features cut in one of nature's rough molds, but expressive of much good nature. He was naturally silent and reserved, lived much by himself, was known to but few people in the city, and had only one crony, the sexton of a neighboring church, a very old man, and one usually considered very crossgrained and uncompanionable.

But we left Gerty finishing her supper; and now, when we return to her, she is stretched upon the wide settle, sound asleep, covered up with a warm blanket, and her head resting upon a pillow. True sits beside her; her little thin hand lies in his great palm, — occasionally he draws the blanket closer round her. She breathes hard; suddenly she gives a nervous

start, then speaks quickly; her dreams are evidently troubled. True listens intently to her words, as she exclaims eagerly, "O, don't! don't drown my kitty!" and then again, in a voice of fear, "O, she'll catch me! she'll catch me!" once more; and now her tones are touchingly plaintive and earnest, — "Dear, dear, good old man! let me stay with you, *do* let me stay!"

Great tears are in Trueman Flint's eyes, and rolling down the furrows of his rough cheeks; he lays his great head on the pillow and draws Gerty's little face close to his, at the same time soothing her long, uncombed hair with his hand. He too is thinking aloud; — what does *he* say?

"Catch you! — no, she *shan't!* Stay with *me!* — so you shall, I promise you, poor little birdie! All alone in this big world and so am I. Please God, we'll bide together."

THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

[LORD LYTTON, 1831–1891; son of Bulwer-Lytton; Governor-General of India 1878–1880.]

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life,
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away;
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
  He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
  Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones,
  Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song,
  Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
  Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
  To dwell in paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
  They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,
  Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
  The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
  Is life — *there are no dead.*

THE OLD STREET LAMP.

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

[Hans Christian Andersen, Danish story-teller, was born in Odense, April 2, 1805. Of so poor a family that he had to go out begging, he was intended for a tailor, but strove hard to be an actor; he was finally sent to a grammar school at state expense. He had a passion for travel, and his first book was a thumb-nail travel sketch; it was followed by "The Improvisator," "O. T.," and "Only a Fiddler," prose romances. He wrote other books of travel, many poems, and some dramas; but his title to remembrance is his mass of fairy tales, in which a vividly realizing imagination is accompanied by great humor, satire, fine spiritual perception, and acutely practical sense.]

Did you ever hear the story of the old Street Lamp? It is not very remarkable, but it may be listened to for once in a way.

It was a very honest old Lamp, that had done its work for many, many years, but which was now to be pensioned off.

It hung for the last time to its post, and gave light to the street. It felt as an old dancer at the theater, who is dancing for the last time, and who to-morrow will sit forgotten in her garret. The Lamp was in great fear about the morrow, for it knew that it was to appear in the council house, and to be inspected by the mayor and the council, to see if it were fit for further service or not.

And then it was to be decided whether it was to show its light in the future for the inhabitants of some suburb, or in the country in some manufactory; perhaps it would have to go at once into an iron foundry to be melted down. In this last case anything might be made of it; but the question whether it would remember, in its new state, that it had been a Street Lamp, troubled it terribly. Whatever might happen, this much was certain, that it would be separated from the watchman and his wife, whom it had got to look upon as quite belonging to its family. When the Lamp had been hung up for the first time the watchman was a young, sturdy man; it happened to be the very evening on which he entered on his office. Yes, that was certainly a long time ago, when it first became a Lamp and he a watchman. The wife was a little proud in those days. Only in the evening, when she went by, she deigned to glance at the Lamp; in the daytime never. But now, in these later years, when all three, the watchman, his wife, and the Lamp, had grown old, the wife had also tended it, cleaned it, and provided it with oil. The two people were thoroughly honest; never had they cheated the Lamp of a single drop of the oil provided for it.

It was the Lamp's last night in the street, and to-morrow it was to go to the council house — those were two dark thoughts! No wonder that it did not burn brightly. But many other thoughts passed through its brain. On what a number of events had it shone — how much it had seen! Perhaps as much as the mayor and the whole council had beheld. But it did not give utterance to these thoughts, for it was a good, honest old Lamp, that would not willingly hurt any one, and least of all those in authority. Many things passed through its mind, and at times its light flashed up. In such moments it had a feeling that it, too, would be remembered.

"There was that handsome young man — it is certainly a long while ago — he had a letter on pink paper with a gilt edge. It was so prettily written, as if by a lady's hand. Twice he

read it, and kissed it, and looked up to me with eyes which said plainly, 'I am the happiest of men!' Only he and I know what was written in this first letter from his true love. Yes, I remember another pair of eyes. It is wonderful how our thoughts fly about. There was a funeral procession in the street; the young, beautiful lady lay in the decorated hearse, in a coffin adorned with flowers and wreaths; and a number of torches quite darkened my light. The people stood in crowds by the houses, and all followed the procession. But when the torches had passed from before my face, and I looked round, a single person stood leaning against my post, weeping. I shall never forget the mournful eyes that looked up to me!"

This and similar thoughts occupied the old Street Lantern, which shone to-night for the last time.

The sentry, relieved from his post, at least knows who is to succeed him, and may whisper a few words to him; but the Lamp did not know its successor; and yet it might have given a few useful hints with respect to rain and fog, and some information as to how far the rays of the moon lit up the pavement, from what direction the wind usually came, and much more of the same kind.

On the bridge of the gutter stood three persons who wished to introduce themselves to the Lamp, for they thought the Lamp itself could appoint its successor. The first was a herring's head, that could gleam with light in the darkness. He thought it would be a great saving of oil if they put him upon the post. Number Two was a piece of rotten wood, which also glimmers in the dark. He conceived himself descended from an old stem, once the pride of the forest. The third person was a glowworm. Where this one had come from the Lamp could not imagine; but there it was, and it could give light. But the rotten wood and the herring's head swore by all that was good that it only gave light at certain times, and could not be brought into competition with themselves.

The old Lamp declared that not one of them gave sufficient light to fill the office of a street lamp; but not one of them would believe this. When they heard that the Lamp had not the office to give away, they were very glad of it, and declared that the Lamp was too decrepit to make a good choice.

At the same moment the Wind came careering from the corner of the street, and blew through the air holes of the old Lamp.

"What's this I hear?" he asked. "Are you to go away to-morrow? Do I see you for the last time? Then I must make you a present at parting. I will blow into your brain box in such a way that you shall be able in future not only to remember everything you have seen and heard, but that you shall have such light within you as shall enable you to see all that is read of or spoken of in your presence."

"Yes, that is really much, very much!" said the old Lamp. "I thank you heartily. I only hope I shall not be melted down."

"That is not likely to happen at once," said the Wind. "Now I will blow a memory into you: if you receive several presents of this kind, you may pass your old days very agreeably."

"If I am only not melted down!" said the Lamp again. "Or should I retain my memory even in that case?"

"Be sensible, old Lamp," said the Wind. And he blew, and at that moment the Moon stepped forth from behind the clouds.

"What will you give the old Lamp?" asked the Wind.

"I'll give nothing," replied the Moon. "I am on the wane, and the lamps never lighted me; but on the contrary, I've often given light for the lamps."

And with these words the Moon hid herself again behind the clouds, to be safe from further importunity.

A Drop now fell upon the Lamp, as if from the roof; but the Drop explained that it came from the clouds, and was a present — perhaps the best present possible.

"I shall penetrate you so completely that you shall receive the faculty, if you wish it, to turn into rust in one night, and to crumble into dust."

The Lamp considered this a bad present, and the Wind thought so too.

"Does no one give more? Does no one give more?" it blew as loud as it could.

Then a bright shooting star fell down, forming a long, bright stripe.

"What was that?" cried the Herring's Head. "Did not a star fall? I really think it went into the Lamp! Certainly if such highborn personages try for this office, we may say good night and betake ourselves home."

And so they did, all three. But the old Lamp shed a marvelous strong light around.

"That was a glorious present," it said. "The bright stars which I have always admired, and which shine as I could never shine, though I shone with all my might, have noticed me, a poor old lamp, and have sent me a present, by giving me the faculty that all I remember and see as clearly as if it stood before me, shall also be seen by all whom I love. And in this lies the true pleasure; for joy that we cannot share with others is only half enjoyed."

"That sentiment does honor to your heart," said the Wind. "But for that wax lights are necessary. If these are not lit up in you, your rare faculties will be of no use to others. Look you, the stars did not think of that; they take you and every other light for wax. But I will go down." And he went down.

"Good heavens! wax lights!" exclaimed the Lamp. "I never had those till now, nor am I likely to get them! — If I am only not melted down!"

The next day — yes, it will be best that we pass over the next day. The next evening the Lamp was resting in a grandfather's chair. And guess where! In the watchman's dwelling. He had begged as a favor of the mayor and council that he might keep the Street Lamp, in consideration of his long and faithful service, for he himself had put up and lit the lantern for the first time on the first day of entering on his duties four and twenty years ago. He looked upon it as his child, for he had no other. And the Lamp was given to him.

Now it lay in the great armchair by the warm stove. It seemed as if the Lamp had grown bigger, now that it occupied the chair all alone.

The old people sat at supper, and looked kindly at the old Lamp, to whom they would willingly have granted a place at their table.

Their dwelling was certainly only a cellar two yards below the footway, and one had to cross a stone passage to get into the room. But within it was very comfortable and warm, and strips of list had been nailed to the door. Everything looked clean and neat, and there were curtains round the bed and the little windows. On the window sill stood two curious flowerpots, which sailor Christian had brought home from the East or West Indies. They were only of clay, and represented two elephants. The backs of these creatures had been cut off; and instead of them bloomed from within the earth with which one

elephant was filled, some very excellent chives, and that was the kitchen garden; out of the other grew a great geranium, and that was the flower garden. On the wall hung a great colored print representing the Congress of Vienna. There you had all the Kings and Emperors at once. A clock with heavy weights went "tick! tick!" and in fact it always went too fast: but the old people declared this was far better than if it went too slow. They ate their supper, and the Street Lamp lay, as I have said, in the armchair close beside the stove. It seemed to the Lamp as if the whole world had been turned round. But when the old watchman looked at it, and spoke of all that they two had gone through in rain and in fog, in the bright short nights of summer and in the long winter nights, when the snow beat down, and one longed to be at home in the cellar, then the old Lamp found its wits again. It saw everything as clearly as if it was happening then; yes, the Wind had kindled a capital light for it.

The old people were very active and industrious; not a single hour was wasted in idleness. On Sunday afternoon some book or other was brought out, — generally a book of travels. And the old man read aloud about Africa, about the great woods, with elephants running about wild; and the woman listened intently, and looked furtively at the clay elephants which served for flowerpots.

"I can almost imagine it to myself!" said she.

And the Lamp wished particularly that a wax candle had been there, and could be lighted up in it; for then the old woman would be able to see everything to the smallest detail, just as the Lamp saw it — the tall trees with great branches all entwined, the naked black men on horseback, and whole droves of elephants crashing through the reeds with their broad clumsy feet.

"Of what use are all my faculties if I can't obtain a wax light?" sighed the Lamp. "They have only oil and tallow candles, and that's not enough."

One day a great number of wax-candle ends came down into the cellar: the larger pieces were burned, and the smaller ones the old woman used for waxing her thread. So there were wax candles enough; but no one thought of putting a little piece into the Lamp.

"Here I stand with my rare faculties!" thought the Lamp. "I carry everything within me, and cannot let them partake of it; they don't know that I am able to cover these white walls

with the most gorgeous tapestry, to change them into noble forests, and all that they can possibly wish."

The Lamp, however, was kept neat and clean, and stood all shining in a corner, where it caught the eyes of all. Strangers considered it a bit of old rubbish; but the old people did not care for that, — they loved the Lamp.

One day — it was the old watchman's birthday — the old woman approached the lantern, smiling to herself, and said: —

"I'll make an illumination to-day in honor of my old man!"

And the Lamp rattled its metal cover, for it thought, "Well, at last there will be a light within me." But only oil was produced, and no wax light appeared. The Lamp burned throughout the whole evening, but now understood, only too well, that the gift of the stars would be a hidden treasure for all its life. Then it had a dream: for one possessing its rare faculties to dream was not difficult. It seemed as if the old people were dead, and itself had been taken to the iron foundry to be melted down. It felt as much alarmed as on that day when it was to appear in the council house to be inspected by the mayor and council. But though the power had been given to it to fall into rust and dust at will, it did not use this power. It was put in the furnace, and turned into an iron candlestick, as fair a candlestick as you would desire — one on which wax lights were to be burned. It had received the form of an angel holding a great nosegay; and the wax light was to be placed in the middle of the nosegay.

The candlestick had a place assigned to it on a green writing table. The room was very comfortable; many books stood round about the walls, which were hung with beautiful pictures; it belonged to a poet. Everything that he wrote or composed showed itself round about him. Nature appeared sometimes in thick dark forests, sometimes in beautiful meadows, where the storks strutted about, sometimes again in a ship sailing on the foaming ocean, or in the blue sky with all its stars.

"What faculties lie hidden in me!" said the old Lamp, when it awoke. "I could almost wish to be melted down! But no! that cannot be so long as the old people live. They love me for myself; they have cleaned me and brought me oil. I am as well off now as the whole Congress, in looking at which they also take pleasure."

And from that time it enjoyed more inward peace; and the honest old Street Lamp had well deserved to enjoy it.

THE LOVERS.

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

A Whip Top and a little Ball were together in a drawer among some other toys; and the Top said to the Ball, "Shall we not be bridegroom and bride, as we live together in the same box?"

But the Ball, which had a coat of morocco leather, and was just as conceited as any fine lady, would make no answer to such a proposal.

Next day the little boy came to whom the toys belonged; he painted the Top red and yellow, and hammered a brass nail into it; and it looked splendid when the Top turned round!

"Look at me!" he cried to the Ball. "What do you say now? Shall we not be engaged to each other? We suit one another so well! You jump and I dance! No one could be happier than we two should be."

"Indeed! Do you think so?" replied the little Ball. "Perhaps you do not know my papa and mamma were morocco slippers, and that I have a Spanish cork inside me?"

"Yes, but I am made of mahogany," said the Top; "and the mayor himself turned me. He has a turning lathe of his own, and it amuses him greatly."

"Can I depend upon that?" asked the little Ball.

"May I never be whipped again if it is not true!" replied the Top.

"You can speak well for yourself," observed the Ball, "but I cannot grant your request. I am as good as engaged to a swallow; every time I leap up into the air she puts her head out of her nest and says, 'Will you?' And now I have silently said 'Yes,' and that is as good as half engaged; but I promise I will never forget you."

"Yes, that will be much good!" said the Top.

And they spoke no more to each other.

The next day the Ball was taken out by the boy. The Top saw how high it flew into the air, like a bird; at last one could no longer see it. Each time it came back again, but gave a high leap when it touched the earth, and that was done either from its longing to mount up again, or because it had a Spanish cork in its body. But the ninth time the little Ball remained

absent, and did not come back again; and the boy sought and sought, but it was gone.

"I know very well where it is!" sighed the Top. "It is in the swallow's nest, and has married the swallow."

The more the Top thought of this, the more it longed for the Ball. Just because it could not get the Ball, its love increased; and the fact that the Ball had chosen another formed a peculiar feature in the case. So the Top danced round and hummed, but always thought of the little Ball, which became more and more beautiful in his fancy. Thus several years went by, and now it was an old love.

And the Top was no longer young! But one day he was gilt all over; never had he looked so handsome; he was now a golden Top, and sprang till he hummed again. Yes, that was something worth seeing! But all at once he sprang up too high, and — he was gone.

They looked and looked, even in the cellar, but he was not to be found. Where could he be?

He had jumped into the dust box, where all kinds of things were lying: cabbage stalks, sweepings, and dust that had fallen down from the roof.

"Here's a nice place to lie in! The gilding will soon leave me here. Among what a rabble have I alighted."

And then he looked sideways at a long, leafless cabbage stump, and at a curious round thing that looked like an old apple; but it was not an apple — it was an old Ball, which had lain for years in the gutter on the roof, and was quite saturated with water.

"Thank goodness, here comes one of us, with whom one can talk!" said the little Ball, and looked at the gilt Top. "I am really morocco, worked by maiden's hands, and have a Spanish cork within me; but no one would think it, to look at me. I was very nearly marrying a swallow, but I fell into the gutter on the roof, and have lain there full five years, and become quite wet through. You may believe me; that's a long time for a young girl."

But the Top said nothing. He thought of his old love; and the more he heard, the clearer it became to him that this was she.

Then came the servant girl, and wanted to turn out the dust box.

"Aha! there's a gilt Top!" she cried.

And so the Top was brought again to notice and honor, but nothing was heard of the little Ball. And the Top spoke no more of his old love; for that dies away when the beloved object has lain for five years in a gutter and got wet through; yes, one does not know her again when he meets her in the dust box.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

[COVENTRY KEARSEY DIGHTON PATMORE, English poet, was born at Woodford, in Essex, July 23, 1823, and was librarian of the British Museum 1847–1868. He married Emily Augusta Andrews in 1847, and after her death embraced Catholicism. He ultimately removed to Hastings, where he built a large Catholic church at his own expense. His writings include: "Tamerton Church Tower" (1853), "The Angel in the House" (1854–1862), "The Unknown Eros and other Odes" (1877), "Religio Poetæ" (1893), and "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower" (1895). Patmore ardently supported the Preraphaelite movement and contributed several poems to the *Germ*, the organ of the Preraphaelites. He died in 1896.]

HONORIA.

PRELUDES.

I.

The Lover.

HE meets, by heavenly chance express,
  The destined maid; some hidden hand
Unveils to him that loveliness
  Which others cannot understand.
His merits in her presence grow,
  To match the promise in her eyes,
And round her happy footsteps blow
  The authentic airs of Paradise.
For joy of her he cannot sleep;
  Her beauty haunts him all the night;
It melts his heart, it makes him weep
  For wonder, worship, and delight.
O, paradox of love, he longs,
  Most humble when he most aspires,
To suffer scorn and cruel wrongs
  From her he honors and desires.
Her graces make him rich, and ask
  No guerdon; this imperial style

Affronts him; he disdains to bask,
  The pensioner of her priceless smile.
He prays for some hard thing to do,
  Some work of fame and labor immense,
To stretch the languid bulk and thew
  Of love's fresh-born magnipotence.
No smallest boon were bought too dear,
  Though bartered for his love-sick life;
Yet trusts he, with undaunted cheer,
  To vanquish heaven, and call her Wife.
He notes how queens of sweetness still
  Neglect their crowns, and stoop to mate;
How, self-consigned with lavish will,
  They ask but love proportionate;
How swift pursuit by small degrees,
  Love's tactic, works like miracle;
How valor, clothed in courtesies,
  Brings down the haughtiest citadel;
And therefore, though he merits not
  To kiss the braid upon her skirt,
His hope, discouraged ne'er a jot,
  Outsoars all possible desert.

II.

Love a Virtue.

Strong passions mean weak will, and he
  Who truly knows the strength and bliss
Which are in love, will own with me
  No passion but a virtue 'tis.
Few hear my word; it soars above
  The subtlest senses of the swarm
Of wretched things which know not love,
  Their Psyche still a wingless worm.
Ice cold seems heaven's noble glow
  To spirits whose vital heat is hell;
And to corrupt hearts even so
  The songs I sing, the tale I tell.
These cannot see the robes of white
  In which I sing of love. Alack,
But darkness shows in heavenly light,
  Though whiteness, in the dark, is black!

III.

Unthrift.

Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
  On her sweet self set her own price,

Knowing man cannot choose but pay,
  How has she cheapened paradise;
How given for naught her priceless gift,
  How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
  Had made brutes men, and men divine.

IV.

The Attainment.

You love? That's high as you shall go;
  For 'tis as true as Gospel text,
Not noble then is never so,
  Either in this world or the next.

The County Ball.

PRELUDES.

I.

Love Ceremonious.

Keep your undrest, familiar style
  For strangers, but respect your friend,
Her most, whose matrimonial smile
  Is and asks honor without end.
'Tis found, and needs it must so be,
  That life from love's allegiance flags,
When love forgets his majesty
  In sloth's unceremonious rags.
Let love make home a gracious Court;
  There let the world's rude, hasty ways
Be fashioned to a loftier port,
  And learn to bow and stand at gaze;
And let the sweet respective sphere
  Of personal worship there obtain
Circumference for moving clear
  None treading on another's train.
This makes that pleasures do not cloy,
  And dignifies our mortal strife
With calmness and considerate joy,
  Befitting our immortal life.

II.

The Rainbow.

A stately rainbow came and stood,
  When I was young, in High-Hurst Park;

Its bright feet lit the hill and wood
  Beyond, and cloud and sward were dark;
And I, who thought the splendor ours
  Because the place was, t'wards it flew,
And there, amidst the glittering showers,
  Gazed vainly for the glorious view.
With whatsoever's lovely, know
  It is not ours; stand off to see,
Or beauty's apparition so
  Puts on invisibility.

III.

A Paradox.

To tryst Love blindfold goes, for fear
  He should not see, and eyeless night
He chooses still for breathing near
  Beauty, that lives but in the sight.

Love in Idleness.

PRELUDES.

I.

Honor and Desert.

O queen, awake to thy renown,
  Require what 'tis our wealth to give,
And comprehend and wear the crown
  Of thy despised prerogative!
I, who in manhood's name at length
  With glad songs come to abdicate
The gross regality of strength,
  Must yet in this thy praise abate,
That, through thine erring humbleness
  And disregard of thy degree,
Mainly, has man been so much less
  Than fits his fellowship with thee.
High thoughts had shaped the foolish brow,
  The coward had grasped the hero's sword,
The vilest had been great, hadst thou,
  Just to thyself, been worth's reward.
But lofty honors undersold
  Seller and buyer both disgrace;
And favors that make folly bold
  Banish the light from virtue's face.

II.

Love and Honor.

What man with baseness so content,
  Or sick with false conceit of right,
As not to know that the element
  And inmost warmth of love's delight
Is honor? Who'd not rather kiss
  A duchess than a milkmaid, prank
The two in equal grace, which is
  Precedent Nature's obvious rank?
Much rather, then, a woman decked
  With saintly honors, chaste and good,
Whose thoughts celestial things affect,
  Whose eyes express her heavenly mood!
Those lesser vaunts are dimmed or lost
  Which plume her name or paint her lip,
Extinct in the deep glowing boast
  Of her angelic fellowship.

III.

Valor misdirected.

I'll hunt for dangers North and South,
  To prove my love, which sloth maligns!
What seems to say her rosy mouth?
  "I'm not convinced by proofs but signs."

Husband and Wife.

PRELUDES.

I.

The Married Lover.

Why, having won her, do I woo?
  Because her spirit's vestal grace
Provokes me always to pursue,
  But, spiritlike, eludes embrace;
Because her womanhood is such
  That, as on court days subjects kiss
The Queen's hand, yet so near a touch
  Affirms no mean familiarness,
Nay, rather marks more fair the height
  Which can with safety so neglect
To dread, as lower ladies might,
  That grace could meet with disrespect,
Thus she with happy favor feeds
  Allegiance from a love so high

That thence no false conceit proceeds
  Of difference bridged, or state put by;
Because, although in act and word
  As lowly as a wife can be,
Her manners, when they call me lord,
  Remind me 'tis by courtesy;
Not with her least consent of will,
  Which would my proud affection hurt,
But by the noble style that still
  Imputes an unattained desert;
Because her gay and lofty brows,
  When all is won which hope can ask,
Reflect a light of hopeless snows
  That bright in virgin ether bask;
Because, though free of the outer court
  I am, this Temple keeps its shrine
Sacred to Heaven; because, in short,
  She's not and never can be mine.

II.

The Amaranth.

Feasts satiate; stars distress with height;
  Friendship means well, but misses reach,
And wearies in its best delight
  Vexed with the vanities of speech;
Too long regarded, roses even
  Afflict the mind with fond unrest;
And to converse direct with Heaven
  Is oft a labor in the breast;
Whate'er the up-looking soul admires,
  Whate'er the senses' banquet be,
Fatigues at last with vain desires,
  Or sickens by satiety;
But truly my delight was more
  In her to whom I'm bound for aye
Yesterday than the day before,
  And more to-day than yesterday.

CRANFORD.

By Mrs. ELIZABETH C. GASKELL.

[Mrs. Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson Gaskell: An English novelist; born at Chelsea, September 29, 1810. She was the daughter of William Stevenson, a tutor and writer, and lived with her aunt at Knutsford — the Cranford of her stories — until her marriage (1832) to William Gaskell, a Unitarian minister in Manchester. She took much interest in the condition of the working classes, and during the Cotton Famine rendered invaluable service in relieving the distress of the poor. Her novels, many of which appeared first in *Household Words* and other magazines, include: "Mary Barton" (1848), "Moorland Cottage," "Cranford," "Ruth," "North and South," "Cousin Phillis," "Wives and Daughters." Her life of Charlotte Brontë is a classic, in spite of criticism. She died November 12, 1865.]

Our Society.

In the first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons; all the holders of houses, above a certain rent, are women. If a married couple come to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappears; he is either fairly frightened to death by being the only man in the Cranford evening parties, or he is accounted for by being with his regiment, his ship, or closely engaged in business all the week in the great neighboring commercial town of Drumble, distant only twenty miles on a railroad. In short, whatever does become of the gentlemen, they are not at Cranford. What could they do if they were there? The surgeon has his round of thirty miles, and sleeps at Cranford; but every man cannot be a surgeon. For keeping the trim gardens full of choice flowers without a weed to speck them; for frightening away little boys who look wistfully at the said flowers through the railings; for rushing out at the geese that occasionally venture into the gardens if the gates are left open; for deciding all questions of literature and politics without troubling themselves with unnecessary reasons or arguments; for obtaining clear and correct knowledge of everybody's affairs in the parish; for keeping their neat maidservants in admirable order; for kindness (somewhat dictatorial) to the poor, and real tender good offices to each other whenever they are in distress, — the ladies of Cranford are quite sufficient. "A man," as one of them observed to me once, "is *so* in the way in the house!" Although the ladies of Cranford know all each other's proceedings, they are exceedingly indifferent to

each other's opinions. Indeed, as each has her own individuality, not to say eccentricity, pretty strongly developed, nothing is so easy as verbal retaliation; but, somehow, good will reigns among them to a considerable degree.

The Cranford ladies have only an occasional little quarrel, spirted out in a few peppery words and angry jerks of the heads; just enough to prevent the even tenor of their lives from becoming too flat. Their dress is very independent of fashion; as they observe, "What does it signify how we dress here at Cranford, where everybody knows us?" And if they go from home, their reason is equally cogent, "What does it signify how we dress here, where nobody knows us?" The materials of their clothes are, in general, good and plain, and most of them are nearly as scrupulous as Miss Tyler, of cleanly memory; but I will answer for it, the last gigot, the last tight and scanty petticoat in wear in England, was seen in Cranford — and seen without a smile.

I can testify to a magnificent family red silk umbrella, under which a gentle little spinster, left alone of many brothers and sisters, used to patter to church on rainy days. Have you any red silk umbrellas in London? We had a tradition of the first that had ever been seen in Cranford; and the little boys mobbed it, and called it "a stick in petticoats." It might have been the very red silk one I have described, held by a strong father over a troop of little ones; the poor little lady — the survivor of all — could scarcely carry it.

Then there were rules and regulations for visiting and calls; and they were announced to any young people who might be staying in the town, with all the solemnity with which the old Manx laws were read once a year on the Tinwald Mount.

"Our friends have sent to inquire how you are after your journey to-night, my dear" (fifteen miles in a gentleman's carriage); "they will give you some rest to-morrow, but the next day, I have no doubt, they will call; so be at liberty after twelve — from twelve to three are our calling hours."

Then, after they had called —

"It is the third day; I dare say your mamma has told you, my dear, never to let more than three days elapse between receiving a call and returning it; and also, that you are never to stay longer than a quarter of an hour."

"But am I to look at my watch? How am I to find out when a quarter of an hour has passed?"

"You must keep thinking about the time, my dear, and not allow yourself to forget it in conversation."

As everybody had this rule in their minds, whether they received or paid a call, of course no absorbing subject was ever spoken about. We kept ourselves to short sentences of small talk, and were punctual to our time.

I imagine that a few of the gentlefolks of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face. We none of us spoke of money, because that subject savored of commerce and trade, and though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic. The Cranfordians had that kindly *esprit de corps* which made them overlook all deficiencies in success when some among them tried to conceal their poverty. When Mrs. Forrester, for instance, gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world, and talked on about household forms and ceremonies as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with housekeeper and steward, instead of the one little charity-school maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray upstairs if she had not been assisted in private by her mistress, who now sat in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea bread and sponge cakes.

There were one or two consequences arising from this general but unacknowledged poverty, and this very much acknowledged gentility, which were not amiss, and which might be introduced into many circles of society to their great improvement. For instance, the inhabitants of Cranford kept early hours, and clattered home in their pattens, under the guidance of a lantern bearer, about nine o'clock at night; and the whole town was abed and asleep by half-past ten. Moreover, it was considered "vulgar" (a tremendous word in Cranford) to give anything expensive, in the way of eatable or drinkable, at the evening entertainments. Wafer bread and butter and sponge biscuits were all that the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson gave; and she was sister-in-law to the late Earl of Glenmire, although she did practice such "elegant economy."

"Elegant economy!" How naturally one falls back into the phraseology of Cranford! There, economy was always "elegant," and money spending always "vulgar and ostentatious"; a sort of sour grape-ism which made us very peaceful and satisfied. I never shall forget the dismay felt when a certain Captain Brown came to live at Cranford, and openly spoke about his being poor — not in a whisper to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed, but in the public street! in a loud military voice! alleging his poverty as a reason for not taking a particular house. The ladies of Cranford were already rather moaning over the invasion of their territories by a man and a gentleman. He was a half-pay Captain, and had obtained some situation on a neighboring railroad, which had been vehemently petitioned against by the little town; and if, in addition to his masculine gender, and his connection with the obnoxious railroad, he was so brazen as to talk of being poor — why, then, indeed, he must be sent to Coventry. Death was as true and as common as poverty; yet people never spoke about that, loud out in the streets. It was a word not to be mentioned to ears polite. We had tacitly agreed to ignore that any with whom we associated on terms of visiting equality could ever be prevented by poverty from doing anything that they wished. If we walked to or from a party, it was because the night was *so* fine, or the air *so* refreshing, not because sedan chairs were expensive. If we wore prints, instead of summer silks, it was because we preferred a washing material; and so on, till we blinded ourselves to the vulgar fact that we were, all of us, people of very moderate means. Of course, then, we did not know what to make of a man who could speak of poverty as if it was not a disgrace. Yet, somehow, Captain Brown made himself respected in Cranford, and was called upon, in spite of all resolutions to the contrary. I was surprised to hear his opinions quoted as authority at a visit which I paid to Cranford about a year after he had settled in the town. My own friends had been among the bitterest opponents of any proposal to visit the Captain and his daughters only twelve months before; and now he was even admitted in the tabooed hours before twelve. True, it was to discover the cause of a smoking chimney, before the fire was lighted; but still Captain Brown walked upstairs, nothing daunted, spoke in a voice too large for the room, and joked quite in the way of a tame man about the house. He

had been blind to all the small slights, and omissions of trivial ceremonies, with which he had been received. He had been friendly, though the Cranford ladies had been cool; he had answered small sarcastic compliments in good faith; and with his manly frankness had overpowered all the shrinking which met him as a man who was not ashamed to be poor. And, at last, his excellent masculine common sense, and his facility in devising expedients to overcome domestic dilemmas, had gained him an extraordinary place as authority among the Cranford ladies. He himself went on in his course, as unaware of his popularity as he had been of the reverse; and I am sure he was startled one day when he found his advice so highly esteemed as to make some counsel which he had given in jest to be taken in sober, serious earnest.

It was on this subject: An old lady had an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter. You could not pay the short quarter-of-an-hour call without being told of the wonderful milk or wonderful intelligence of this animal. The whole town knew and kindly regarded Miss Betty Barker's Alderney; therefore great was the sympathy and regret when, in an unguarded moment, the poor cow tumbled into a lime pit. She moaned so loudly that she was soon heard and rescued; but meanwhile the poor beast had lost most of her hair, and came out looking naked, cold, and miserable, in a bare skin. Everybody pitied the animal, though a few could not restrain their smiles at her droll appearance. Miss Betty Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay; and it was said she thought of trying a bath of oil. This remedy, perhaps, was recommended by some one of the number whose advice she asked; but the proposal, if ever it was made, was knocked on the head by Captain Brown's decided "Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive. But my advice is, kill the poor creature at once."

Miss Betty Barker dried her eyes, and thanked the Captain heartily; she set to work, and by and by all the town turned out to see the Alderney meekly going to her pasture, clad in dark gray flannel. I have watched her myself many a time. Do you ever see cows dressed in gray flannel in London?

Captain Brown had taken a small house on the outskirts of the town, where he lived with his two daughters. He must have been upwards of sixty at the time of the first visit I paid

to Cranford after I had left it as a residence. But he had a wiry, well-trained, elastic figure, a stiff military throw-back of his head, and a springing step, which made him appear much younger than he was. His eldest daughter looked almost as old as himself, and betrayed the fact that his real was more than his apparent age. Miss Brown must have been forty; she had a sickly, pained, careworn expression on her face, and looked as if the gayety of youth had long faded out of sight. Even when young she must have been plain and hard-featured. Miss Jessie Brown was ten years younger than her sister, and twenty shades prettier. Her face was round and dimpled. Miss Jenkyns once said, in a passion against Captain Brown (the cause of which I will tell you p[illegible] "that she thought it was time for Miss Jessie to leave [illegible] dimples, and not always to be trying to look like a child." It was true there was something childlike in her face; and there will be, I think, till she dies, though she should live to a hundred. Her eyes were large blue wondering eyes, looking straight at you; her nose was unformed and snub, and her lips were red and dewy; she wore her hair, too, in little rows of curls, which heightened this appearance. I do not know whether she was pretty or not; but I liked her face, and so did everybody, and I do not think she could help her dimples. She had something of her father's jauntiness of gait and manner; and any female observer might detect a slight difference in the attire of the two sisters — that of Miss Jessie being about two pounds per annum more expensive than Miss Brown's. Two pounds was a large sum in Captain Brown's annual disbursements.

Such was the impression made upon me by the Brown family when I first saw them all together in Cranford Church. The Captain I had met before — on the occasion of the smoky chimney, which he had cured by some simple alteration in the flue. In church, he held his double eyeglass to his eyes during the Morning Hymn, and then lifted up his head erect and sang out loud and joyfully. He made the responses louder than the clerk — an old man with a piping feeble voice, who, I think, felt aggrieved at the Captain's sonorous bass, and quavered higher and higher in consequence.

On coming out of church, the brisk Captain paid the most gallant attention to his two daughters. He nodded and smiled to his acquaintances; but he shook hands with none until he

had helped Miss Brown to unfurl her umbrella, had relieved her of her prayer book, and had waited patiently till she, with trembling nervous hands, had taken up her gown to walk through the wet roads.

I wondered what the Cranford ladies did with Captain Brown at their parties. We had often rejoiced, in former days, that there was no gentleman to be attended to, and to find conversation for, at the card parties. We had congratulated ourselves upon the snugness of the evenings; and, in our love for gentility and distaste of mankind, we had almost persuaded ourselves that to be a man was to be "vulgar"; so that when I found my friend and hostess, Miss Jenkyns, was going to have a party in my honor, and that Captain and the Miss Browns were invited, I wondered much what would be the course of the evening. Card tables, with green-baize tops, were set out by daylight, just as usual: it was the third week in November, so the evenings closed in about four. Candles and clean packs of cards were arranged on each table. The fire was made up; the neat maidservant had received her last directions; and there we stood, dressed in our best, each with a candle lighter in our hands, ready to dart at the candles as soon as the first knock came. Parties in Cranford were solemn festivities, making the ladies feel gravely elated as they sat together in their best dresses. As soon as three had arrived, we sat down to "Preference," I being the unlucky fourth. The next four comers were put down immediately to another table; and presently the tea trays, which I had seen set out in the storeroom as I passed in the morning, were placed each on the middle of a card table. The china was delicate egg-shell: the old-fashioned silver glittered with polishing; but the eatables were of the slightest description. While the trays were yet on the tables, Captain and the Miss Browns came in; and I could see that, somehow or other, the Captain was a favorite with all the ladies present. Ruffled brows were smoothed, sharp voices lowered, at his approach. Miss Brown looked ill, and depressed almost to gloom. Miss Jessie smiled as usual, and seemed nearly as popular as her father. He immediately and quietly assumed the man's place in the room; attended to every one's wants, lessened the pretty maidservant's labor by waiting on empty cups and bread-and-butterless ladies; and yet did it all in so easy and dignified a manner, and so much as if it were a matter of course for

the strong to attend to the weak, that he was a true man throughout. He played for threepenny points with as grave an interest as if they had been pounds; and yet, in all his attention to strangers, he had an eye on his suffering daughter — for suffering I was sure she was, though to many eyes she might only appear to be irritable. Miss Jessie could not play cards, but she talked to the sitters-out, who, before her coming, had been rather inclined to be cross. She sang, too, to an old cracked piano, which I think had been a spinet in its youth. Miss Jessie sang "Jock o' Hazeldean" a little out of tune; but we were none of us musical, though Miss Jenkyns beat time, out of time, by way of appearing to be so.

It was very good of Miss Jenkyns to do this; for I had seen that, a little before, she had been a good deal annoyed by Miss Jessie Brown's unguarded admission (*à propos* of Shetland wool) that she had an uncle, her mother's brother, who was a shopkeeper in Edinburgh. Miss Jenkyns tried to drown this confession by a terrible cough — for the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson was sitting at the card table nearest Miss Jessie, and what would she say or think if she found out she was in the same room with a shopkeeper's niece! But Miss Jessie Brown (who had no tact, as we all agreed the next morning) *would* repeat the information, and assure Miss Pole she could easily get her the identical Shetland wool required "through my uncle, who has the best assortment of Shetland goods of any one in Edinbro'." It was to take the taste of this out of our mouths, and the sound of this out of our ears, that Miss Jenkyns proposed music; so I say again, it was very good of her to beat time to the song.

When the trays reappeared with biscuits and wine, punctually at a quarter to nine, there was conversation, comparing of cards, and talking over tricks; but by and by Captain Brown sported a bit of literature.

"Have you seen any numbers of 'The Pickwick Papers'? said he. (They were then publishing in parts.) "Capital thing!"

Now Miss Jenkyns was daughter of a deceased rector of Cranford; and, on the strength of a number of manuscript sermons, and a pretty good library of divinity, considered herself literary, and looked upon any conversation about books as a challenge to her. So she answered and said, "Yes, she had seen them; indeed, she might say she had read them."

"And what do you think of them?" exclaimed Captain Brown. "Aren't they famously good?"

So urged, Miss Jenkyns could not but speak.

"I must say, I don't think they are by any means equal to Dr. Johnson. Still, perhaps, the author is young. Let him persevere, and who knows what he may become if he will take the great Doctor for his model."

This was evidently too much for Captain Brown to take placidly; and I saw the words on the tip of his tongue before Miss Jenkyns had finished her sentence.

"It is quite a different sort of thing, my dear madam," he began.

"I am quite aware of that," returned she. "And I make allowances, Captain Brown."

"Just allow me to read you a scene out of this month's number," pleaded he. "I had it only this morning, and I don't think the company can have read it yet."

"As you please," said she, settling herself with an air of resignation. He read the account of the "swarry" which Sam Weller gave at Bath. Some of us laughed heartily. *I* did not dare because I was staying in the house. Miss Jenkyns sat in patient gravity. When it was ended, she turned to me, and said, with mild dignity —

"Fetch me 'Rasselas,' my dear, out of the book room."

When I brought it to her she turned to Captain Brown —

"Now allow *me* to read you a scene, and then the present company can judge between your favorite, Mr. Boz, and Dr. Johnson."

She read one of the conversations between Rasselas and Imlac, in a high-pitched majestic voice; and when she had ended she said, "I imagine I am now justified in my preference of Dr. Johnson as a writer of fiction." The Captain screwed his lips up, and drummed on the table, but he did not speak. She thought she would give a finishing blow or two.

"I consider it vulgar, and below the dignity of literature, to publish in numbers."

"How was *The Rambler* published, ma'am?" asked Captain Brown, in a low voice, which I think Miss Jenkyns could not have heard.

"Dr. Johnson's style is a model for young beginners. My father recommended it to me when I began to write letters — I

have formed my own style upon it; I recommend it to your favorite."

"I should be very sorry for him to exchange his style for any such pompous writing," said Captain Brown.

Miss Jenkyns felt this as a personal affront, in a way of which the Captain had not dreamed. Epistolary writing she and her friends considered as her *forte*. Many a copy of many a letter have I seen written and corrected on the slate, before she "seized the half-hour just previous to post time to assure" her friends of this or of that; and Dr. Johnson was, as she said, her model in these compositions. She drew herself up with dignity, and only replied to Captain Brown's last remark by saying, with marked emphasis on every syllable, "I prefer Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boz."

It is said — I won't vouch for the fact — that Captain Brown was heard to say, *sotto voce*, "D——n Dr. Johnson!" If he did, he was penitent afterwards, as he showed by going to stand near Miss Jenkyns' armchair, and endeavoring to beguile her into conversation on some more pleasing subject. But she was inexorable. The next day she made the remark I have mentioned about Miss Jessie's dimples.

Old Letters.

I have often noticed that almost every one has his own individual small economies — careful habits of saving fractions of pennies in some one peculiar direction — any disturbance of which annoys him more than spending shillings or pounds on some real extravagance. An old gentleman of my acquaintance, who took the intelligence of the failure of a Joint-Stock Bank, in which some of his money was invested, with stoical mildness, worried his family all through a long summer's day, because one of them had torn (instead of cutting) out the written leaves of his now useless bank book; of course the corresponding pages at the other end came out as well, and this little unnecessary waste of paper (his private economy) chafed him more than all the loss of his money. Envelopes fretted his soul terribly when they first came in; the only way in which he could reconcile himself to such waste of his cherished article was by patiently turning inside out all that were sent to him, and so making them serve again. Even now, though tamed by age, I see him casting wistful glances at his daughters when

they send a whole instead of a half sheet of note paper, with the three lines of acceptance to an invitation, written on only one of the sides. I am not above owning that I have this human weakness myself. String is my foible. My pockets get full of little hanks of it, picked up and twisted together, ready for uses that never come. I am seriously annoyed if any one cuts the string of a parcel instead of patiently and faithfully undoing it fold by fold. How people can bring themselves to use india-rubber rings, which are a sort of deification of strings, as lightly as they do, I cannot imagine. To me an india-rubber ring is a precious treasure. I have one which is not new — one that I picked up off the floor nearly six years ago. I have really tried to use it, but my heart failed me, and I could not commit the extravagance.

Small pieces of butter grieve others. They cannot attend to conversation because of the annoyance occasioned by the habit which some people have of invariably taking more butter than they want. Have you not seen the anxious look (almost mesmeric) which such persons fix on the article? They would feel it a relief if they might bury it out of their sight by popping it into their own mouths and swallowing it down; and they are really made happy if the person on whose plate it lies unused suddenly breaks off a piece of toast (which he does not want at all) and eats up his butter. They think that this is not waste.

Now Miss Matty Jenkyns was chary of candles. We had many devices to use as few as possible. In the winter afternoons she would sit knitting for two or three hours — she could do this in the dark, or by firelight — and when I asked if I might not ring for candles to finish stitching my wristbands, she told me to "keep blindman's holiday." They were usually brought in with tea; but we only burnt one at a time. As we lived in constant preparation for a friend who might come in any evening (but who never did), it required some contrivance to keep our two candles of the same length, ready to be lighted, and to look as if we burnt two always. The candles took it in turns; and, whatever we might be talking about or doing, Miss Matty's eyes were habitually fixed upon the candle, ready to jump up and extinguish it and to light the other before they had become too uneven in length to be restored to equality in the course of the evening.

One night, I remember this candle economy particularly annoyed me. I had been very much tired of my compulsory

"blindman's holiday," especially as Miss Matty had fallen asleep, and I did not like to stir the fire and run the risk of awakening her; so I could not even sit on the rug, and scorch myself with sewing by firelight, according to my usual custom. I fancied Miss Matty must be dreaming of her early life; for she spoke one or two words in her uneasy sleep bearing reference to persons who were dead long before. When Martha brought in the lighted candle and tea, Miss Matty started into wakefulness, with a strange bewildered look around, as if we were not the people she expected to see about her. There was a little sad expression that shadowed her face as she recognized me; but immediately afterwards she tried to give me her usual smile. All through tea time her talk ran upon the days of her childhood and youth. Perhaps this reminded her of the desirableness of looking over all the old family letters, and destroying such as ought not to be allowed to fall into the hands of strangers; for she had often spoken of the necessity of this task, but had always shrunk from it, with a timid dread of something painful. To-night, however, she rose up after tea and went for them — in the dark; for she piqued herself on the precise neatness of all her chamber arrangements, and used to look uneasily at me when I lighted a bed candle to go to another room for anything. When she returned there was a faint pleasant smell of Tonquin beans in the room. I had always noticed this scent about any of the things which had belonged to her mother; and many of the letters were addressed to her — yellow bundles of love letters, sixty or seventy years old.

Miss Matty undid the packet with a sigh; but she stifled it directly, as if it were hardly right to regret the flight of time, or of life either. We agreed to look them over separately, each taking a different letter out of the same bundle and describing its contents to the other before destroying it. I never knew what sad work the reading of old letters was before that evening, though I could hardly tell why. The letters were as happy as letters could be — at least those early letters were. There was in them a vivid and intense sense of the present time, which seemed so strong and full, as if it could never pass away, and as if the warm living hearts that so expressed themselves could never die and be as nothing to the sunny earth. I should have felt less melancholy, I believe, if the letters had been more so. I saw the tears stealing down the well-worn

furrows of Miss Matty's cheeks, and her spectacles often wanted wiping. I trusted at last that she would light the other candle, for my own eyes were rather dim, and I wanted more light to see the pale-faded ink; but no, even through her tears, she saw and remembered her little economical ways.

The earliest set of letters were two bundles tied together, and ticketed (in Miss Jenkyns' handwriting), "Letters interchanged between my ever-honored father and my dearly beloved mother, prior to their marriage, in July, 1774." I should guess that the rector of Cranford was about twenty-seven years of age when he wrote those letters; and Miss Matty told me that her mother was just eighteen at the time of her wedding. With my idea of the rector, derived from a picture in the dining parlor, stiff and stately, in a huge full-bottomed wig, with gown, cassock, and bands, and his hand upon a copy of the only sermon he ever published — it was strange to read these letters. They were full of eager passionate ardor; short homely sentences, right fresh from the heart (very different from the grand Latinized, Johnsonian style of the printed sermon, preached before some judge at assize time). His letters were a curious contrast to those of his girl bride. She was evidently rather annoyed at his demands upon her for expressions of love, and could not quite understand what he meant by repeating the same thing over in so many different ways; but what she was quite clear about was a longing for a white "Paduasoy" — whatever that might be; and six or seven letters were principally occupied in asking her lover to use his influence with her parents (who evidently kept her in good order) to obtain this or that article of dress, more especially the white "Paduasoy." He cared nothing how she was dressed; she was always lovely enough for him, as he took pains to assure her, when she begged him to express in his answers a predilection for particular pieces of finery, in order that she might show what he said to her parents. But at length he seemed to find out that she would not be married till she had a "trousseau" to her mind; and then he sent her a letter, which had evidently accompanied a whole boxful of finery, and in which he requested that she might be dressed in everything her heart desired. This was the first letter, ticketed in a frail, delicate hand, "From my dearest John." Shortly afterwards they were married, I suppose, from the intermission in their correspondence.

"We must burn them, I think," said Miss Matty, looking doubtfully at me. "No one will care for them when I am gone." And one by one she dropped them into the middle of the fire, watching each blaze up, die out, and rise away, in faint, white, ghostly semblance, up the chimney, before she gave another to the same fate. The room was light enough now; but I, like her, was fascinated into watching the destruction of those letters, into which the honest warmth of a manly heart had been poured forth.

The next letter, likewise docketed by Miss Jenkyns, was endorsed, "Letter of pious congratulation and exhortation from my venerable grandfather to my beloved mother, on occasion of my own birth. Also some practical remarks on the desirability of keeping warm the extremities of infants, from my excellent grandmother."

The first part was, indeed, a severe and forcible picture of the responsibilities of mothers, and a warning against the evils that were in the world and lying in ghastly wait for the little baby of two days old. His wife did not write, said the old gentleman, because he had forbidden it, she being indisposed with a sprained ankle, which (he said) quite incapacitated her from holding a pen. However, at the foot of the page was a small "T.O.," and on turning it over, sure enough, there was a letter to "my dear, dearest Molly," begging her, when she left her room, whatever she did, to go *up* stairs before going *down:* and telling her to wrap her baby's feet up in flannel, and keep it warm by the fire, although it was summer, for babies were so tender.

It was pretty to see from the letters, which were evidently exchanged with some frequency between the young mother and the grandmother, how the girlish vanity was being weeded out of her heart by love for her baby. The white "Paduasoy" figured again in the letters, with almost as much vigor as before. In one, it was being made into a christening cloak for the baby. It decked it when it went with its parents to spend a day or two at Arley Hall. It added to its charms when it was "the prettiest little baby that ever was seen. Dear mother, I wish you could see her! Without any parshality, I do think she will grow up a regular bewty!" I thought of Miss Jenkyns, gray, withered, and wrinkled, and I wondered if her mother had known her in the courts of heaven; and then I knew that she had, and that they stood there in angelic guise.

There was a great gap before any of the rector's letters appeared. And then his wife had changed her mode of indorsement. It was no longer from "My dearest John"; it was from "My honored Husband." The letters were written on occasion of the publication of the same Sermon which was represented in the picture. The preaching before "My Lord Judge," and the "publishing by request," was evidently the culminating point — the event of his life. It had been necessary for him to go up to London to superintend it through the press. Many friends had to be called upon, and consulted, before he could decide on any printer fit for so onerous a task; and at length it was arranged that J. and J. Rivingtons were to have the honorable responsibility. The worthy rector seemed to be strung up by the occasion to a high literary pitch, for he could hardly write a letter to his wife without cropping out into Latin. I remember the end of one of his letters ran thus: "I shall ever hold the virtuous qualities of my Molly in remembrance, *dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus regit artus*," which, considering that the English of his correspondent was sometimes at fault in grammar, and often in spelling, might be taken as a proof of how much he "idealized his Molly"; and, as Miss Jenkyns used to say, "People talk a great deal about idealizing nowadays, whatever that may mean." But this was nothing to a fit of writing classical poetry which soon seized him, in which his Molly figured away as "Maria." The letter containing the *carmen* was indorsed by her, "Hebrew verses sent me by my honored husband. I thowt to have had a letter about killing the pig, but must wait. Mem., to send the poetry to Sir Peter Arley, as my husband desires." And in a post-scriptum note in his handwriting it was stated that the Ode had appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, December, 1782.

Her letters back to her husband (treasured as fondly by him as if they had been *M. T. Ciceronis Epistolæ*) were more satisfactory to an absent husband and father than his could ever have been to her. She told him how Deborah sewed her seam very neatly every day, and read to her in the books he had set her; how she was a very "forrard," good child, but *would* ask questions her mother could not answer; but how she did not let herself down by saying she did not know, but took to stirring the fire, or sending the "forrard" child on an errand. Matty was now the mother's darling, and promised (like her sister at her age) to be a great beauty. I was reading this

aloud to Miss Matty, who smiled and sighed a little at the hope, so fondly expressed, that "little Matty might not be vain, even if she were a bewty."

"I had very pretty hair, my dear," said Miss Matilda; "and not a bad mouth." And I saw her soon afterwards adjust her cap and draw herself up.

But to return to Mrs. Jenkyns' letters. She told her husband about the poor in the parish; what homely domestic medicines she had administered; what kitchen physic she had sent. She had evidently held his displeasure as a rod in pickle over the heads of all the ne'er-do-wells. She asked for his directions about the cows and pigs; and did not always obtain them, as I have shown before.

The kind old grandmother was dead when a little boy was born, soon after the publication of the Sermon; but there was another letter of exhortation from the grandfather, more stringent and admonitory than ever, now that there was a boy to be guarded from the snares of the world. He described all the various sins into which men might fall, until I wondered how any man ever came to a natural death. The gallows seemed as if it must have been the termination of the lives of most of the grandfather's friends and acquaintance; and I was not surprised at the way in which he spoke of this life being "a vale of tears."

It seemed curious that I should never have heard of this brother before; but I concluded that he had died young, or else surely his name would have been alluded to by his sisters.

By and by we came to packets of Miss Jenkyns' letters. These Miss Matty did regret to burn. She said all the others had been only interesting to those who loved the writers, and that it seemed as if it would have hurt her to allow them to fall into the hands of strangers, who had not known her dear mother, and how good she was, although she did not always spell quite in the modern fashion; but Deborah's letters were so very superior! Any one might profit by reading them. It was a long time since she had read Mrs. Chapone, but she knew she used to think that Deborah could have said the same things quite as well; and as for Mrs. Carter! people thought a deal of her letters, just because she had written "Epictetus," but she was quite sure Deborah would never have made use of such a common expression as "I canna be fashed!"

Miss Matty did grudge burning these letters, it was evident.

She would not let them be carelessly passed over with any quiet reading, and skipping, to myself. She took them from me, and even lighted the second candle in order to read them aloud with a proper emphasis, and without stumbling over the big words. Oh dear! how I wanted facts instead of reflections, before those letters were concluded! They lasted us two nights; and I won't deny that I made use of the time to think of many other things, and yet I was always at my post at the end of each sentence.

The rector's letters, and those of his wife and mother-in-law, had all been tolerably short and pithy, written in a straight hand, with the lines very close together. Sometimes the whole letter was contained on a mere scrap of paper. The paper was very yellow, and the ink very brown; some of the sheets were (as Miss Matty made me observe) the old original post, with the stamp in the corner representing a postboy riding for life and twanging his horn. The letters of Mrs. Jenkyns and her mother were fastened with a great round red wafer; for it was before Miss Edgeworth's "Patronage" had banished wafers from polite society. It was evident, from the tenor of what was said, that franks were in great request, and were even used as a means of paying debts by needy members of Parliament. The rector sealed his epistles with an immense coat of arms, and showed by the care with which he had performed this ceremony that he expected they should be cut open, not broken by any thoughtless or impatient hand. Now, Miss Jenkyns' letters were of a later date in form and writing. She wrote on the square sheet which we have learned to call old-fashioned. Her hand was admirably calculated, together with her use of many-syllabled words, to fill up a sheet, and then came the pride and delight of crossing. Poor Miss Matty got sadly puzzled with this, for the words gathered size like snowballs, and towards the end of her letter Miss Jenkyns used to become quite sesquipedalian. In one to her father, slightly theological and controversial in its tone, she had spoken of Herod, Tetrarch of Idumea. Miss Matty read it "Herod, Petrarch of Etruria," and was just as well pleased as if she had been right.

I can't quite remember the date, but I think it was in 1805 that Miss Jenkyns wrote the longest series of letters — on occasion of her absence on a visit to some friends near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. These friends were intimate with the commandant of the garrison there, and heard from him of all the

preparations that were being made to repel the invasion of Buonaparte, which some people imagined might take place at the mouth of the Tyne. Miss Jenkyns was evidently very much alarmed; and the first part of her letters was often written in pretty intelligible English, conveying particulars of the preparations which were made in the family with whom she was residing against the dreaded event; the bundles of clothes that were packed up ready for a flight to Alston Moor (a wild hilly piece of ground between Northumberland and Cumberland); the signal that was to be given for this flight, and for the simultaneous turning out of the volunteers under arms — which said signal was to consist (if I remember rightly) in ringing the church bells in a particular and ominous manner. One day, when Miss Jenkyns and her hosts were at a dinner party in Newcastle, this warning summons was actually given (not a very wise proceeding, if there be any truth in the moral attached to the fable of the Boy and the Wolf; but so it was), and Miss Jenkyns, hardly recovered from her fright, wrote the next day to describe the sound, the breathless shock, the hurry and alarm; and then, taking breath, she added, "How trivial, my dear father, do all our apprehensions of the last evening appear, at the present moment, to calm and inquiring minds!" And here Miss Matty broke in with —

"But, indeed, my dear, they were not at all trivial or trifling at the time. I know I used to wake up in the night many a time and think I heard the tramp of the French entering Cranford. Many people talked of hiding themselves in the salt mines — and meat would have kept capitally down there, only perhaps we should have been thirsty. And my father preached a whole set of sermons on the occasion; one set in the mornings, all about David and Goliath, to spirit up the people to fighting with spades or bricks, if need were; and the other set in the afternoons, proving that Napoleon (that was another name for Bony, as we used to call him) was all the same as an Apollyon and Abaddon. I remember my father rather thought he should be asked to print this last set; but the parish had perhaps had enough of them with hearing."

Peter Marmaduke Arley Jenkyns ("poor Peter!" as Miss Matty began to call him) was at school at Shrewsbury by this time. The rector took up his pen, and rubbed up his Latin once more, to correspond with his boy. It was very

clear that the lad's were what are called show letters. They were of a highly mental description, giving an account of his studies, and his intellectual hopes of various kinds, with an occasional quotation from the classics; but, now and then, the animal nature broke out in such a little sentence as this, evidently written in a trembling hurry, after the letter had been inspected: "Mother dear, do send me a cake, and put plenty of citron in." The "mother dear" probably answered her boy in the form of cakes and "goody," for there were none of her letters among this set; but a whole collection of the rector's, to whom the Latin in his boy's letters was like a trumpet to the old war horse. I do not know much about Latin, certainly, and it is, perhaps, an ornamental language, but not very useful, I think — at least to judge from the bits I remember out of the rector's letters. One was, "You have not got that town in your map of Ireland; but *Bonus Bernardus non videt omnia*, as the Proverbia say." Presently it became very evident that "poor Peter" got himself into many scrapes. There were letters of stilted penitence to his father, for some wrongdoing; and among them all was a badly written, badly sealed, badly directed, blotted note — "My dear, dear, dear, dearest mother, I will be a better boy; I will, indeed; but don't, please, be ill for me; I am not worth it; but I will be good, darling mother."

Miss Matty could not speak for crying, after she had read this note. She gave it to me in silence, and then got up and took it to her sacred recesses in her own room, for fear, by any chance, it might get burnt. "Poor Peter!" she said; "he was always in scrapes; he was too easy. They led him wrong, and then left him in the lurch. But he was too fond of mischief. He could never resist a joke. Poor Peter!"

A SCREEN FOR MODESTY.

By COVENTRY PATMORE.

(From "The Angel in the House.")

"I saw him kiss your lips." — "'Tis true." —
"O modesty!" — "'Twas strictly kept:
He thought me asleep; at least, I knew
He thought I thought he thought I slept."

LAKE SUPERIOR AND THE GLACIAL THEORY.

By LOUIS AGASSIZ.

[Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz — not only a naturalist of high order, but one of the greatest of forces for many years in promoting popular study of science, through his zeal, magnetism, and noble character, though injured with posterity from taking the wrong side on the evolution theory — was born in Switzerland, 1807, and studied at Zürich, Heidelberg, and Munich. His first enthusiasm was comparative anatomy; circumstances led to his making ichthyology a specialty, and writing on existent and fossil fish species (1829–42). He became professor of natural history at Neufchâtel; and being also a competent geologist, framed a revolutionary theory of glacial action now become a commonplace. His "Études sur les Glaciers" appeared in 1840; "Système Glaciare" in 1847. Coming to America in 1846, he accepted the chair of zoölogy and geology at Harvard in 1848, and remained an American. In 1854 he examined Lake Superior; in 1865 headed an expedition to explore the lower Amazon and its tributaries; in 1868 was made non-resident professor of natural history at Cornell; in 1871 accompanied the Hassler expedition to the southern oceans. Among his numerous works are an "Outline of Comparative Physiology" (1843) and "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States" (4 vols., 1852). He died at Cambridge, Mass., in 1873.]

Let us investigate the mode of action, the mode of transportation of icebergs, and let us examine whether this cause is adequate to produce phenomena for which it is made to account. As mentioned above, the polished surfaces are continuous over hills and in depressions of the soil, and the scratches which run over such undulating surfaces are nevertheless continuous in straight lines. If we imagine icebergs moving upon shoals, no doubt they would scratch and polish the rocks in a way similar to moving glaciers. But upon such grounds they would sooner or later be stranded, and if they remained loose enough to move, they would, in their gyratory movements, produce curved lines, and mark the spots where they had been stranded with particular indications of their prolonged action. But nowhere upon arctic ground do we find such indications. Everywhere the polished and scratched surfaces are continuous in straight juxtaposition.

Phenomena analogous to those produced by icebergs would only be seen along the seashores; and if the theory of drifted icebergs were correct, we should have, all over those continents where erratic phenomena occur, indications of retreating shores as far as the erratic phenomena are found. But there is no such thing to be observed over the whole extent of the

North American continent, nor over Northern Europe and Asia, as far as the northern erratics extend. From the arctics to the southernmost limit of the erratic distribution, we find nowhere the indications of the action of the sea as directly connected with the production of the erratic phenomena. And wherever the marine deposits rest upon the polished surfaces of ground and scratched rocks, they can be shown to be deposits formed since the grooving and polishing of the rocks, in consequence of the subsidence of those tracts of land upon which such deposits occur.

Again, if we take for a moment into consideration the immense extent of land covered by erratic phenomena, and view them as produced by drifted icebergs, we must acknowledge that the icebergs of the *present period*, at least, are insufficient to account for them, as they are limited to a narrower zone. And to bring icebergs in any way within the extent which would answer for the extent of the distribution of erratics, we must assume that the northern ice fields, from which these icebergs could be detached and float southwards, were much larger at the time they produced such extensive phenomena than they are now. That is to say, we must assume an ice period; and if we look into the circumstances we shall find that this ice period, to answer to the phenomena, should be nothing less than an extensive cap of ice upon both poles. This is the very theory which I advocate; and unless the advocates of an iceberg theory go to that length in their premises, I venture to say, without fear of contradiction, that they will find the source of their icebergs fall short of the requisite conditions which they must assume, upon due consideration, to account for the whole phenomena as they have really been observed.

But without discussing any farther the theoretical views of the question, let me describe more minutely the facts as observed on the northern shores of Lake Superior. The polished surfaces, as such, are even, undulating, and terminate always above the rough lee side turned to the south, unless upon gentle declivities, where the polished surfaces extend in unbroken continuity upon the southern surfaces of the hills, as well as upon their northern slopes. On their eastern and western flanks, shallow valleys running east and west are as uniformly polished as those which run north and south; and this fact is more and more evident wherever scratches and furrows are

also well preserved and distinctly seen, and by their bearings we can ascertain most minutely the direction of the onward movement which produced the whole phenomena. Nothing is more striking in this respect than the valleys or depressions of the soil running east and west, where we see the scratches crossing such undulations at right angles, descending along the southern gentle slope of a hill, traversing the flat bottom below, and rising again up the next hill south, in unbroken continuity. Examples of the kind can be seen everywhere in those narrow inlets, with shallow waters intersecting the innumerable highlands along the northern shores of Lake Superior, where the scratches and furrows can be traced under water from one shore to the other, and where they at times ascend steep hills, which they cross at right angles along their northern slope, even when the southern slope, not steeper in itself, faces the south with rough escarpments.

The loose materials which produced, in their onward movement under the pressure of ice, such polishing and grooving, consisted of various sized bowlders, pebbles, and gravels, down to the most minute sand and loamy powder. Accumulations of such materials are found everywhere upon these smooth surfaces, and in their arrangement they present everywhere the most striking contrast when compared with deposits accumulated under the agency of water. Indeed, we nowhere find this glacial drift regularly stratified, being everywhere irregular accumulations of loose materials, scattered at random without selection, the coarsest and most minute particles being piled irregularly in larger or smaller heaps, the greatest bowlders standing sometimes uppermost, or in the center, or in any position among smaller pebbles and impalpable powder.

And these materials themselves are scratched, polished, and furrowed, and the scratches and furrows are rectilinear as upon the rocks *in situ* underneath, not bruised simply, as the loose materials carried onward by currents, or driven against the shores by the tides, but regularly scratched, as fragments of hard material would be if they had been fastened during their friction against each other, just as we observe them upon the lower surfaces of glaciers, where all the loose materials set in ice, as stones in their setting, are pressed and rubbed against underlying rocks. But the setting here being simply ice, these loose materials, fast at one time and movable another, and fixed and loosened again, have rubbed against the rock below in all

possible positions; and hence not only their rounded form, but also their rectilinear grooving. How such grooves could be produced under the action of currents, I leave to the advocates of such a theory to show, as soon as they shall be prepared for it.

I should not omit here to mention a fact which, in my opinion, has a great theoretical importance, namely, that in the northern erratics, even the largest bowlders, as far as I know, are rounded, and scratched, and polished — at least, all those which are found beyond the immediate vicinity of the higher mountain ranges; showing that the accumulations of ice which moved the northern erratics covered the whole country; and this view is sustained by another set of facts equally important, namely, that the highest ridges, the highest rugged mountains, at least, in this continent and north of the Alps in Europe, are as completely polished and smoothed as the lower lands, and only a very few peaks seem to have risen above the sheet of ice; whilst in the Alps the summits of the mountains stand generally above these accumulations of ice, and have supplied the surface of the glaciers with large numbers of angular bowlders, which have been carried upon the back of glaciers to the lower valleys and adjacent plains without losing their angular forms.

With respect to the irregular accumulation of drift-materials in the north, I may add that there is not only no indication of stratification among them, such, unquestionably, as water would have left, but that the very nature of these materials shows plainly that they are of terrestrial origin; for the mud which sticks between them adheres to all the little roughnesses of the pebbles, fills them out, and has the peculiar adhesive character of the mud ground under the glaciers, and differing entirely in that respect from the gravels and pebbles and sands washed by water currents, which leave each pebble clean, and never form adhering masses, unless penetrated by an infiltration of limestone.

Another important fact respecting this glacial drift consists in the universal absence of marine as well as freshwater fossils in its interior, a fact which strengthens the view that they have been accumulated by the agency of strictly terrestrial glaciers; such is at least the case everywhere far from the seashore. But we may conclude that these ancient glaciers reached, upon various points, the seashore at the time of their greatest

extension, just as they do at present in Spitzbergen and other arctic shores; and that therefore, in such proximity, phenomena of contact should be observed, indicating the onward movement of glacial material into the ocean, such as the accumulation within these materials of marine fossil remains, and also the influence of the tidal movements upon them. And now such is really the case. Nearer the seashores we observe distinctly, in some accumulations of the drift, faint indications of the action of the tide reaching the lower surface of glaciers, and the remodeling, to some extent, of the materials which there poured into the sea.

The period at which these phenomena took place cannot be fully determined, nor is it easy to ascertain whether all glacial drift is contemporaneous. It would seem, however, as if the extensive accumulation of drift all around the northern pole in Europe, Asia, and America was of the same age as the erratics of the Alps; the climatic circumstances capable of accumulating such large masses of ice around the north pole having, no doubt, extended their influence over the temperate zone, and probably produced, in high mountain chains, as the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Black Forest, and the Vosges, such accumulations of snow and ice as may have produced the erratic phenomena of those districts. But extensive changes must have taken place in the appearance of the continents over which we trace erratic phenomena, since we observe in the Old World, as well as in North America, extensive stratified deposits containing fossils which rest upon the erratics; and as we have all possible good reasons and satisfactory evidence for admitting that the erratics were transported by the agency of terrestrial glaciers, and that therefore the tracts of land over which they occur stood at that time above the level of the sea, we are led to the conclusion that these continents have subsided since that period below the level of the sea, and that over their inundated portions animal life has spread, remains of organized beings have been accumulated, which are now found in a fossil state in the deposits formed under those sheets of water.

Such deposits occur at various levels in different parts of North America. They have been noticed about Montreal, on the shores of Lake Champlain, in Maine, and also in Sweden and Russia; and, what is most important, they are not everywhere at the same absolute level above the surface of the ocean, showing that both the subsidence and the subsequent upheaval

which has again brought them above the level of the sea, have been unequal; and that we should therefore be very cautious in our inferences respecting both the continental circumstances under which the ancient glaciers were formed, and also the extent of the sea afterward, as compared with its present limits.

The contrast between the unstratified drift and the subsequently stratified deposits is so great, that they rest everywhere unconformably upon each other, showing distinctly the difference of the agency under which they were accumulated. This unconformable superposition of marine drift upon glacial drift is also beautifully shown at the above-mentioned locality near Cambridge. In this case the action of the tides in the accumulation of the stratified materials is plainly seen.

The various heights at which these stratified deposits occur above the level of the sea, show plainly that since their accumulation the mainland has been lifted above the ocean at different rates in different parts of the country; and it would be a most important investigation to have their absolute level, in order more fully to ascertain the last changes which our continents have undergone.

From the above-mentioned facts, it must be at once obvious that the various kinds of loose materials, all over the northern hemisphere, have been accumulated, not only under different circumstances, but during long-continued subsequent distinct periods, and that great changes have taken place since their deposition, before the present state of things was fully established.

To the first period — the ice period, as I have called it — belong all the phenomena connected with the transportation of erratic bowlders, the polishing, scratching, and furrowing of the rocks, and the accumulation of unstratified, scratched, and loamy drift. During that period, the mainland seems to have been, to some extent at least, higher above the level of the sea than now; as we observe on the shores of Great Britain, Norway, and Sweden, as well as on the eastern shores of North America, the polished surfaces dipping under the level of the ocean, which encroaches everywhere upon the erratics proper, effaces the polished surfaces and remodels the glacial drift. During these periods, large terrestrial animals lived upon both continents, the fossil remains of which are found in the drift of Siberia, as well as of this continent. A fossil elephant

recently discovered in Vermont adds to the resemblance, already pointed out, between the northern drift of Europe and that of North America; for fossils of that genus are now known to occur upon the northernmost point of the western extremity of North America, in New England, in Northern Europe, as well as all over Siberia.

To the second period we would refer the stratified deposits resting upon drift, which indicate that during their deposition the northern continent had again extensively subsided under the surface of the ocean.

During this period, animals, identical with those which occur in the northern seas, spread widely over parts of the globe which are now again above the level of the ocean. But, as this last elevation seems to have been gradual, and is even still going on in our day, there is no possibility of tracing more precisely, at least for the present, the limit between that epoch and the present state of things. Their continuity seems almost demonstrated by the identity of fossil shells found in these stratified deposits with those now living along the present shores of the same continent, and by the fact that changes in the relative level between sea and mainland are still going on in our day.

Indications of such relative changes between the level of the waters and the land are also observed about Lake Superior. And here they assume a very peculiar character, as the level of the lake itself, in its relation to its shores, is extensively changed.

All around Lake Superior we observe terraces at different levels; and these terraces vary in height from a few feet above the present level of the lake to several hundred feet above its surface, presenting everywhere undoubted evidence that they were formed by the waters of the lake itself.

As everywhere the lake shores are strewed with sand and pebbles stranded within certain limits by the waves, the lowest accumulations of loose materials remain within the action of heavy storms, and within such limit they are entirely deprived of vegetation.

Next, another set of beaches is observed, consisting generally of coarser materials, forming shelves above the reach of even the severest storms, as shown by the scanty cryptogamous vegetation and a few small herbaceous plants which have grown upon them.

Next, other beaches, retreating more and more from the shores, are observed, upon which an older vegetation is traced, consisting of shrubs, small trees, and a larger number of different plants, among which extensive carpets of wonderful lichens sometimes spread over large surfaces of greater extent. And the gentle slope of some of the terraces shows that the lake must have stood at this level for a longer time, as higher banks rise precipitously above them, consisting also of loose materials, which must have been worn out and washed away, for a considerable time, by the action of the waves from the lake. In such a manner, terrace above terrace may be observed, in retreating sheltered bays or along protected shores, over extensive tracts; sometimes two or three in close proximity, perhaps within twenty to fifty feet of each other; and again, extensive flat shores, spreading above to another abrupt bank, making the former shore, above which other and other terraces are seen; six, ten, even fifteen such terraces may be distinguished on one spot, forming, as it were, the steps of a gigantic amphitheater.

In connection with these lake terraces, we must consider also the river terraces which present similar phenomena along their banks all around the lake, with the difference that they slope gradually along the watercourses, otherwise resembling in their composition the lake terraces, which are altogether composed of remodeled glacial drift, which, from the influence of the water and their having been rolled on the shores, have lost, more or less, their scratches and polished appearance, and have assumed the dead smoothness of water pebbles. Such terraces occur frequently between the islands, or cover low necks connecting promontories with the mainland, thus showing, on a small scale, how by the accumulation of loose materials, isolated islands may be combined to form larger ones, and how, in the course of time, by the same process, islands may be connected with the mainland.

The lake shores present another series of interesting phenomena, especially near the mouth of larger rivers emptying into the lake over flats, where parallel walls of loose materials, driven by the action of the lake against the mouth of the river, have successively stopped its course and caused it to wind its way between the repeated accumulations of such obstacles.

An important question now arises, after considering these facts, how these successive changes in the relative level of the

lake and its shores have been introduced. Has the water been gradually subsiding, or has the shore been repeatedly lifted up? Merely from the general inferences of the more extensive phenomena described above, respecting the relative changes between land and sea, I should be inclined to admit that the land has risen, rather than to suppose that the waters have gradually flowed out. But there are about the lake itself sufficient proofs which leave in my mind not the slightest doubt that it is the land which has changed its level, and not the lake which has subsided.

WALDEN POND IN WINTER.

By HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

(From "Walden.")

[HENRY DAVID THOREAU, American writer, chiefly on nature, was born in Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817; was farmer, pencil maker, etc., for a livelihood, but his life was in observation of nature. Among his works are: "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" (1848), "Walden, or Life in the Woods" (1854), "Echoes of Harper's Ferry" (1860), "Excursions" (1863), "The Maine Woods" (1864), "Cape Cod" (1865), "A Yankee in Canada" (1866), "Early Spring in Massachusetts" (1881), "Summer" (1884), "Winter" (1888), and "Autumn" (1892). He died May 6, 1862.]

EVERY winter the liquid and trembling surface of the pond, which was so sensitive to every breath, and reflected every light and shadow, becomes solid to the depth of a foot or a foot and a half, so that it will support the heaviest teams, and perchance the snow covers it to an equal depth, and it is not to be distinguished from any level field. Like the marmots in the surrounding hills, it closes its eyelids and becomes dormant for three months or more. Standing on the snow-covered plain, as if in a pasture amid the hills, I cut my way first through a foot of snow, and then a foot of ice, and open a window under my feet, where, kneeling to drink, I look down into the quiet parlor of the fishes, pervaded by a softened light as through a window of ground glass, with its bright sanded floor the same as in summer; there a perennial, waveless serenity reigns as in the amber twilight sky, corresponding to the cool and even temperament of the inhabitants. Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads.

Early in the morning, while all things are crisp with frost, men come with fishing reels and slender lunch, and let down their fine lines through the snowy field to take pickerel and perch, — wild men, who instinctively follow other fashions and trust other authorities than their townsmen, and by their goings and comings stitch towns together in parts where else they would be ripped. They sit and eat their luncheon in stout fearnaughts on the dry oak leaves on the shore, as wise in natural lore as the citizen is in artificial. They never consulted with books, and know and can tell much less than they have done. The things which they practice are said not yet to be known. Here is one fishing for pickerel with grown perch for bait. You look into his pail with wonder as into a summer pond, as if he kept summer locked up at home, or knew where she had retreated. How, pray, did he get these in midwinter? O, he got worms out of rotten logs since the ground froze, and so he caught them. His life itself passes deeper in Nature than the studies of the naturalist penetrate; himself a subject for the naturalist. The latter raises the moss and bark gently with his knife in search of insects; the former lays open logs to their core with his ax, and moss and bark fly far and wide. He gets his living by barking trees. Such a man has some right to fish, and I love to see Nature carried out in him. The perch swallows the grubworm, the pickerel swallows the perch, and the fisherman swallows the pickerel; and so all the chinks in the scale of being are filled.

When I strolled around the pond in misty weather, I was sometimes amused by the primitive mode which some ruder fisherman had adopted. He would perhaps have placed alder branches over the narrow holes in the ice, which were four or five rods apart and an equal distance from the shore, and having fastened the end of the line to a stick to prevent its being pulled through, have passed the slack line over a twig of the alder, a foot or more above the ice, and tied a dry oak leaf to it, which, being pulled down, would show when he had a bite. These alders loomed through the mist at regular intervals as you walked halfway round the pond.

Ah, the pickerel of Walden! when I see them lying on the ice, or in the well which the fisherman cuts in the ice, making a little hole to admit the water, I am always surprised by their rare beauty, as if they were fabulous fishes, they are so foreign to the streets, even to the woods, foreign as Arabia to our Con-

cord life. They possess a quite dazzling and transcendent beauty which separates them by a wide interval from the cadaverous cod and haddock whose fame is trumpeted in our streets. They are not green like the pines, nor gray like the stones, nor blue like the sky; but they have, to my eyes, if possible, yet rarer colors, like flowers and precious stones, as if they were the pearls, the animalized *nuclei* or crystals of the Walden water. They, of course, are Walden all over and all through — are themselves small Waldens in the animal kingdom, Waldenses. It is surprising that they are caught here, — that in this deep and capacious spring, far beneath the rattling teams and chaises and tinkling sleighs that travel the Walden road, this great gold and emerald fish swims. I never chanced to see its kind in any market; it would be the cynosure of all eyes there. Easily, with a few convulsive quirks, they give up their watery ghosts, like a mortal translated before his time to the thin air of heaven.

As I was desirous to recover the long-lost bottom of Walden Pond, I surveyed it carefully, before the ice broke up, early in '46, with compass and chain and sounding line. There have been many stories told about the bottom, or rather no bottom, of this pond, which certainly had no foundation for themselves. It is remarkable how long men will believe in the bottomlessness of a pond without taking the trouble to sound it. I have visited two such Bottomless Ponds in one walk in this neighborhood. Many have believed that Walden reached quite through to the other side of the globe. Some who have lain flat on the ice for a long time, looking down through the illusive medium, perchance with watery eyes into the bargain, and driven to hasty conclusions by the fear of catching cold in their breasts, have seen vast holes "into which a load of hay might be driven," if there were anybody to drive it, the undoubted source of the Styx and entrance to the Infernal Regions from these parts. Others have gone down from the village with a "fifty-six" and a wagon load of inch rope, but yet have failed to find any bottom; for while the "fifty-six" was resting by the way, they were paying out the rope in the vain attempt to fathom their truly immeasurable capacity for marvelousness. But I can assure my readers that Walden has a reasonably tight bottom at a not unreasonable, though at an unusual, depth. I fathomed it easily with a cod line and a stone weighing about

a pound and a half, and could tell accurately when the stone left the bottom, by having to pull so much harder before the water got underneath to help me. The greatest depth was exactly one hundred and two feet, to which may be added the five feet which it has risen since, making one hundred and seven. This is a remarkable depth for so small an area; yet not an inch of it can be spared by the imagination. What if all ponds were shallow? Would it not react on the minds of men? I am thankful that this pond was made deep and pure for a symbol. While men believe in the infinite, some ponds will be thought to be bottomless.

A factory owner, hearing what depth I had found, thought that it could not be true, for, judging from his acquaintance with dams, sand would not lie at so steep an angle. But the deepest ponds are not so deep in proportion to their area as most suppose, and, if drained, would not leave very remarkable valleys. They are not like cups between the hills; for this one, which is so unusually deep for its area, appears in a vertical section through its center not deeper than a shallow plate. Most ponds, emptied, would leave a meadow no more hollow than we frequently see. William Gilpin, who is so admirable in all that relates to landscapes, and usually so correct, standing at the head of Loch Fyne, in Scotland, which he describes as "a bay of salt water, sixty or seventy fathoms deep, four miles in breadth," and about fifty miles long, surrounded by mountains, observes, "If we could have seen it immediately after the diluvian crash, or whatever convulsion of Nature occasioned it, before the waters gushed in, what a horrid chasm it must have appeared!

> So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
> Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
> Capacious bed of waters ——

But if, using the shortest diameter of Loch Fyne, we apply these proportions to Walden, which, as we have seen, appears already in a vertical section only like a shallow plate, it will appear four times as shallow. So much for the *increased* horrors of the chasm of Loch Fyne when emptied. No doubt many a smiling valley with its stretching cornfields occupies exactly such a "horrid chasm," from which the waters have receded, though it requires the insight and the far sight of the geologist to convince the unsuspecting inhabitants of this fact. Often

an inquisitive eye may detect the shores of a primitive lake in the low horizon hills, and no subsequent elevation of the plain have been necessary to conceal their history. But it is easiest, as they who work on the highways know, to find the hollows by the puddles after a shower. The amount of it is, the imagination, give it the least license, dives deeper and soars higher than Nature goes. So, probably, the depth of the ocean will be found to be very inconsiderable compared with its breadth.

As I sounded through the ice I could determine the shape of the bottom with greater accuracy than is possible in surveying harbors which do not freeze over, and I was surprised at its general regularity. In the deepest part there are several acres more level than almost any field which is exposed to the sun, wind, and plow. In one instance, on a line arbitrarily chosen, the depth did not vary more than one foot in thirty rods; and generally, near the middle, I could calculate the variation for each one hundred feet in any direction beforehand within three or four inches. Some are accustomed to speak of deep and dangerous holes even in quiet, sandy ponds like this, but the effect of water under these circumstances is to level all inequalities. The regularity of the bottom and its conformity to the shores and the range of the neighboring hills were so perfect that a distant promontory betrayed itself in the soundings quite across the pond, and its direction could be determined by observing the opposite shore. Cape becomes bar, and plain shoal, and valley and gorge deep water and channel.

When I had mapped the pond by the scale of ten rods to an inch, and put down the soundings, more than a hundred in all, I observed this remarkable coincidence. Having noticed that the number indicating the greatest depth was apparently in the center of the map, I laid a rule on the map lengthwise, and then breadthwise, and found, to my surprise, that the line of greatest length intersected the line of greatest breadth *exactly* at the point of greatest depth, notwithstanding that the middle is so nearly level, the outline of the pond far from regular, and the extreme length and breadth were got by measuring into the coves; and I said to myself, Who knows but this hint would conduct to the deepest part of the ocean as well as of a pond or puddle? Is not this the rule also for the height of mountains, regarded as the opposite of valleys? We know that a hill is not highest at its narrowest part.

Of five coves, three, or all which had been sounded, were observed to have a bar quite across their mouths and deeper water within, so that the bay tended to be an expansion of water within the land not only horizontally but vertically, and to form a basin or independent pond, the direction of the two capes showing the course of the bar. Every harbor on the sea-coast, also, has its bar at its entrance. In proportion as the mouth of the cove was wider compared with its length, the water over the bar was deeper compared with that in the basin. Given, then, the length and breadth of the cove, and the character of the surrounding shore, and you have almost elements enough to make out a formula for all cases.

In order to see how nearly I could guess, with this experience, at the deepest point in a pond, by observing the outlines of its surface and the character of its shores alone, I made a plan of White Pond, which contains about forty-one acres, and, like this, has no island in it, nor any visible inlet or outlet; and as the line of greatest breadth fell very near the line of least breadth, where two opposite capes approached each other and two opposite bays receded, I ventured to mark a point a short distance from the latter line, but still on the line of greatest length, as the deepest. The deepest part was found to be within one hundred feet of this, still farther in the direction to which I had inclined, and was only one foot deeper, namely, sixty feet. Of course, a stream running through, or an island in the pond would make the problem much more complicated.

If we knew all the laws of Nature, we should need only one fact, or the description of one actual phenomenon, to infer all the particular results at that point. Now we know only a few laws, and our result is vitiated, not, of course, by any confusion or irregularity in Nature, but by our ignorance of essential elements in the calculation. Our notions of law and harmony are commonly confined to those instances which we detect; but the harmony which results from a far greater number of seemingly conflicting, but really concurring, laws, which we have not detected, is still more wonderful. The particular laws are as our points of view, as, to the traveler, a mountain outline varies with every step, and it has an infinite number of profiles, though absolutely but one form. Even when cleft or bored through, it is not comprehended in its entireness.

What I have observed of the pond is no less true in ethics. It is the law of average. Such a rule of the two diameters not

only guides us toward the sun in the system and the heart in man, but draw lines through the length and breadth of the aggregate of a man's particular daily behaviors and waves of life into his coves and inlets, and where they intersect will be the height or depth of his character. Perhaps we need only to know how his shores trend and his adjacent country or circumstances, to infer his depth and concealed bottom. If he is surrounded by mountainous circumstances, an Achillean shore, whose peaks overshadow and are reflected in his bosom, they suggest a corresponding depth in him. But a low and smooth shore proves him shallow on that side. In our bodies, a bold projecting brow falls off to and indicates a corresponding depth of thought. Also there is a bar across the entrance of our every cove, or particular inclination; each is our harbor for a season, in which we are detained and partially landlocked. These inclinations are not whimsical usually, but their form, size, and direction are determined by the promontories of the shore, the ancient axes of elevation. When this bar is gradually increased by storms, tides, or currents, or there is a subsidence of the waters, so that it reaches to the surface, that which was at first but an inclination in the shore in which a thought was harbored becomes an individual lake, cut off from the ocean, wherein the thought secures its own conditions,—changes, perhaps, from salt to fresh, becomes a sweet sea, dead sea, or a marsh. At the advent of each individual into this life, may we not suppose that such a bar has risen to the surface somewhere? It is true, we are such poor navigators that our thoughts, for the most part, stand off and on upon a harborless coast, are conversant only with the bights of the bays of poesy, or steer for the public ports of entry, and go into the dry docks of science, where they merely refit for this world, and no natural currents concur to individualize them.

As for the inlet or outlet of Walden, I have not discovered any but rain and snow and evaporation, though perhaps, with a thermometer and a line, such places may be found, for where the water flows into the pond it will probably be coldest in summer and warmest in winter. When the icemen were at work here in '46–7, the cakes sent to the shore were one day rejected by those who were stacking them up there, not being thick enough to lie side by side with the rest; and the cutters thus discovered that the ice over a small space was two or three inches thinner than elsewhere, which made them think that

there was an inlet there. They also showed me in another place what they thought was a "leach hole," through which the pond leaked out under a hill into a neighboring meadow, pushing me out on a cake of ice to see it. It was a small cavity under ten feet of water; but I think that I can warrant the pond not to need soldering till they find a worse leak than that. One has suggested that if such a "leach hole" should be found, its connection with the meadow, if any existed, might be proved by conveying some colored powder or sawdust to the mouth of the hole, and then putting a strainer over the spring in the meadow, which would catch some of the particles carried through by the current.

While I was surveying, the ice, which was sixteen inches thick, undulated under a slight wind like water. It is well known that a level cannot be used on ice. At one rod from the shore its greatest fluctuation, when observed by means of a level on land directed toward a graduated staff on the ice, was three quarters of an inch, though the ice appeared firmly attached to the shore. It was probably greater in the middle. Who knows but if our instruments were delicate enough we might detect an undulation in the crust of the earth? When two legs of my level were on the shore and the third on the ice, and the sights were directed over the latter, a rise or fall of the ice of an almost infinitesimal amount made a difference of several feet on a tree across the pond. When I began to cut holes for sounding, there were three or four inches of water on the ice under a deep snow which had sunk it thus far; but the water began immediately to run into these holes, and continued to run for two days in deep streams, which wore away the ice on every side, and contributed essentially, if not mainly, to dry the surface of the pond; for, as the water ran in, it raised and floated the ice. This was somewhat like cutting a hole in the bottom of a ship to let the water out. When such holes freeze, and a rain succeeds, and finally a new freezing forms a fresh smooth ice over all, it is beautifully mottled internally by dark figures, shaped somewhat like a spider's web, what you may call ice rosettes, produced by the channels worn by the water flowing from all sides to a center. Sometimes, also, when the ice was covered with shallow puddles, I saw a double shadow of myself, one standing on the head of the other, one on the ice, the other on the trees or hillside.

While yet it is cold January, and snow and ice are thick and solid, the prudent landlord comes from the village to get ice to cool his summer drink; impressively, even pathetically, wise, to foresee the heat and thirst of July now in January,— wearing a thick coat and mittens! when so many things are not provided for. It may be that he lays up no treasures in this world which will cool his summer drink in the next. He cuts and saws the solid pond, unroofs the house of fishes, and carts off their very element and air, held fast by chains and stakes like corded wood, through the favoring winter air, to wintry cellars, to underlie the summer there. It looks like solidified azure, as, far off, it is drawn through the streets. These ice cutters are a merry race, full of jest and sport, and when I went among them they were wont to invite me to saw pit-fashion with them, I standing underneath.

In the winter of '46–7 there came a hundred men of Hyperborean extraction swoop down on to our pond one morning, with many car loads of ungainly-looking farming tools,— sleds, plows, drill barrows, turf knives, spades, saws, rakes, and each man was armed with a double-pointed pike staff, such as is not described in the *New England Farmer* or the *Cultivator*. I did not know whether they had come to sow a crop of winter rye, or some other kind of grain recently introduced from Iceland. As I saw no manure, I judge that they meant to skim the land, as I had done, thinking the soil was deep and had lain fallow long enough. They said that a gentleman farmer, who was behind the scenes, wanted to double his money, which, as I understood, amounted to half a million already; but in order to cover each one of his dollars with another, he took off the only coat, ay, the skin itself, of Walden Pond in the midst of a hard winter. They went to work at once, plowing, harrowing, rolling, furrowing, in admirable order, as if they were bent on making this a model farm; but when I was looking sharp to see what kind of seed they dropped into the furrow, a gang of fellows by my side suddenly began to hook up the virgin mold itself, with a peculiar jerk, clean down to the sand, or rather the water,— for it was a very springy soil,— indeed all the *terra firma* there was,— and haul it away on sleds, and then I guessed that they must be cutting peat in a bog. So they came and went every day, with a peculiar shriek from the locomotive, from and to some point of the polar regions, as it seemed to me, like a flock of Arctic snowbirds. But sometimes Squaw Walden

had her revenge, and a hired man, walking behind his team, slipped through a crack in the ground down toward Tartarus, and he who was so brave before suddenly became but the ninth part of a man, almost gave up his animal heat, and was glad to take refuge in my house, and acknowledged that there was some virtue in a stove; or sometimes the frozen soil took a piece of steel out of a plowshare, or a plow got set in the furrow and had to be cut out.

To speak literally, a hundred Irishmen, with Yankee overseers, came from Cambridge every day to get out the ice. They divided it into cakes by methods too well known to require description, and these, being sledded to the shore, were rapidly hauled off on to an ice platform, and raised by grappling irons and block and tackle, worked by horses, on to a stack, as surely as so many barrels of flour, and there placed evenly side by side, and row upon row, as if they formed the solid base of an obelisk designed to pierce the clouds. They told me that in a good day they could get out a thousand tons, which was the yield of about one acre. Deep ruts and "cradle holes" were worn in the ice, as on *terra firma*, by the passage of the sleds over the same track, and the horses invariably ate their oats out of cakes of ice hollowed out like buckets. They stacked up the cakes thus in the open air in a pile thirty-five feet high on one side and six or seven rods square, putting hay between the outside layers to exclude the air; for when the wind, though never so cold, finds a passage through, it will wear large cavities, leaving slight supports or studs only here and there, and finally topple it down. At first it looked like a vast blue fort or Valhalla; but when they began to tuck the coarse meadow hay into the crevices, and this became covered with rime and icicles, it looked like a venerable moss-grown and hoary ruin, built of azure-tinted marble, the abode of Winter, that old man we see in the almanac,—his shanty, as if he had a design to estivate with us. They calculated that not twenty-five per cent of this would reach its destination, and that two or three per cent would be wasted in the cars. However, a still greater part of this heap had a different destiny from what was intended; for, either because the ice was found not to keep so well as was expected, containing more air than usual, or for some other reason, it never got to market. This heap, made in the winter of '46–7, and estimated to contain ten thousand tons, was finally covered with hay and boards; and though it

was unroofed the following July, and a part of it carried off, the rest remaining exposed to the sun, it stood over that summer and the next winter, and was not quite melted till September, 1848. Thus the pond recovered the greater part.

Like the water, the Walden ice, seen near at hand, has a green tint, but at a distance is beautifully blue, and you can easily tell it from the white ice of the river, or the merely greenish ice of some ponds, a quarter of a mile off. Sometimes one of those great cakes slips from the iceman's sled into the village street, and lies there for a week like a great emerald, an object of interest to all passers. I have noticed that a portion of Walden which in the state of water was green will often, when frozen, appear from the same point of view blue. So the hollows about this pond will, sometimes, in the winter, be filled with a greenish water somewhat like its own, but the next day will have a frozen blue. Perhaps the blue color of water and ice is due to the light and air they contain, and the most transparent is the bluest. Ice is an interesting subject for contemplation. They told me that they had some in the ice houses at Fresh Pond five years old, which was as good as ever. Why is it that a bucket of water soon becomes putrid, but frozen remains sweet forever? It is commonly said that this is the difference between the affections and the intellect.

Thus for sixteen days I saw from my window a hundred men at work like busy husbandmen, with teams and horses and apparently all the implements of farming, such a picture as we see on the first page of the almanac; and as often as I looked out I was reminded of the fable of the lark and the reapers, or the parable of the sower, and the like; and now they are all gone, and in thirty days more, probably, I shall look from the same window on the pure sea-green Walden water there, reflecting the clouds and the trees, and sending up its evaporations in solitude, and no traces will appear that a man has ever stood there. Perhaps I shall hear a solitary loon laugh as he dives and plumes himself, or shall see a lonely fisher in his boat, like a floating leaf, beholding his form reflected in the waves, where lately a hundred men securely labored.

Thus it appears that the sweltering inhabitants of Charleston and New Orleans, of Madras and Bombay and Calcutta, drink at my well. In the morning I bathe my intellect in the stupendous and cosmogonal philosophy of the Bhagvat Geeta, since whose composition years of the gods have elapsed, and

in comparison with which our modern world and its literature seem puny and trivial; and I doubt if that philosophy is not to be referred to a previous state of existence, so remote is its sublimity from our conceptions. I lay down the book and go to my well for water, and lo! there I meet the servant of the Bramin, priest of Brahma and Vishnu and Indra, who still sits in his temple on the Ganges reading the Vedas, or dwells at the root of a tree with his crust and water jug. I meet his servant come to draw water for his master, and our buckets as it were grate together in the same well. The pure Walden water is mingled with the sacred water of the Ganges. With favoring winds it is wafted past the site of the fabulous islands of Atlantis and the Hesperides, makes the periplus of Hanno, and floating by Ternate and Tidore and the mouth of the Persian Gulf, melts in the tropic gales of the Indian seas, and is landed in ports of which Alexander only heard the names.

THE NEWCOMES.

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

[WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, English novelist and humorist, was born in Calcutta, India, July 19, 1811, and died December 24, 1863. He studied for an artist, but could not learn to draw, and after some years of struggle began to make a name in *Fraser's Magazine* by "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "The Yellowplush Papers," etc. There followed "The Paris Sketch Book"; "The Book of Snobs," "Ballads of Policeman X," Prize Novelists," etc., from *Punch;* and "The Rose and the Ring." "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes," his four great masterpieces, all came in the six years 1848–1854. His lectures on "English Humorists" and "The Four Georges" followed; then "The Virginians" (sequel to "Esmond"), "Lovel the Widower," "Philip," and the unfinished "Denis Duval," contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*, which he edited 1859–1862, and which contained also "The Roundabout Papers."]

THOMAS NEWCOME SINGS HIS LAST SONG.

THE earliest comers were the first mate and the medical officer of the ship in which the two gentlemen had come to England. The mate was a Scotchman; the doctor was a Scotchman; of the gentlemen from the Oriental Club, three were Scotchmen.

The Southrons, with one exception, were the last to arrive, and for a while we stood looking out of the windows awaiting their coming. The first mate pulled out a penknife, and

arranged his nails. The Doctor and Mr. Binnie talked of the progress of medicine. Binnie had walked the hospitals of Edinburgh before getting his civil appointment to India. The three gentlemen from Hanover Square and the Colonel had plenty to say about Tom Smith of the Cavalry, and Harry Hall of the Engineers: how Topham was going to marry poor little Bob Wallis' widow; how many lakhs Barber had brought home, and the like. The tall gray-headed Englishman, who had been in the East too, in the king's service, joined for a while in this conversation, but presently left it, and came and talked with Clive. "I knew your father in India," said the gentleman to the lad; "there is not a more gallant or respected officer in that service. I have a boy too, a stepson, who has just gone into the army; he is older than you; he was born at the end of the Waterloo year, and so was a great friend of his and mine, who was at your school, Sir Rawdon Crawley."

"He was in Gown Boys, I know," says the boy; "succeeded his uncle Pitt, fourth Baronet. I don't know how his mother — her who wrote the hymns, you know, and goes to Mr. Honeyman's chapel, comes to be Rebecca, Lady Crawley. His father, Colonel Rawdon Crawley, died at Coventry Island, in August, 182—, and his uncle, Sir Pitt, not till September here. I remember, we used to talk about it at Grey Friars, when I was quite a little chap; and there were bets whether Crawley, I mean the young one, was a Baronet or not."

"When I sailed to Rigy, Cornel," the first mate was speaking — nor can any spelling nor combination of letters of which I am master reproduce this gentleman's accent when he was talking his best — "I racklackt they used always to sairve us a drem before denner. And as your frinds are kipping the denner, and as I've no watch to-night, I'll jist do as we used to do at Rigy. James, my fine fellow, jist look alive and breng me a small glass of brandy, will ye? Did ye iver try a brandy cocktail, Cornel? Whin I sailed on the New York line, we used jest to make bits before denner: and — thank ye, James" — and he tossed off a glass of brandy.

Here a waiter announces, in a loud voice, "Sir Thomas de Boots," and the General enters, scowling round the room according to his fashion, very red in the face, very tight in the girth, splendidly attired with a choking white neckcloth, a voluminous waistcoat, and his orders on.

"Stars and garters, by jingo!" cries Mr. Frederick Bayham;

"I say, Pendennis, have you any idea, is the Duke coming? I wouldn't have come in these Bluchers if I had known it. Confound it, no — Hoby himself, my own bootmaker, wouldn't have allowed poor F. B. to appear in Bluchers if he had known that I was going to meet the Duke. My linen's all right, anyhow;" and F. B. breathed a thankful prayer for that. Indeed who but the very curious could tell that not F. B.'s, but C. H.'s — Charles Honeyman's — was the mark upon that decorous linen?

Colonel Newcome introduced Sir Thomas to every one in the room, as he had introduced us all to each other previously; and as Sir Thomas looked at one after another, his face was kind enough to assume an expression which seemed to ask, "And who the devil are you, sir?" as clearly as though the General himself had given utterance to the words. With the gentleman in the window talking to Clive he seemed to have some acquaintance, and said, not unkindly, "How d'you do, Dobbin?"

The carriage of Sir Brian Newcome now drove up, from which the Baronet descended in state, leaning upon the arm of the Apollo in plush and powder, who closed the shutters of the great coach and mounted by the side of the coachman, laced and periwigged. The Bench of Bishops has given up its wigs; cannot the box, too, be made to resign that insane decoration? Is it necessary for our comfort, that the men who do our work in stable or household should be dressed like Merry-Andrews? Enter Sir Brian Newcome, smiling blandly; he greets his brother affectionately, Sir Thomas gayly; he nods and smiles to Clive, and graciously permits Mr. Pendennis to take hold of two fingers of his extended right hand. That gentleman is charmed, of course, with the condescension. What man could be otherwise than happy to be allowed a momentary embrace of two such precious fingers? When a gentleman so favors me, I always ask, mentally, why he has taken the trouble at all, and regret that I have not had the presence of mind to poke one finger against his two. If I were worth ten thousand a year, I cannot help inwardly reflecting, and kept a large account in Threadneedle Street, I cannot help thinking he would have favored me with the whole palm.

The arrival of these two grandees has somehow cast a solemnity over the company. The weather is talked about: brilliant in itself, it does not occasion very brilliant remarks among

Colonel Newcome's guests. Sir Brian really thinks it must be as hot as it is in India. Sir Thomas de Boots, swelling in his white waistcoat, in the armholes of which his thumbs are engaged, smiles scornfully, and wishes Sir Brian had ever felt a good sweltering day in the hot winds in India. Sir Brian withdraws the untenable proposition that London is as hot as Calcutta. Mr. Binnie looks at his watch, and at the Colonel. "We have only your nephew, Tom, to wait for," he says; "I think we may make so bold as to order the dinner,"—a proposal heartily seconded by Mr. Frederick Bayham.

The dinner appears steaming, borne by steaming waiters. The grandees take their places, one on each side of the Colonel. He begs Mr. Honeyman to say grace, and stands reverentially during that brief ceremony, while De Boots looks queerly at him from over his napkin. All the young men take their places at the further end of the table, round about Mr. Binnie; and, at the end of the second course, Mr. Barnes Newcome makes his appearance.

Mr. Barnes does not show the slightest degree of disturbance, although he disturbs all the company. Soup and fish are brought for him, and meat, which he leisurely eats, while twelve other gentlemen are kept waiting. We mark Mr. Binnie's twinkling eyes as they watch the young man. "Eh," he seems to say, "but that's just about as free-and-easy a young chap as ever I set eyes on." And so Mr. Barnes *was* a cool young chap. That dish is so good, he must really have some more. He discusses the second supply leisurely; and turning round, simpering, to his neighbor, says, "I really hope I'm not keeping everybody waiting."

"Hem!" grunts the neighbor, Mr. Bayham; "it doesn't much matter, for we had all pretty well done dinner." Barnes takes a note of Mr. Bayham's dress—his long frock coat, the ribbon round his neck; and surveys him with an admirable impudence. "Who are these people," thinks he, "my uncle has got together?" He bows graciously to the Colonel, who asks him to take wine. He is so insufferably affable, that every man near him would like to give him a beating.

All the time of the dinner the host was challenging everybody to drink wine, in his honest old-fashioned way, and Mr. Binnie, seconding the chief entertainer. Such was the way in England and Scotland when they were young men. And when Binnie, asking Sir Brian, receives for reply from the Baronet

—"Thank you, no, my dear sir; I have exceeded already, positively exceeded;" the poor discomfited gentleman hardly knows whither to apply; but luckily, Tom Norris, the first mate, comes to his rescue, and cries out, "Mr. Binnie, *I've* not had enough, and I'll drink a glass of anything ye like with ye." The fact is, that Mr. Norris *has* had enough. He has drunk bumpers to the health of every member of the company; his glass has been filled scores of times by watchful waiters. So has Mr. Bayham absorbed great quantities of drink; but without any visible effect on that veteran toper. So has young Clive taken more than is good for him. His cheeks are flushed and burning; he is chattering and laughing loudly at his end of the table. Mr. Warrington eyes the lad with some curiosity; and then regards Mr. Barnes with a look of scorn, which does not scorch that affable young person.

I am obliged to confess that the mate of the Indiaman, at an early period of the dessert, and when nobody had asked him for any such public expression of his opinion, insisted on rising and proposing the health of Colonel Newcome, whose virtues he lauded outrageously, and whom he pronounced to be one of the best of mortal men. Sir Brian looked very much alarmed at the commencement of this speech, which the mate delivered with immense shrieks and gesticulation: but the Baronet recovered during the course of the rambling oration, and, at its conclusion, gracefully tapped the table with one of those patronizing fingers; and lifting up a glass containing at least a thimbleful of claret, said, "My dear brother, I drink your health with all my heart, I'm su-ah." The youthful Barnes had uttered many "Hear, hears!" during the discourse, with an irony which, with every fresh glass of wine he drank, he cared less to conceal. And though Barnes had come late he had drunk largely, making up for lost time.

Those ironical cheers, and all his cousin's behavior during dinner, had struck young Clive, who was growing very angry. He growled out remarks uncomplimentary to Barnes. His eyes, as he looked towards his kinsman, flashed challenges, of which we who were watching him could see the warlike purport. Warrington looked at Bayham and Pendennis with glances of apprehension. We saw that danger was brooding, unless the one young man could be restrained from his impertinence, and the other from his wine.

Colonel Newcome said a very few words in reply to his

honest friend the chief mate, and there the matter might have ended; but I am sorry to say Mr. Binnie now thought it necessary to rise and deliver himself of some remarks regarding the King's service, coupled with the name of Major General Sir Thomas de Boots, K.C.B., etc. — the receipt of which that gallant officer was obliged to acknowledge in a confusion amounting almost to apoplexy. The glasses went whack whack upon the hospitable board; the evening set in for public speaking. Encouraged by his last effort, Mr. Binnie now proposed Sir Brian Newcome's health; and that Baronet rose and uttered an exceedingly lengthy speech, delivered with his wineglass on his bosom.

Then that sad rogue Bayham must get up, and call earnestly and respectfully for silence and the chairman's hearty sympathy, for the few observations which he had to propose. "Our armies had been drunk with proper enthusiasm — such men as he beheld around him deserved the applause of all honest hearts, and merited the cheers with which their names had been received. ("Hear, hear!" from Barnes Newcome sarcastically. "Hear, hear, HEAR!" fiercely from Clive.) But whilst we applauded our army, should we forget a profession still more exalted? Yes, still more exalted, I say in the face of the gallant General opposite; and that profession, I need not say, is the Church. (Applause.) Gentlemen, we have among us one who, while partaking largely of the dainties on this festive board, drinking freely of the sparkling wine cup which our gallant friend's hospitality administers to us, sanctifies by his presence the feast of which he partakes, inaugurates with appropriate benedictions, and graces it I may say, both before and after meat. Gentlemen, Charles Honeyman was the friend of my childhood, his father the instructor of my early days. If Frederick Bayham's latter life has been checkered by misfortune, it may be that I have forgotten the precepts which the venerable parent of Charles Honeyman poured into an inattentive ear. He too, as a child, was not exempt from faults; as a young man, I am told, not quite free from youthful indiscretions. But in this present Anno Domini, we hail Charles Honeyman as a precept and an example, as a *decus fidei* and a *lumen ecclesiæ* (as I told him in the confidence of the private circle this morning, and ere I ever thought to publish my opinion in this distinguished company). Colonel Newcome and Mr. Binnie! I drink to the health of the Reverend Charles Honeyman, A.M. May we

listen to many more of his sermons, as well as to that admirable discourse with which I am sure he is about to electrify us now. May we profit by his eloquence, and cherish in our memories the truths which come mended from his tongue!" He ceased; poor Honeyman had to rise on his legs, and gasp out a few incoherent remarks in reply. Without a book before him, the Incumbent of Lady Whittlesea's Chapel was no prophet, and the truth is he made poor work of his oration.

At the end of it, he, Sir Brian, Colonel Dobbin, and one of the Indian gentlemen quitted the room, in spite of the loud outcries of our generous host, who insisted that the party should not break up. "Close up, gentlemen," called out honest Newcome, "we are not going to part just yet. Let me fill your glass, General. You used to have no objection to a glass of wine." And he poured out a bumper for his friend, which the old campaigner sucked in with fitting gusto. "Who will give us a song? Binnie, give us the 'Laird of Cockpen.' It's capital, my dear General. Capital," the Colonel whispered to his neighbor.

Mr. Binnie struck up the "Laird of Cockpen," without, I am bound to say, the least reluctance. He bobbed to one man, and he winked to another, and he tossed his glass, and gave all the points of his song in a manner which did credit to his simplicity and his humor. You haughty southerners little know how a jolly Scotch gentleman can *desipere in loco*, and how he chirrups over his honest cups. I do not say whether it was with the song or with Mr. Binnie that we were most amused. It was a good commonty, as Christopher Sly says; nor were we sorry when it was done.

Him the first mate succeeded; after which came a song from the redoubted F. Bayham, which he sang with a bass voice which Lablache might envy, and of which the chorus was frantically sung by the whole company. The cry was then for the Colonel; on which Barnes Newcome, who had been drinking much, started up with something like an oath, crying, "Oh, I can't stand this."

"Then leave it, confound you!" said young Clive, with fury in his face. "If our company is not good enough for you, why do you come into it?"

"What's that?" asks Barnes, who was evidently affected by wine. Bayham roared, "Silence!" and Barnes Newcome, looking round with a tipsy toss of the head, finally sat down.

The Colonel sang, as we have said, with a very high voice, using freely the falsetto, after the manner of the tenor singers of his day. He chose one of his maritime songs, and got through the first verse very well, Barnes wagging his head at the chorus, with a "Bravo!" so offensive that Fred Bayham, his neighbor, gripped the young man's arm, and told him to hold his confounded tongue.

The Colonel began his second verse: and here, as will often happen to amateur singers, his falsetto broke down. He was not in the least annoyed, for I saw him smile very good-naturedly: and he was going to try the verse again, when that unlucky Barnes first gave a sort of crowing imitation of the song, and then burst into a yell of laughter. Clive dashed a glass of wine in his face at the next minute, glass and all; and no one who had watched the young man's behavior was sorry for the insult.

I never saw a kind face express more terror than Colonel Newcome's. He started back as if he had himself received the blow from his son. "Gracious God!" he cried out. "My boy insult a gentleman at my table!"

"I'd like to do it again," says Clive, whose whole body was trembling with anger.

"Are you drunk, sir?" shouted his father.

"The boy served the young fellow right, sir," growled Fred Bayham, in his deepest voice. "Come along, young man. Stand up straight, and keep a civil tongue in your head next time, mind you, when you dine with gentlemen. It's easy to see," says Fred, looking round with a knowing air, "that this young man hasn't got the usages of society — he's not been accustomed to it:" and he led the dandy out.

Others had meanwhile explained the state of the case to the Colonel — including Sir Thomas de Boots, who was highly energetic and delighted with Clive's spirit; and some were for having the song to continue; but the Colonel, puffing his cigar, said, "No. My pipe is out. I will never sing again." So this history will record no more of Thomas Newcome's musical performances.

Clive woke up the next morning to be aware of a racking headache, and, by the dim light of his throbbing eyes, to behold his father with solemn face at his bed foot — a reproving conscience to greet his waking.

"You drank too much wine last night, and disgraced yourself, sir," the old soldier said. "You must get up and eat humble pie this morning, my boy."

"Humble what, father?" asked the lad, hardly aware of his words, or the scene before him. "Oh, I've got such a headache!"

"Serves you right, sir. Many a young fellow has had to go on parade in the morning with a headache earned overnight. Drink this water. Now jump up. Now dash the water well over your head. There you come! Make your toilet quickly, and let us be off, and find cousin Barnes before he has left home."

Clive obeyed the paternal orders; dressed himself quickly; and descending, found his father smoking his morning cigar in the apartment where they had dined the night before, and there the tables still were covered with the relics of yesterday's feast — the emptied bottles, the blank lamps, the scattered dishes and fruits, the wretched heeltaps that have been lying exposed all night to the air. Who does not know the aspect of an expired feast?

"The field of action strewed with the dead, my boy," says Clive's father. "See, here's the glass on the floor yet, and a great stain of claret on the carpet."

"Oh, father," says Clive, hanging his head down, "I know I shouldn't have done it. But Barnes Newcome would provoke the patience of Job; and I couldn't bear to have my father insulted."

"I am big enough to fight my own battles, my boy," the Colonel said good-naturedly, putting his hand on the lad's damp head. "How your head throbs! If Barnes laughed at my singing, depend upon it, sir, there was something ridiculous in it, and he laughed because he could not help it. If he behaved ill, we should not; and to a man who is eating our salt too, and is of our blood."

"He is ashamed of our blood, father," cries Clive, still indignant.

"We ought to be ashamed of doing wrong. We must go and ask his pardon. Once when I was a young man in India," the father continued very gravely, "some hot words passed at mess — not such an insult as that of last night; I don't think I could have quite borne that — and people found fault with me for forgiving the youngster who had uttered the offensive expressions over his wine. Some of my acquaintances sneered

at my courage, and that is a hard imputation for a young fellow of spirit to bear. But providentially, you see, it was war time, and very soon after I had the good luck to show that I was not a *poule mouillée*, as the French call it; and the man who insulted me, and whom I forgave, became my fastest friend, and died by my side — it was poor Jack Cutler — at Argaum. We must go and ask Barnes Newcome's pardon, sir, and forgive other people's trespasses, my boy, if we hope forgiveness for our own." His voice sank down as he spoke, and he bowed his head reverently. I have heard his son tell the simple story years afterwards, with tears in his eyes.

A School of Art.

British art either finds her peculiar nourishment in melancholy, and loves to fix her abode in desert places; or, it may be, her purse is but slenderly furnished, and she is forced to put up with accommodations rejected by more prosperous callings. Some of the most dismal quarters of the town are colonized by her disciples and professors. In walking through streets which may have been gay and polite when ladies' chairmen jostled each other on the pavement, and linkboys with their torches lighted the beaux over the mud, who has not remarked the artist's invasion of those regions once devoted to fashion and gayety? Center windows of drawing-rooms are enlarged so as to reach up into bedrooms — bedrooms where Lady Betty has had her hair powdered, and where the painter's north light now takes possession of the place which her toilet table occupied a hundred years ago. There are degrees in decadence: after the Fashion chooses to emigrate, and retreats from Soho or Bloomsbury, let us say, to Cavendish Square, physicians come and occupy the vacant houses, which still have a respectable look, the windows being cleaned, and the knockers and plates kept bright, and the doctor's carriage rolling round the square, almost as fine as the countess', which has whisked away her ladyship to other regions. A boarding house, mayhap, succeeds the physician, who has followed after his sick folks into the new country; and then Dick Tinto comes with his dingy brass plate, and breaks in his north window, and sets up his sitters' throne. I love his honest mustache, and jaunty velvet jacket, his queer figure, his queer vanities, and his kind heart. Why should he not suffer his ruddy ringlets to fall

over his shirt collar? Why should he deny himself his velvet? It is but a kind of fustian which costs him eighteen pence a yard. He is naturally what he is, and breaks out into costume as spontaneously as a bird sings, or a bulb bears a tulip. And as Dick, under yonder terrific appearance of waving cloak, bristling beard, and shadowy sombrero, is a good kindly simple creature, got up at a very cheap rate, so his life is consistent with his dress; he gives his genius a darkling swagger, and a romantic envelope, which, being removed, you find, not a bravo, but a kind chirping soul; not a moody poet avoiding mankind for the better company of his own great thoughts, but a jolly little chap who has an aptitude for painting brocade gowns, or bits of armor (with figures inside them), or trees and cattle, or gondolas and buildings, or what not; an instinct for the picturesque, which exhibits itself in his works, and outwardly on his person; beyond this, a gentle creature loving his friends, his cups, feasts, merrymakings, and all good things. The kindest folks alive I have found among those scowling whiskerandos. They open oysters with their yataghans, toast muffins on their rapiers, and fill their Venice glasses with half-and-half. If they have money in their lean purses, be sure they have a friend to share it. What innocent gayety, what jovial suppers on threadbare cloths, and wonderful songs after; what pathos, merriment, humor, does not a man enjoy who frequents their company! Mr. Clive Newcome, who has long since shaved his beard, who has become a family man, and has seen the world in a thousand different phases, avers that his life as an art student at home and abroad was the pleasantest part of his whole existence. It may not be more amusing in the telling than the chronicle of a feast or the accurate report of two lovers' conversation; but the biographer, having brought his hero to this period of his life, is bound to relate it, before passing to other occurrences which are to be narrated in their turn.

We may be sure the boy had many conversations with his affectionate guardian as to the profession which he should follow. As regarded mathematical and classical learning, the elder Newcome was forced to admit that, out of every hundred boys, there were fifty as clever as his own, and at least fifty more industrious; the army in time of peace Colonel Newcome thought a bad trade for a young fellow so fond of ease and pleasure as his son: his delight in the pencil was manifest to all. Were not his schoolbooks full of caricatures of the mas-

ters? Whilst his tutor, Grindley, was lecturing him, did he not draw Grindley instinctively under his very nose? A painter Clive was determined to be, and nothing else; and Clive, being then some sixteen years of age, began to study the art, *en règle*, under the eminent Mr. Gandish, of Soho.

It was that well-known portrait painter, Andrew Smee, Esq., R.A., who recommended Gandish to Colonel Newcome, one day when the two gentlemen met at dinner at Lady Ann Newcome's table. Mr. Smee happened to examine some of Clive's drawings, which the young fellow had executed for his cousins. Clive found no better amusement than in making pictures for them, and would cheerfully pass evening after evening in that diversion. He had made a thousand sketches of Ethel before a year was over; a year, every day of which seemed to increase the attractions of the fair young creature, develop her nymphlike form, and give her figure fresh graces. Also, of course, Clive drew Alfred and the nursery in general, Aunt Ann and the Blenheim spaniels, and Mr. Kuhn and his earrings, the majestic John bringing in the coal scuttle, and all persons or objects in that establishment with which he was familiar. "What a genius the lad has," the complimentary Mr. Smee averred; "what a force and individuality there is in all his drawings! Look at his horses! capital, by Jove, capital! and Alfred on his pony, and Miss Ethel in her Spanish hat, with her hair flowing in the wind! I must take this sketch, I positively must now, and show it to Landseer." And the courtly artist daintily enveloped the drawing in a sheet of paper, put it away in his hat, and vowed subsequently that the great painter had been delighted with the young man's performance. Smee was not only charmed with Clive's skill as an artist, but thought his head would be an admirable one to paint. Such a rich complexion, such fine turns in his hair! such eyes! to see real blue eyes was so rare nowadays! And the Colonel, too, if the Colonel would but give him a few sittings, the gray uniform of the Bengal cavalry, the silver lace, the little bit of red ribbon just to warm up the picture! it was seldom, Mr. Smee declared, that an artist could get such an opportunity for color. With our hideous vermilion uniforms there was no chance of doing anything; Rubens himself could scarcely manage scarlet. Look at the horseman in Cuyp's famous picture at the Louvre: the red was a positive blot upon the whole picture. There was nothing like French gray and

silver! All which did not prevent Mr. Smee from painting Sir Brian in a flaring deputy lieutenant's uniform, and entreating all military men whom he met to sit to him in scarlet. Clive Newcome the Academician succeeded in painting of course for mere friendship's sake, and because he liked the subject, though he could not refuse the check which Colonel Newcome sent him for the frame and picture; but no cajoleries could induce the old campaigner to sit to any artist save one. He said he should be ashamed to pay fifty guineas for the likeness of his homely face; he jocularly proposed to James Binnie to have his head put on the canvas, and Mr. Smee enthusiastically caught at the idea; but honest James winked his droll eyes, saying his was a beauty that did not want any paint; and when Mr. Smee took his leave after dinner in Fitzroy Square, where this conversation was held, James Binnie hinted that the Academician was no better than an old humbug, in which surmise he was probably not altogether incorrect. Certain young men who frequented the kind Colonel's house were also somewhat of this opinion, and made endless jokes at the painter's expense. Smee plastered his sitters with adulation as methodically as he covered his canvas. He waylaid gentlemen at dinner; he inveigled unsuspecting folks into his studio, and had their heads off their shoulders before they were aware. One day, on our way from the Temple, through Howland Street, to the Colonel's house, we beheld Major General Sir Thomas de Boots, in full uniform, rushing from Smee's door to his brougham. The coachman was absent refreshing himself at a neighboring tap: the little street boys cheered and hurraed Sir Thomas, as, arrayed in gold and scarlet, he sat in his chariot. He blushed purple when he beheld us. No artist would have dared to imitate those purple tones: he was one of the numerous victims of Mr. Smee.

One day then, day to be noted with a white stone, Colonel Newcome, with his son and Mr. Smee, R.A., walked from the Colonel's house to Gandish's, which was not far removed thence; and young Clive, who was a perfect mimic, described to his friends, and illustrated, as was his wont, by diagrams, the interview which he had with that professor. "By Jove, you must see Gandish, Pen!" cries Clive: "Gandish is worth the whole world. Come and be an art student. You'll find such jolly fellows there! Gandish calls it hart student, and says, 'Hars est celare Hartem' — by Jove he does! He treated

us to a little Latin, as he brought out a cake and a bottle of wine, you know.

"The governor was splendid, sir. He wore gloves: you know he only puts them on on parade days; and turned out for the occasion spick and span. He ought to be a general officer. He looks like a field marshal — don't he? You should have seen him bowing to Mrs. Gandish and the Miss Gandishes, dressed all in their best, round the cake tray! He takes his glass of wine, and sweeps them all round with a bow. 'I hope, young ladies,' says he, 'you don't often go to the students' room. I'm afraid the young gentlemen would leave off looking at the statues if you came in.' And so they would: for you never saw such Guys; but the dear old boy fancies every woman is a beauty.

"'Mr. Smee, you are looking at my picture of "Boadishia"?' says Gandish. Wouldn't he have caught it for his quantities at Grey Friars, that's all?

"'Yes — ah — yes,' says Mr. Smee, putting his hand over his eyes, and standing before it, looking steady, you know, as if he was going to see whereabouts he should *hit* 'Boadishia.'

"'It was painted when you were a young man, four years before you were an associate, Smee. Had some success in its time, and there's good pints about that pictur',' Gandish goes on. 'But I never could get my price for it; and here it hangs in my own room. 'Igh art won't do in this country, Colonel — it's a melancholy fact.'

"'High art! I should think it *is* high art!' whispers old Smee; 'fourteen feet high at least!' And then out loud he says, 'The picture has very fine points in it, Gandish, as you say. Foreshortening of that arm, capital! That red drapery carried off into the right of the picture very skillfully managed!'

"'It's not like portrait painting, Smee — 'igh art,' says Gandish. 'The models of the hancient Britons in that pictur' alone cost me thirty pound — when I was a struggling man, and had just married my Betsy here. You reckonize Boadishia, Colonel, with the Roman 'elmet, cuirass, and javeling of the period — all studied from the hantique, sir, the glorious hantique.'

"'All but Boadicea,' says father. 'She remains always young.' And he began to speak the lines out of Cowper, he did — waving his stick like an old trump — and famous they are," cries the lad: —

"'When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods'—

Jolly verses! Haven't I translated them into Alcaics?" says Clive, with a merry laugh, and resumes his history.

"'Oh, I *must* have those verses in my album,' cries one of the young ladies. 'Did you compose them, Colonel Newcome?' But Gandish, you see, is never thinking about any works but his own, and goes on, 'Study of my eldest daughter, exhibited 1816.'

"'No, pa, not '16,' cries Miss Gandish. She don't look like a chicken, I can tell you.

"'Admired,' Gandish goes on, never heeding her. —'I can show you what the papers said of it at the time — *Morning Chronicle* and *Examiner* — spoke most 'ighly of it. My son as an infant 'Ercules, stranglin' the serpent over the piano. Fust conception of my picture of "Non Hangli said Hangeli."'

"'For which I can guess who were the angels that sat,' says father. Upon my word that old governor! He is a little too strong. But Mr. Gandish listened no more to him than to Mr. Smee, and went on, buttering himself all over, as I have read the Hottentots do. 'Myself at thirty-three years of age!' says he, pointing to a portrait of a gentleman in leather breeches and mahogany boots; 'I could have been a portrait painter, Mr. Smee.'

"'Indeed it was lucky for some of us you devoted yourself to high art, Gandish,' Mr. Smee says, and sips the wine and puts it down again, making a face. It was not first-rate tipple, you see.

"'Two girls,' continues that indomitable Mr. Gandish. 'Hidea for "Babes in the Wood." "View of Pæstum," taken on the spot by myself, when traveling with the late lamented Earl of Kew. "Beauty, Valor, Commerce, and Liberty, condoling with Britannia on the death of Admiral Viscount Nelson," — allegorical piece drawn at a very early age after Trafalgar. Mr. Fuseli saw that piece, sir, when I was a student of the Academy, and said to me, "Young man, stick to the antique. There's nothing like it." Those were 'is very words. If you do me the favor to walk into the Hatrium, you'll remark my great pictures also from English 'ist'ry. An English 'istorical painter, sir, should be employed chiefly in English 'ist'ry. That's what I would have done. Why ain't

there temples for us, where the people might read their 'ist'ry at a glance, and without knowing how to read? Why is my "Alfred" 'anging up in this 'all? Because there is no patronage for a man who devotes himself to 'igh art. You know the anecdote, Colonel? King Alfred, flying from the Danes, took refuge in a neat'erd's 'ut. The rustic's wife told him to bake a cake, and the fugitive sovering set down to his ignoble task, and forgetting it in the cares of state, let the cake burn, on which the woman struck him. The moment chose is when she is lifting her 'and to deliver the blow. The king receives it with majesty mingled with meekness. In the background the door of the 'ut is open, letting in the royal officers to announce the Danes are defeated. The daylight breaks in at the aperture, signifying the dawning of 'Ope. That story, sir, which I found in my researches in 'ist'ry, has since become so popular, sir, that hundreds of artists have painted it, hundreds! I, who discovered the legend, have my picture — here!

"'Now, Colonel,' says the showman, 'let me — let me lead you through the statue gallery. "Apollo," you see. The "Venus Hanadyomene," the glorious Venus of the Louvre, which I saw in 1814, Colonel, in its glory — the "Laocoon" — my friend Gibson's "Nymph," you see, is the only figure I admit among the antiques. Now up this stair to the students' room, where I trust my young friend, Mr. Newcome, will labor assiduously. *Ars longa est*, Mr. Newcome. *Vita* ——'

"I trembled," Clive said, "lest my father should introduce a certain favorite quotation, beginning '*ingenuas didicisse*' — but he refrained, and we went into the room, where a score of students were assembled, who all looked away from their drawing boards as we entered.

"'Here will be your place, Mr. Newcome,' says the Professor, 'and here that of your young friend — what did you say was his name?' I told him Ridley, for my dear old governor has promised to pay for J. J. too, you know. 'Mr. Chivers is the senior pupil and custos of the room in the absence of my son. Mr. Chivers, Mr. Newcome; gentlemen, Mr. Newcome, a new pupil. My son, Charles Gandish, Mr. Newcome. Assiduity, gentlemen, assiduity. *Ars longa. Vita brevis, et linea recta brevissima est.* This way, Colonel, down these steps, across the courtyard, to my own studio. There, gentlemen,' — and pulling aside a curtain, Gandish says — 'There!'"

"And what was the masterpiece behind it?" we ask of Clive, after we have done laughing at his imitation.

"Hand round the hat, J. J.!" cries Clive. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, pay your money. Now walk in, for the performance is 'just a going to begin.'" Nor would the rogue ever tell us what Gandish's curtained picture was.

Not a successful painter, Mr. Gandish was an excellent master, and regarding all artists, save one, perhaps a good critic. Clive and his friend J. J. came soon after, and commenced their studies under him. The one took his humble seat at the drawing board, a poor mean-looking lad, with worn clothes, downcast features, and a figure almost deformed; the other adorned by good health, good looks, and the best of tailors — ushered into the studio with his father and Mr. Smee as his aids-de-camp on his entry, and previously announced there with all the eloquence of honest Gandish. "I bet he's 'ad cake and wine," says one youthful student, of an epicurean and satirical turn. "I bet he might have it every day if he liked." In fact, Gandish was always handing him sweetmeats of compliments and cordials of approbation. He had coat sleeves with silk linings — he had studs in his shirt. How different was the texture and color of that garment to the sleeves Bob Grimes displayed when he took his coat off to put on his working jacket! Horses used actually to come for him to Gandish's door (which was situated in a certain lofty street in Soho). The Miss G.'s would smile at him from the parlor window as he mounted and rode splendidly off, and those opposition beauties, the Miss Levisons, daughters of the professor of dancing over the way, seldom failed to greet the young gentleman with an admiring ogle from their great black eyes. Master Clive was pronounced an "out-and-outer," a "swell and no mistake," and complimented, with scarce one dissentient voice, by the simple academy at Gandish's.

Besides, he drew very well, — there could be no doubt about that. Caricatures of the students, of course, were passing constantly among them, and in revenge for one which a huge red-haired Scotch student, Mr. Sandy M'Collop, had made of John James, Clive perpetrated a picture of Sandy which set the whole room in a roar; and when the Caledonian giant uttered satirical remarks against the assembled company, averring that they were a parcel of sneaks, a set of lickspittles, and using epithets still more vulgar, Clive slipped off his fine silk-sleeved coat in

an instant, invited Mr. M'Collop into the back yard, instructed him in a science which the lad himself had acquired at Grey Friars, and administered two black eyes to Sandy, which prevented the young artist from seeing for some days after the head of the "Laocoon" which he was copying. The Scotchman's superior weight and age might have given the combat a different conclusion, had it endured long after Clive's brilliant opening attack with his right and left; but Professor Gandish came out of his painting room at the sound of battle, and could scarcely credit his own eyes when he saw those of poor M'Collop so darkened. To do the Scotchman justice, he bore Clive no rancor. They became friends there, and afterwards at Rome, whither they subsequently went to pursue their studies. The fame of Mr. M'Collop as an artist has long since been established. His pictures of "Lord Lovat in Prison," and "Hogarth painting him," of the "Blowing-up of the Kirk of Field" (painted for M'Collop of M'Collop), of the "Torture of the Covenanters," the "Murder of the Regent," the "Murder of Rizzio," and other historical pieces, all of course from Scotch history, have established his reputation in South as well as in North Britain. No one would suppose, from the gloomy character of his works, that Sandy M'Collop is one of the most jovial souls alive. Within six months after their little difference, Clive and he were the greatest of friends, and it was by the former's suggestion that Mr. James Binnie gave Sandy his first commission, who selected the cheerful subject of "The Young Duke of Rothsay starving in Prison."

During this period, Mr. Clive assumed the *toga virilis*, and beheld with inexpressible satisfaction the first growth of those mustachios which have since given him such a marked appearance. Being at Gandish's, and so near the dancing academy, what must he do but take lessons in the Terpsichorean art too? — making himself as popular with the dancing folks as with the drawing folks, and the jolly king of his company everywhere. He gave entertainments to his fellow-students in the Upper Chambers in Fitzroy Square, which were devoted to his use, inviting his father and Mr. Binnie to those parties now and then. And songs were sung, and pipes were smoked, and many a pleasant supper eaten. There was no stint: but no excess. No young man was ever seen to quit those apartments the worse, as it is called, for liquor. Fred Bayham's uncle, the bishop, could not be more decorous than F. B. as he left the

Colonel's house, for the Colonel made that one of the conditions of his son's hospitality, that nothing like intoxication should ensue from it. The good gentleman did not frequent the parties of the juniors. He saw that his presence rather silenced the young men, and left them to themselves, confiding in Clive's parole, and went away to play his rubber of whist at the Club. And many a time he heard the young fellow's steps tramping by his bedchamber door, as he lay wakeful within, happy to think his son was happy.

AMIEL'S JOURNAL.

[HENRI FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL: A Swiss essayist and poet; born at Geneva, September 27, 1821; died there March 11, 1881. He was educated in the universities of Germany, was professor of philosophy in the academy of his native place, and published "The Literary Movement in Romanish Switzerland" (1849), "Study on Madame de Staël" (1878), and many poems, including "Millet Grains" (1854). His most famous work is his "Journal," published posthumously.]

(Selections from the "Journal Intime" of Henri Frédéric Amiel, translated by Mrs. Humphry Ward.)

OCTOBER 1, 1849. — Whether we will or no, there is an esoteric doctrine — there is a relative revelation; each man enters into God as much as God enters into him. . . . "The eye by which I see God is the same by which he sees me."

April 28, 1852. — Once more I feel the spring languor creeping over me, the spring air about me. This morning the poetry of the scene, the song of the birds, the tranquil sunlight, the breeze blowing over the fresh green fields, all rose into and filled my heart. Now all is silent. O silence, thou art terrible! terrible as that calm of the ocean which lets the eye penetrate the fathomless abysses below. Thou showest us in ourselves depths which make us giddy, inextinguishable needs, treasures of suffering. Welcome tempests! at least they blur and trouble the surface of these waters with their terrible secrets. Welcome the passion blasts which stir the waves of the soul, and so veil from us its bottomless gulfs! In all of us, children of dust, sons of time, eternity inspires an involuntary anguish, and the infinite, a mysterious terror. We seem to be entering a kingdom of the dead. Poor heart, thy craving is

for life, for love, for illusions! And thou art right after all, for life is sacred.

In these moments of *tête-à-tête* with the infinite, how different life looks! How all that usually occupies and excites us becomes suddenly puerile, frivolous, and vain. We seem to ourselves mere puppets, marionettes, strutting seriously through a fantastic show, and mistaking gewgaws for things of great price. At such moments, how everything becomes transformed, how everything changes! Berkeley and Fichte seem right, Emerson too; the world is but an allegory; the idea is more real than the fact; fairy tales, legends, are as true as natural history, and even more true, for they are emblems of greater transparency. The only substance properly so called is the soul. What is all the rest? Mere shadow, pretext, figure, symbol, or dream. Consciousness alone is immortal, positive, perfectly real. The world is but a firework, a sublime phantasmagoria, destined to cheer and form the soul. Consciousness is a universe, and its sun is love. . . .

Already I am falling back into the objective life of thought. It delivers me from — shall I say? no, it deprives me of the intimate life of feeling. Reflection solves reverie and burns her delicate wings. This is why science does not make men, but merely entities and abstractions. Ah, let us feel and live and beware of too much analysis! Let us put spontaneity, *naïveté* before reflection, experience before study; let us make life itself our study. Shall I then never have the heart of a woman to rest upon? a son in whom to live again, a little world where I may see flowering and blooming all that is stifled in me? I shrink and draw back, for fear of breaking my dream. I have staked so much on this card that I dare not play it. Let me dream again. . . .

Do no violence to yourself, respect in yourself the oscillations of feeling. They are your life and your nature; One wiser than you ordained them. Do not abandon yourself altogether either to instinct or to will. Instinct is a siren, will a despot. Be neither the slave of your impulses and sensations of the moment, nor of an abstract and general plan; be open to what life brings from within and without, and welcome the unforeseen; but give to your life unity, and bring the unforeseen within the lines of your plan. Let what is natural in you raise itself to the level of the spiritual, and let the spiritual become once more natural. Thus will your development be

harmonious, and the peace of heaven will shine upon your brow; always on condition that your peace is made, and that you have climbed your Calvary.

Afternoon. — Shall I ever enjoy again those marvelous reveries of past days, as, for instance, once, when I was still quite a youth, in the early dawn, sitting among the ruins of the castle of Faucigny; another time in the mountains above Lavey, under the midday sun, lying under a tree and visited by three butterflies; and again another night on the sandy shore of the North Sea, stretched full length upon the beach, my eyes wandering over the Milky Way? Will they ever return to me, those grandiose, immortal, cosmogonic dreams, in which one seems to carry the world in one's breast, to touch the stars, to possess the infinite? Divine moments, hours of ecstasy, when thought flies from world to world, penetrates the great enigma, breathes with a respiration large, tranquil, and profound, like that of the ocean, and hovers serene and boundless like the blue heaven! Visits from the muse, Urania, who traces around the foreheads of those she loves the phosphorescent nimbus of contemplative power, and who pours into their hearts the tranquil intoxication, if not the authority, of genius, moments of irresistible intuition in which a man feels himself great like the universe and calm like a god! From the celestial spheres, down to the shell or the moss, the whole of creation is then submitted to our gaze, lives in our breast, and accomplishes in us its eternal work with the regularity of destiny and the passionate ardor of love. What hours, what memories! The traces which remain to us of them are enough to fill us with respect and enthusiasm, as though they had been visits of the Holy Spirit. And then, to fall back again from these heights with their boundless horizons into the muddy ruts of triviality! what a fall! Poor Moses! Thou too sawest undulating in the distance the ravishing hills of the promised land, and it was thy fate nevertheless to lay thy weary bones in a grave dug in the desert! Which of us has not his promised land, his day of ecstasy and his death in exile? What a pale counterfeit is real life of the life we see in glimpses, and how these flaming lightnings of our prophetic youth make the twilight of our dull, monotonous manhood more dark and dreary!

November 6, 1852. — I am capable of all the passions, for I bear them all within me. Like a tamer of wild beasts, I keep them caged and lassoed, but I sometimes hear them growling.

I have stifled more than one nascent love. Why? Because with that prophetic certainty which belongs to moral intuition, I felt it lacking in true life, and less durable than myself. I choked it down in the name of the supreme affection to come. The loves of sense, of imagination, of sentiment, I have seen through and rejected them all; I sought the love which springs from the central profundities of being. And I still believe in it. I will have none of those passions of straw which dazzle, burn up, and wither; I invoke, I await, and I hope for the love which is great, pure, and earnest, which lives and works in all the fibers and through all the powers of the soul. And even if I go lonely to the end, I would rather my hope and my dream died with me, than that my soul should content itself with any meaner union.

November 8, 1852. — Responsibility is my invisible nightmare. To suffer through one's own fault is a torment worthy of the lost, for so grief is envenomed by ridicule, and the worst ridicule of all, that which springs from shame of one's self. I have only force and energy wherewith to meet evils coming from outside; but an irreparable evil brought about by myself, a renunciation for life of my liberty, my peace of mind, the very thought of it is maddening — I expiate my privilege indeed. My privilege is to be spectator of my life drama, to be fully conscious of the tragi-comedy of my own destiny, and, more than that, to be in the secret of the tragi-comic itself, that is to say, to be unable to take my illusions seriously, to see myself, so to speak, from the theater on the stage, or to be like a man looking from beyond the tomb into existence. I feel myself forced to feign a particular interest in my individual part, while all the time I am living in the confidence of the poet who is playing with all these agents which seem so important, and knows all that they are ignorant of. It is a strange position, and one which becomes painful as soon as grief obliges me to betake myself once more to my own little *rôle*, binding me closely to it, and warning me that I am going too far in imagining myself, because of my conversations with the poet, dispensed from taking up again my modest part of valet in the piece. Shakespeare must have experienced this feeling often, and Hamlet, I think, must express it somewhere. It is a *Doppelgängerei*, quite German in character, and which explains the disgust with reality and the repugnance to public life, so common among the thinkers of Germany. There is, as it were, a

degradation, a gnostic fall, in thus folding one's wings and going back again into the vulgar shell of one's own individuality. Without grief, which is the string of this venturesome kite, man would soar too quickly and too high, and the chosen souls would be lost for the race, like balloons which, save for gravitation, would never return from the empyrean.

How, then, is one to recover courage enough for action? By striving to restore in one's self something of that unconsciousness, spontaneity, instinct, which reconciles us to earth and makes man useful and relatively happy.

By believing more practically in the providence which pardons and allows of reparation.

By accepting our human condition in a more simple and childlike spirit, fearing trouble less, calculating less, hoping more. For we decrease our responsibility, if we decrease our clearness of vision, and fear lessens with the lessening of responsibility.

By extracting a richer experience out of our losses and lessons.

May 11, 1853. — Psychology, poetry, philosophy, history, and science, I have swept rapidly to-day on the wings of the invisible hippogriff through all these spheres of thought. But the general impression has been one of tumult and anguish, temptation and disquiet.

I love to plunge deep into the ocean of life; but it is not without losing sometimes all sense of the axis and the pole, without losing myself and feeling the consciousness of my own nature and vocation growing faint and wavering. The whirlwind of the wandering Jew carries me away, tears me from my little familiar inclosure, and makes me behold all the empires of men. In my voluntary abandonment to the generality, the universal, the infinite, my particular *ego* evaporates like a drop of water in a furnace; it only condenses itself anew at the return of cold, after enthusiasm has died out and the sense of reality has returned. Alternate expansion and condensation, abandonment and recovery of self, the conquest of the world to be pursued on the one side, the deepening of consciousness on the other — such is the play of the inner life, the march of the microcosmic mind, the marriage of the individual soul with the universal soul, the finite with the infinite, whence springs the intellectual progress of man. Other betrothals unite the soul to God, the religious consciousness with the divine; these

belong to the history of the will. And what precedes will is feeling, preceded itself by instinct. Man is only what he becomes — profound truth; but he becomes only what he is, truth still more profound. What am I? Terrible question! Problem of predestination, of birth, of liberty, there lies the abyss. And yet one must plunge into it, and I have done so. The prelude of Bach I heard this evening predisposed me to it; it paints the soul tormented and appealing and finally seizing upon God, and possessing itself of peace and the infinite with an all-prevailing fervor and passion.

May 14, 1858. — Third quartet concert. It was short. Variations for piano and violin by Beethoven, and two quartets, not more. The quartets were perfectly clear and easy to understand. One was by Mozart and the other by Beethoven, so that I could compare the two masters. Their individuality seemed to become plain to me: Mozart — grace, liberty, certainty, freedom, and precision of style, and exquisite and aristocratic beauty, serenity of soul, the health and talent of the master, both on a level with his genius; Beethoven — more pathetic, more passionate, more torn with feeling, more intricate, more profound, less perfect, more the slave of his genius, more carried away by his fancy or his passion, more moving, and more sublime than Mozart. Mozart refreshes you, like the "Dialogues" of Plato; he respects you, reveals to you your strength, gives you freedom and balance. Beethoven seizes upon you; he is more tragic and oratorical, while Mozart is more disinterested and poetical. Mozart is more Greek, and Beethoven more Christian. One is serene, the other serious. The first is stronger than destiny, because he takes life less profoundly; the second is less strong, because he has dared to measure himself against deeper sorrows. His talent is not always equal to his genius, and pathos is his dominant feature, as perfection is that of Mozart. In Mozart the balance of the whole is perfect, and art triumphs; in Beethoven feeling governs everything, and emotion troubles his art in proportion as it deepens it.

July 14, 1859. — I have just read "Faust" again. Alas, every year I am fascinated afresh by this somber figure, this restless life. It is the type of suffering toward which I myself gravitate, and I am always finding in the poem words which strike straight to my heart. Immortal, malign, accursed type! Specter of my own conscience, ghost of my own torment, image

of the ceaseless struggle of the soul which has not yet found its true aliment, its peace, its faith — art thou not the typical example of a life which feeds upon itself, because it has not found its God, and which, in its wandering flight across the worlds, carries within it, like a comet, an inextinguishable flame of desire, and an agony of incurable disillusion? I also am reduced to nothingness, and I shiver on the brink of the great empty abysses of my inner being, stifled by longing for the unknown, consumed with the thirst for the infinite, prostrate before the ineffable. I also am torn sometimes by this blind passion for life, these desperate struggles for happiness, though more often I am a prey to complete exhaustion and taciturn despair. What is the reason of it all? Doubt — doubt of one's self, of thought, of men, and of life — doubt which enervates the will and weakens all our powers, which makes us forget God and neglect prayer and duty — that restless and corrosive doubt which makes existence impossible and meets all hope with satire.

August 9, 1859. — Nature is forgetful: the world is almost more so. However little the individual may lend himself to it, oblivion soon covers him like a shroud. This rapid and inexorable expansion of the universal life, which covers, overflows, and swallows up all individual being, which effaces our existence and annuls all memory of us, fills me with unbearable melancholy. To be born, to struggle, to disappear — there is the whole ephemeral drama of human life. Except in a few hearts, and not even always in one, our memory passes like a ripple on the water, or a breeze in the air. If nothing in us is immortal, what a small thing is life. Like a dream which trembles and dies at the first glimmer of dawn, all my past, all my present, dissolve in me, and fall away from my consciousness at the moment when it returns upon itself. I feel myself then stripped and empty, like a convalescent who remembers nothing. My travels, my reading, my studies, my projects, my hopes, have faded from my mind. It is a singular state. All my faculties drop away from me like a cloak that one takes off, like the chrysalis case of a larva. I feel myself returning into a more elementary form. I behold my own unclothing; I forget still more than I am forgotten; I pass gently into the grave while still living, and I feel, as it were, the indescribable peace of annihilation, and the dim quiet of the Nirvana. I am conscious of the river of time passing before and in me, of the impalpable

shadows of life gliding past me, but nothing breaks the cataleptic tranquillity which enwraps me.

I come to understand the Buddhist trance of the Soufis, the kief of the Turk, the "ecstasy" of the orientals, and yet I am conscious all the time that the pleasure of it is deadly, that, like the use of opium or of hasheesh, it is a kind of slow suicide, inferior in all respects to the joys of action, to the sweetness of love, to the beauty of enthusiasm, to the sacred savor of accomplished duty.

April 11, 1865. — How hard it is to grow old, when we have missed our life, when we have neither the crown of completed manhood nor of fatherhood! How sad it is to feel the mind declining before it has done its work, and the body growing weaker before it has seen itself renewed in those who might close our eyes and honor our name! The tragic solemnity of existence strikes us with terrible force, on that morning when we wake to find the mournful word *too late* ringing in our ears! "Too late, the sand is turned, the hour is past! Thy harvest is unreaped — too late! Thou hast been dreaming, forgetting, sleeping — so much the worse! Every man rewards or punishes himself. To whom or of whom wouldst thou complain?" — Alas!

April 21, 1865. — A morning of intoxicating beauty, fresh as the feeling of sixteen, and crowned with flowers like a bride. The poetry of youth, of innocence, and of love overflowed my soul. Even to the light mist hovering over the bosom of the plain — image of that tender modesty which veils the features and shrouds in mystery the inmost thoughts of the maiden — everything that I saw delighted my eyes and spoke to my imagination. It was a sacred, a nuptial day! and the matin bells ringing in some distant village harmonized marvelously with the hymn of nature. "Pray," they said, "and love! Adore a fatherly and beneficent God." They recalled to me the accent of Haydn; there was in them and in the landscape a childlike joyousness, a naïve gratitude, a radiant, heavenly joy innocent of pain and sin, like the sacred, simple-hearted ravishment of Eve on the first day of her awakening in the new world. How good a thing is feeling, admiration! It is the bread of angels, the eternal food of cherubim and seraphim.

I have not yet felt the air so pure, so life-giving, so ethereal, during the five days that I have been here. To breathe is a beatitude. One understands the delights of a bird's existence,

— that emancipation from all encumbering weight, — that luminous and empyrean life, floating in blue space, and passing from one horizon to another with a stroke of the wing. One must have a great deal of air below one before one can be conscious of such inner freedom as this, such lightness of the whole being. Every element has its poetry, but the poetry of air is liberty. Enough; to your work, dreamer!

May 30, 1865. — All snakes fascinate their prey, and pure wickedness seems to inherit the power of fascination granted to the serpent. It stupefies and bewilders the simple heart, which sees it without understanding it, which touches it without being able to believe in it, and which sinks engulfed in the problem of it, like Empedocles in Etna. *Non possum capere te, cape me*, says the Aristotelian motto. Every diminutive of Beelzebub is an abyss, each demoniacal act is a gulf of darkness. Natural cruelty, inborn perfidy and falseness, even in animals, cast lurid gleams, as it were, into that fathomless pit of Satanic perversity which is a moral reality.

Nevertheless behind this thought there rises another which tells me that sophistry is at the bottom of human wickedness, that the majority of monsters like to justify themselves in their own eyes, and that the first attribute of the Evil One is to be the father of lies. Before crime is committed conscience must be corrupted, and every bad man who succeeds in reaching a high point of wickedness begins with this. It is all very well to say that hatred is murder; the man who hates is determined to see nothing in it but an act of moral hygiene. It is to do himself good that he does evil, just as a mad dog bites to get rid of his thirst.

To injure others, while at the same time knowingly injuring one's self, is a step farther; evil then becomes a frenzy, which, in its turn, sharpens into a cold ferocity. Whenever a man, under the influence of such a diabolical passion, surrenders himself to these instincts of the wild or venomous beast, he must seem to the angels a madman — a lunatic, who kindles his own Gehenna that he may consume the world in it, or as much of it as his devilish desires can lay hold upon. Wickedness is forever beginning a new spiral which penetrates deeper still into the abysses of abomination, for the circles of hell have this property — that they have no end. It seems as though divine perfection were an infinite of the first degree, but as though diabolical perfection were an infinite of unknown

power. But no; for if so, evil would be the true God, and hell would swallow up creation. According to the Persian and the Christian faiths, good is to conquer evil, and perhaps even Satan himself will be restored to grace — which is as much as to say that the divine order will be everywhere reëstablished. Love will be more potent than hatred; God will save his glory, and his glory is in his goodness. But it is very true that all gratuitous wickedness troubles the soul, because it seems to make the great lines of the moral order tremble within us by the sudden withdrawal of the curtain which hides from us the action of those dark corrosive forces which have ranged themselves in battle against the divine plan.

June 26, 1865. — One may guess the why and wherefore of a tear and yet find it too subtle to give any account of. A tear may be the poetical *résumé* of so many simultaneous impressions, the quintessence of so many opposing thoughts! It is like a drop of one of those precious elixirs of the East which contain the life of twenty plants fused into a single aroma. Sometimes it is the mere overflow of the soul, the running over of the cup of reverie. All that one cannot or will not say, all that one refuses to confess even to one's self — confused desires, secret trouble, suppressed grief, smothered conflict, voiceless regret, the emotions we have struggled against, the pain we have sought to hide, our superstitious fears, our vague sufferings, our restless presentiments, our unrealized dreams, the wounds inflicted upon our ideal, the dissatisfied languor, the vain hopes, the multitude of small indiscernible ills which accumulate slowly in a corner of the heart, like water dropping noiselessly from the roof of a cavern, — all these mysterious movements of the inner life end in an instant of emotion, and the emotion concentrates itself in a tear just visible on the edge of the eyelid.

For the rest, tears express joy as well as sadness. They are the symbol of the powerlessness of the soul to restrain its emotion and to remain mistress of itself. Speech implies analysis; when we are overcome by sensation or by feeling, analysis ceases, and with it speech and liberty. Our only resource, after silence and stupor, is the language of action — pantomime. Any oppressive weight of thought carries us back to a stage anterior to humanity, to a gesture, a cry, a sob, and at last to swooning and collapse; that is to say, incapable of bearing the excessive strain of sensation as men, we fall back

successively to the stage of mere animate being, and then to that of the vegetable. Dante swoons at every turn in his journey through hell, and nothing paints better the violence of his emotions and the ardor of his piety.

. . . And intense joy? It also withdraws into itself and is silent. To speak is to disperse and scatter. Words isolate and localize life in a single point; they touch only the circumference of being; they analyze, they treat one thing at a time. Thus they decentralize emotion, and chill it in doing so. The heart would fain brood over its feeling, cherishing and protecting it. Its happiness is silent and meditative; it listens to its own beating and feeds religiously upon itself.

THE ATTIC PHILOSOPHER.

By ÉMILE SOUVESTRE.

[Émile Souvestre: A French novelist and playwright; born at Morlaix, April 15, 1806; died at Paris, July 5, 1854. He became a journalist, and first won recognition by his sketches of Brittany, "Les Derniers Bretons" and "Foyer Breton." "Un Philosophe sous les Toits" was crowned by the Academy in 1851. He also wrote "Causeries Historiques et Littéraires" (2 vols., 1854), and many plays which did not achieve any great degree of popularity.]

What Power costs and Fame brings.

12*th*, *seven o'clock* P.M. — On coming home this evening, I saw, standing at the door of a house, an old man, whose pose and features reminded me of my father. There was the same beautiful smile, the same deep and eager eye, the same noble bearing of the head, and the same careless attitude.

This sight has carried my thought backward. I set myself to go over the first years of my life; to recall the conversations of that guide whom God in His mercy had given me, and whom in His severity He had too soon taken away.

When my father spoke, it was not only to bring our two minds in touch by an exchange of ideas, his words always contained instruction.

Not that he endeavored to make me feel it so: my father feared everything that had the appearance of a lesson. He used to say that virtue could make herself devoted friends,

but she did not take pupils, therefore he was not thinking to teach goodness; he contented himself with sowing the seeds of it, certain that experience would make them grow.

How often has good grain fallen thus into a corner of the heart, and, long time forgotten, has suddenly put forth the stalk and given the ear! Treasures are laid in store at a time of ignorance, and we do not know the value till the day we find ourselves in need of them.

Among the stories with which he enlivened our walks or our evenings, there is one which now returns to my memory, doubtless because the time is come to derive the lesson from it.

My father, who was apprenticed at the age of twelve to one of those trading collectors who have given themselves the name of *naturalist*, because they put all creation under glass, that they may sell it retail, had always led a life of poverty and labor. Rising before daybreak, by turns shopboy, clerk, laborer, he was made to bear alone all the work of a trade, of which his master reaped all the profits. In truth, this latter had a peculiar ability for making the most of the labor of others. Incapable himself of executing anything, no one knew better how to sell it.

His words were a net, in which one found himself taken before he perceived it. Moreover, devoted to himself alone, regarding the producer as his enemy, and the buyer as his prey, he took advantage of both with that unbending persistence which avarice teaches.

A slave all the week, my father could only call himself his own on Sunday. The master naturalist, who used to spend the day at the house of an old female cousin, then gave him his liberty on condition that he dined out and at his own expense. But my father used secretly to carry away with him a crust of bread, which he hid in his specimen box, and leaving Paris at daybreak, he would penetrate far into the valley of Montmorency, the wood of Meudon, or among the windings of the Marne. Excited by the fresh air, the penetrating perfume of the sap at work, or the fragrance of the honeysuckles, he would walk on until hunger or fatigue made itself felt. Then he would sit down by a thicket, or by a brook; watercresses, strawberries from the woods, mulberries from the hedges, made for him by turns a rustic feast; he would gather a few plants, read some pages of Florian, then in greatest esteem, of Gessner, who was just translated, or of Jean Jacques,

of whom he possessed three odd volumes. The day was thus passed alternately in activity and rest, in search and meditation, until the declining sun warned him to take again the road to the city, where he would arrive, his feet torn and dusty, but his heart refreshed for a whole week.

One day, as he was going toward the wood of Viroflay, he met, on the border of it, a stranger who was occupied in sorting the plants he had come from botanizing. He was a man already old, with an honest face, but his eyes, which were somewhat deep set under his eyebrows, had an anxious and timid expression. He was dressed in a brown cloth coat, a gray waistcoat, black breeches, and milled stockings, and held an ivory-headed cane under his arm. His appearance was that of a small retired citizen who was living on his means, and rather below the golden mean of Horace.

My father, who had great respect for age, politely saluted him as he passed. In doing so, a plant he held fell from his hand; the stranger stooped to take it up, and recognized it.

"It is a *Deutaria heptaphyllos*," said he; "I have not yet seen one in these woods; did you find it near here, sir?"

My father replied that it, as well as the *Laserpitium*, was to be found in abundance on the top of the hill, toward Sèvres.

"That, too!" repeated the old man, more briskly. "Ah! I wish to find them; I have gathered them formerly on the hillside of Robaila."

My father proposed to guide him. The stranger accepted with thanks, and hastened to collect together the plants he had gathered; but all of a sudden he appeared seized with a scruple. He observed to his companion that the road he was going was halfway up the hill, and led towards the castle of the Royal Dames at Bellevue; that by going over the top he would consequently turn out of his road, and that it was not just he should take this trouble for a stranger.

My father insisted upon it with his habitual good nature; but, the more eagerness he showed, the more obstinately the old man refused; it even seemed to my father that his good intention ended by exciting suspicion. He therefore decided only to point out the direction to the stranger, whom he saluted, and soon lost sight of.

Several hours passed, and he thought no more of the meeting. He had reached the copses of Chaville, where, stretched on the moss in a clearing, he re-read the last volume of

"Émile." The delight of reading it had so completely absorbed him, that he had ceased to hear or see anything around him. With flushed cheeks and moist eye, he read aloud a passage which had particularly touched him.

An exclamation uttered close by him arrested his ecstasy; he raised his head, and perceived the citizen he had met before at the crossroad of the Viroflay.

He was loaded with plants, the selection of which seemed to have put him into good humor.

"A thousand thanks, sir," said he to my father. "I have found all that you told me of, and I am indebted to you for a charming walk."

My father respectfully rose and made a civil reply. The stranger became quite familiar, and even asked if his *young brother* did not propose to take the road to Paris. My father replied in the affirmative, and opened his tin box to replace his book.

The stranger asked him with a smile if he might, without indiscretion, ask the title. My father answered that it was Rousseau's "Émile."

The stranger immediately became grave.

They walked for some time side by side, my father expressing, with the warmth of an emotion still vibrating, all that this reading had made him feel; his companion always cold and silent. The former extolled the glory of the great Genevese writer, whose genius had made him a citizen of the world; he exulted in this privilege of great thinkers, who reign in spite of time and space, and gather together a race of willing subjects out of all nations; but the stranger suddenly interrupted him: —

"And do you know," said he, mildly, "if Jean Jacques would not exchange the celebrity which you seem to envy for the life of one of the woodcutters whose hut smoke we see? What use has fame been to him except to bring persecution? The unknown friends whom his books may have made for him content themselves with blessing him in their hearts, while the declared enemies that they have drawn upon him pursue him with their fury and calumny! His pride has been flattered by success: how often has it been wounded by satire! And be assured that human pride always resembles the sybarite, who was prevented from sleeping by a crease in a rose leaf! The activity of a vigorous mind, by which the world profits, almost

always turns against him who possesses it. He exacts more from it as he ages; the ideal he pursues continually disgusts him with the reality; he is like a man whose sight is too keen, and who discerns blemishes and wrinkles in the most beautiful face. I will not speak of stronger temptations and of deeper downfalls. Genius, you have said, is a kingdom; but what virtuous man is not afraid of being a king? He who feels only much power is, with our weakness and passion, preparing for great failure. Believe me, sir, do not admire or envy the unhappy man who wrote this book; but, if you have a feeling heart, pity him!"

My father, astonished at the excitement with which his companion pronounced these last words, did not know what to answer.

Just then they reached the paved road which runs from the castle of Meudon and of the Dames of France to that of Versailles; a carriage was passing.

The ladies who were in it perceived the old man, uttered a cry of surprise, and leaning out of the window repeated, —

"There is Jean Jacques — there is Rousseau!"

Then the carriage disappeared.

My father remained motionless, stupefied and astonished, his eyes wide open, his hands before him.

Rousseau, who had shuddered on hearing his name spoken, turned from him: —

"You see," said he, with the savage bitterness which his later misfortunes had given him, "Jean Jacques cannot even hide himself; he is an object of curiosity to some, of malignity to others, to all he is a public thing, at which they point the finger. Yet it is not a question of submitting to the impertinence of the idle; but, as soon as a man has had the misfortune to make a name for himself, he becomes public property. Every one digs into his life, relates his most trivial actions, and insults his feelings; he becomes like those walls which every passer-by may deface with some offensive inscription. Perhaps you will say that I have myself assisted this curiosity in publishing my 'Memoirs.' But the world forced me to it. They looked into my house through the chinks, and they slandered me; I have opened the doors and windows, so that they should know me at least such as I am. Adieu, sir; always remember that you have seen Rousseau in order to know what celebrity is."

Nine o'clock. — Ah! to-day I understand my father's story! It contains the answer to one of the questions I asked myself a week ago. Yes, I now feel that fame and power are gifts dearly bought; and that, if they shed fame about the soul, both of them are oftenest, as Madame de Staël says, but "a glittering grief of happiness."

Let us love One Another.

April 9th. — The fine evenings are come back; the trees begin to put forth their buds; hyacinths, jonquils, violets, and lilacs perfume the baskets of the flower girls; all the world have begun their walks again on the quays and boulevards. After dinner, I, too, descend from my attic to breathe the evening air.

It is the hour when Paris is seen in all its beauty. During the day the plaster fronts of the houses weary the eye by their monotonous whiteness; heavily laden carts make the street shake under their colossal wheels; the eager crowd, taken up by the one fear of losing a moment from business, cross and jostle one another; the aspect of the city altogether has something harsh, restless, and flurried about it. But, as soon as the stars appear, everything is changed; the glare of the white houses is subdued by the gathering shades; you hear no more any rolling but that of the carriages on their way to some fête; you see only the lounger or the light-hearted passing by; work has given place to leisure. Now each one may breathe after the fierce race through the business of the day, and whatever strength remains is given to pleasure! See the ballrooms lighted up, the theaters open, the eating shops along the walks set out with dainties, and the newspaper criers who make their lanterns twinkle. Decidedly Paris has laid aside the pen, the ruler, and the apron; after the day spent in work, it must have the evening for enjoyment: like the masters of Thebes, it has put off all serious matter till to-morrow.

I love to take part in this happy hour; not to mix in the general gayety, but to contemplate it. If the enjoyments of others embitter jealous minds, they strengthen the humble spirit; they are the beams of sunshine, which open the two beautiful flowers called *trust* and *hope*.

Although alone in the midst of the smiling multitude, I do not feel myself isolated from it, for its gayety is reflected upon

me: it is my own family who are enjoying life, and I take a brother's share in their happiness. Fellow-soldiers in this earthly battle, what does it matter to whom the honors of victory fall? If Fortune passes by without seeing us, and pours her favors on others, let us console ourselves, like the friend of Parmenio, by saying, "Those, too, are Alexanders."

While making these reflections, I was going on as chance took me. I crossed from one pavement to another, I retraced my steps, I stopped before the shops and posters. How many things there are to learn in the streets of Paris! What a museum it is! Unknown fruits, foreign arms, furniture of old times or other lands, animals of all climates, statues of great men, costumes of distant nations! It is the world seen in samples!

Let us then look at this people, whose knowledge is gained from the shop windows and the tradesman's display of goods. Nothing has been taught them, but they have a rude notion of everything. They have seen the pineapples at Chevet's, a palm tree in the Jardin des Plantes, sugar canes selling on the Pont-Neuf. The Redskins, exhibited in the Valentine Hall, have taught them to mimic the dance of the bison, and to smoke the calumet; they have seen Carter's lions fed; they know the principal national costumes in Babin's collection; Goupil's display of prints has placed the tiger hunts of Africa and the sittings of the English Parliament before their eyes; they have become acquainted with Queen Victoria, the Emperor of Austria, and Kossuth, by looking through the illustrated journals. We can certainly instruct them, but not astonish them; for nothing is completely new to them. You may take the Paris ragamuffin through the five quarters of the world, and at every wonder with which you think to surprise him, he will answer with that favorite and conclusive word — *I know*.

But this variety of exhibitions, which makes Paris the fair of the world, does not merely offer a means of instruction to him who walks through it; it is a continual spur for rousing the imagination, a first step of the ladder always set up before our dreams. When we see them, how many voyages do we take in imagination, what adventures do we dream of, what pictures do we sketch! I never look at that shop near the Chinese Baths, with its tapestry of Florida jasmine, and filled with magnolias, without seeing the forest glades of the new

world, described by the author of "Atala," opening out before me.

Then, when this study of things and this discourse of reason begin to tire you, look around you! What contrasts of figures and faces in the crowd! What a vast field for the exercise of meditation! A half-seen glance, a few words caught as the speaker passes by, open a thousand perspectives. You wish to comprehend what these imperfect disclosures mean, as the antiquary endeavors to decipher the mutilated inscription on some old monument; you build up a history on a gesture or on a word! These are the excitations of the mind which finds in fiction a relief from the wearisome dullness of the actual.

Alas! as I was just now passing by the carriage entrance of a great house, I noticed a sad subject for one of these histories. A man was sitting in the darkest corner, with his head bare, and holding out his hat for the charity of those who passed. His threadbare coat had that look of neatness which marks destitution long combated. He had carefully buttoned it up to hide the want of a shirt. His face was half hid under his long gray hair, and his eyes closed, as if he wished to escape the sight of his own humiliation, and he remained mute and motionless. Those who passed him took no notice of the beggar, who sat in silence and darkness! Glad to escape the importunity of his condition, they were turning away their eyes.

All at once the great gate turned on its hinges, and a very low carriage, lighted with silver lamps, and drawn by two black horses, came slowly out, and took the road toward the Faubourg St. Germain. I could just distinguish within the sparkling diamonds and the flowers of a ball dress. The reflection of the lamps passed like a bloody streak over the pale face of the beggar, his eyes opened and followed the rich man's equipage with a glare until it disappeared in the night.

I dropped a small piece of money into the hat he was holding out, and passed on quickly.

I had just fallen unexpectedly upon the two saddest secrets of the disease which troubles the age we live in: the envious hatred of him who suffers want, and the selfish forgetfulness of him who lives in affluence.

All the enjoyment of my walk was gone; I left off looking about me, and retired into myself. The animated and moving sight in the streets gave place to inward meditation upon all the painful problems which have been written for the last four

thousand years at the bottom of each human struggle, but which are propounded more clearly than ever in our days.

I pondered on the uselessness of so many contests, in which defeat and victory only displace each other alternately, and on the mistaken zealots who have repeated from generation to generation the bloody history of Cain and Abel; and saddened with these mournful reflections I walked on as chance took me, until the silence all around insensibly brought me back from my own preoccupation.

I had reached one of the remote streets, in which those who would live in comfort and without ostentation, and who love serious reflection, delight to find a home. There were no shops along the dimly lit pavement; one heard no sounds but of the distant carriages, and of the steps of some of the inhabitants returning quietly home.

I instantly recognized the street, though I had only been there once before.

That was two years ago. I was walking at the time by the side of the Seine, whose banks, swallowed up in the shadow, allowed the gaze to stretch in every direction, and to which the lights on the quays and bridges gave the aspect of a lake surrounded by a garland of stars. I had reached the Louvre, when I was stopped by a crowd collected near the parapet: they had gathered round a child of about six, who was crying. I asked the cause of his tears.

"It seems that he was sent to walk in the Tuileries," said a mason, who was returning from his work with his trowel in his hand; "the servant who took care of him met with some friends there, and told the child to wait for him while he went to get a drink; but I suppose the drink made him more thirsty, for he has not come back, and the child cannot find his way home."

"Why do they not ask him his name and where he lives?"

"They have been doing it for the last hour; but all he can say is that he is called Charles, and that his father is M. Duval —there are twelve hundred Duvals in Paris."

"Then he does not know in what part of the town he lives?"

"I should think not, indeed! Don't you see that he is a gentleman's child? He has never gone out except in a carriage or with a servant; he does not know how to find his way alone."

Here the mason was interrupted by some of the voices rising above the others.

"We cannot leave him in the street," said some.

"The child stealers would carry him off," continued others.

"We must take him to the overseer."

"Or to the police office."

"That's the thing. Come, little one!"

But the child, frightened by these suggestions of danger, and at the names of the police and overseer, cried louder, and drew back toward the parapet. In vain they tried to persuade him; his resistance increased with his fear, and the most eager began to get weary, when the voice of a little boy was heard in the midst of the discussion.

"I know him well — I do," said he, looking at the lost child; "he belongs to our part of the town."

"What quarter?"

"Yonder, on the other side of the Boulevards — Rue des Magasins."

"And you have seen him before?"

"Yes, yes! he is the child of the great house at the end of the street where there is an iron gate with gilt points."

The child quickly raised his head and stopped crying. The little boy answered all the questions that were put to him, and gave such details as left no room for doubt. The other child understood him, for he went up to him as if to put himself under his protection.

"Then you can take him to his parents?" asked the mason, who had listened with real interest to the account.

"That's all right," replied he; "it's the way I'm going."

"Then you will take charge of him?"

"He has only to come with me."

And taking up the basket he had put down on the pavement, he set off toward the postern gate of the Louvre.

The lost child followed him.

"I hope he will take him right," said I, when I saw them go away.

"Never fear," replied the mason; "the little one in the blouse is the same age as the other; but, as the saying is, 'he knows black from white;' poverty, you see, is a famous schoolmistress!"

The crowd dispersed. For my part, I went toward the

Louvre: the thought came into my head to follow the two children, so as to guard against any mistake.

I was not long in overtaking them; they were walking side by side, talking, and already quite familiar with one another. The contrast in their dress then struck me. Little Duval wore one of those fanciful children's dresses which are expensive as well as in good taste; his coat was skillfully fitted to his figure, his trousers came down in plaits from his waist to his boots of polished leather with mother-of-pearl buttons, and his ringlets were half hid by a velvet cap. The appearance of his guide, on the contrary, indicated the last limits of poverty, but of poverty which resists and does not surrender.

His old blouse, patched with pieces of different shades, indicated the perseverance of an industrious mother struggling against the wear and tear of time; his trousers were too short, and showed his stockings darned over and over again; and it was evident that his shoes were not primarily destined for his use.

The countenances of the two children were not less different than their dresses. That of the first was delicate and refined: his clear blue eye, his fair skin, and his smiling mouth gave him a charming look of innocence and happiness. The features of the other, on the contrary, had something rough in them: his eye was quick and lively, his complexion dark, his smile less merry than shrewd; all showed a mind sharpened by too early experience; he walked with confidence through the middle of the streets thronged by carriages, and followed their countless turnings without hesitation.

I found, on asking him, that every day he carried dinner to his father, who was then working on the left bank of the Seine; and this responsible duty had made him careful and prudent. He had learned those hard but forcible lessons of necessity which nothing can equal or supply the place of. Unfortunately the wants of his poor family had kept him from school, and he seemed to regret it; for he often stopped before the print shops and asked his companion to read him the inscriptions. In this way we reached the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, which the little wanderer seemed to know again: notwithstanding his fatigue, he hurried on; he was agitated by mixed feelings; at the sight of his house he uttered a cry, and ran toward the iron gate with the gilt points; a lady who was standing at the entrance received him in her arms, and from the exclamations of joy, and the sound of kisses, I soon perceived she was his mother.

Not seeing either the servant or child return, she had sent in search of them in every direction, and was waiting for them in intense anxiety.

I explained to her in a few words what had happened. She thanked me warmly, and looked around for the little boy who had recognized and brought back her son; but while we were talking, he had disappeared.

It was the first time since then that I had come into this part of Paris. Did the mother continue grateful? Had the children met again, and had the happy chance of their first meeting lowered between them that barrier which may mark the different ranks of men, but should not divide them?

While putting these questions to myself, I slackened my pace, and fixed my eyes on the great gate, which I just perceived. All at once I saw it open, and two children appeared at the entrance. Although much grown, I recognized them at first sight: they were the child who was found near the parapet of the Louvre, and his young guide. But the dress of the latter was greatly changed: his blouse of gray cloth was neat, and even fine, and was fastened round the waist by a polished leather belt; he wore strong shoes, but made to his feet, and had on a new cloth cap.

Just at the moment I saw him he held in his two hands an enormous bunch of lilacs, to which his companion was trying to add narcissuses and primroses; the two children laughed, and parted with a friendly good-by. M. Duval's son did not go in till he had seen his companion turn the corner of the street.

Then I accosted the latter, and reminded him of our former meeting; he looked at me for a moment, and then seemed to recollect me.

"Forgive me if I do not make you a bow," said he, gayly; "but I want both my hands for the bouquet M. Charles has given me."

"You are, then, become great friends?" said I.

"Oh! I should think so," said the child; "and now my father is rich too!"

"How's that?"

"M. Duval lent him a little money; he has taken a shop, where he works on his own account; and as for me I go to school."

"Yes," replied I, remarking for the first time the cross

which decorated his little coat; "and I see that you are head boy!"

"M. Charles helps me to learn, and so I am come to be the first in the class."

"Are you now going to your lessons?"

"Yes, and he has given me some lilacs; for he has a garden where we play together, and which furnishes flowers to my mother."

"Then it is the same as if it were partly your own."

"So it is! Ah! they are good neighbors indeed! But here I am; good-by, sir."

He nodded to me with a smile, and disappeared.

I went on with my walk, still pensive, but with a feeling of relief. If I had elsewhere witnessed the painful contrast between affluence and want, here I had found the true union of riches and poverty. Good will had smoothed down the more rugged inequalities on both sides, and had opened a road of true neighborhood between the humble workshop and the stately mansion. Instead of hearkening to the voice of interest, each had listened to that of self-sacrifice, and there was no place left for contempt or envy. Thus, instead of the beggar in rags, that I had seen at the other door cursing the rich man, I had found here the happy child of the laborer loaded with flowers and blessing him! The problem, so difficult and so dangerous to examine into, with no regard but for the rights of it, I had just seen solved by love.

HOW'S MY BOY?

By SYDNEY DOBELL.

[1824–1874.]

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my Boy, my Boy?"
"What's your boy's name? good wife!
And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy John!
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship? sailor!
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish,
But he knows my John.

"How's my boy, my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,—
Brass buttons or no, sailor!
Anchor and crown or no.
Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'!"
—"Speak low, woman! speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor!
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud,
I'd sing him over the town:
Why should I speak low? sailor!"
—"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy? how's my boy?
What care I for the ship? sailor!
I was never aboard her:
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her.
I say, how's my John?"
—"Every man on board went down,—
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy, my boy?
What care I for the men? sailor!
I'm not their mother.
How's my boy, my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy, my boy?"

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

[Alfred Tennyson, Baron Tennyson: English poet; born at Somersby, England, August 6, 1809; died at Aldworth, October 6, 1892. His first poems were published with his brother Charles' in a small volume entitled "Poems of Two Brothers," in 1827. Two years later he won the chancellor's gold medal for his prize poem, "Timbuctoo." The following year came his "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." In 1832 a new volume of miscellaneous poems was published, and was attacked savagely by the *Quarterly Review*. Ten years afterward another volume of miscellaneous verse was collected. In 1847 he published "The Princess," which was warmly received. In 1850 came "In Memoriam," and he was appointed poet laureate to succeed Wordsworth. Among his other works may be mentioned: "Idylls of the King," 1859; "Enoch Arden" and "The Holy Grail," 1869; "Queen Mary," 1875; "Harold," 1876; "The Cup," 1884; "Tiresias," 1885; "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 1886; "The Foresters" and "The Death of Œnone," 1892.]

I.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

II.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

III.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

IV.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.

Herb Gathering

Etched by F. M. Reganay.

In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
  Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
  To the flowers, and be their sun.

X.

There has fallen a splendid tear
  From the passion flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
  She is coming, my life, my fate:
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
  And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
  And the lily whispers, "I wait."

XI.

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
  Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
  Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
  Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
  And blossom in purple and red.

TOM BROWN'S FIRST FIGHT.

By THOMAS HUGHES.

(From "Tom Brown's School Days.")

[THOMAS HUGHES, English judge and man of letters, was born in Berkshire, October 20, 1823. He was educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, — his one famous book, "Tom Brown's School Days" (1856), idealizes this experience, — and at Oriel College, Oxford. He has been active in movements for social reform, and helped to found a coöperative colony in Tennessee. His other books include "Tom Brown at Oxford," "A Layman's Faith," and "Our Old Church: What shall We do with It?"]

THERE is a certain sort of fellow — we who are used to studying boys all know him well enough — of whom you can predicate with almost positive certainty, after he has been a

month at school, that he is sure to have a fight, and with almost equal certainty that he will have but one. Tom Brown was one of these; and as it is our well-weighed intention to give a full, true, and correct account of Tom's only single combat with a schoolfellow in the manner of our old friend *Bell's Life*, let those young persons whose stomachs are not strong, or who think a good set-to with the weapons which God has given to us all, an uncivilized, unchristian, or ungentlemanly affair, just skip this chapter at once, for it won't be to their taste.

It was not at all usual in those days for two schoolhouse boys to have a fight. Of course there were exceptions, when some crossgrained, hard-headed fellow came up who would never be happy unless he was quarreling with his nearest neighbors, or when there was some class dispute between the fifth form and the fags for instance, which required bloodletting; and a champion was picked out on each side tacitly, who settled the matter by a good, hearty mill. But for the most part the constant use of those surest keepers of the peace, the boxing gloves, kept the schoolhouse boys from fighting one another. Two or three nights in every week the gloves were brought out, either in the hall or fifth-form room; and every boy who was ever likely to fight at all, knew all his neighbors' prowess perfectly well, and could tell to a nicety what chance he would have in a stand-up fight with any other boy in the house. But of course no such experience could be gotten as regarded boys in other houses; and as most of the other houses were more or less jealous of the schoolhouse, collisions were frequent.

After all, what would life be without fighting, I should like to know? From the cradle to the grave, fighting, rightly understood, is the business, the real, highest, honestest business of every son of man. Every one who is worth his salt has his enemies, who must be beaten, be they evil thoughts and habits in himself, or spiritual wickedness in high places, or Russians, or border ruffians, or Bill, Tom, or Harry, who will not let him live his life in quiet till he has thrashed them.

It is no good for Quakers, or any other body of men, to uplift their voices against fighting. Human nature is too strong for them, and they don't follow their own precepts. Every soul of them is doing his own piece of fighting, somehow and somewhere. The world might be a better world

without fighting, for anything I know, but it wouldn't be our world; and therefore I am dead against crying peace when there is no peace, and isn't meant to be. I am as sorry as any man to see folk fighting the wrong people and the wrong things, but I'd a deal sooner see them doing that, than that they should have no fight in them. So having recorded, and being about to record, my hero's fights of all sorts, with all sorts of enemies, I shall now proceed to give an account of his passage at arms with the only one of his schoolfellows whom he ever had to encounter in this manner.

It was drawing toward the close of Arthur's first half-year, and the May evenings were lengthening out. Locking-up was not till eight o'clock, and everybody was beginning to talk about what he would do in the holidays. The shell, in which form all our *dramatis personæ* now are, were reading among other things the last book of Homer's Iliad, and had worked through it as far as the speeches of the women over Hector's body. It is a whole school day, and four or five of the schoolhouse boys (among whom are Arthur, Tom, and East) are preparing third lesson together. They have finished the regulation forty lines, and are for the most part getting very tired, notwithstanding the exquisite pathos of Helen's lamentation. And now several long four-syllabled words come together, and the boy with the dictionary strikes work.

"I am not going to look out any more words," says he; "we've done the quantity. Ten to one we shan't get so far. Let's go out into the close."

"Come along, boys," cries East, always ready to leave the grind, as he called it; "our old coach is laid up, you know, and we shall have one of the new masters, who's sure to go slow and let us down easy."

So an adjournment to the close was carried *nem. con.*, little Arthur not daring to uplift his voice; but, being deeply interested in what they were reading, stayed quietly behind, and learned on for his own pleasure.

As East had said, the regular master of the form was unwell, and they were to be heard by one of the new masters, quite a young man, who had only just left the university. Certainly it would be hard lines, if, by dawdling as much as possible in coming in and taking their places, entering into long-winded explanations of what was the usual course of the regular master of the form, and others of the stock contriv-

ances of boys for wasting time in school, they could not spin out the lesson so that he should not work them through more than the forty lines; as to which quantity there was a perpetual fight going on between the master and his form, the latter insisting, and enforcing by passive resistance, that it was the prescribed quantity of Homer for a shell lesson, the former that there was no fixed quantity, but that they must always be ready to go on to fifty or sixty lines if there were time within the hour. However, notwithstanding all their efforts, the new master got on horribly quick; he seemed to have the bad taste to be really interested in the lesson, and to be trying to work them up into something like appreciation of it, giving them good spirited English words, instead of the wretched bald stuff into which they rendered poor old Homer; and construing over each piece himself to them, after each boy, to show them how it should be done.

Now the clock strikes the three quarters; there is only a quarter of an hour more; but the forty lines are all but done. So the boys, one after another, who are called up, stick more and more, and make balder and ever more bald work of it. The poor young master is pretty near beat by this time, and feels ready to knock his head against the wall, or his fingers against somebody else's head. So he gives up altogether the lower and middle parts of the form, and looks round in despair at the boys on the top bench to see if there is one out of whom he can strike a spark or two, and who will be too chivalrous to murder the most beautiful utterances of the most beautiful woman of the old world. His eye rests on Arthur, and he calls him up to finish construing Helen's speech. Whereupon all the other boys draw long breaths, and begin to stare about and take it easy. They are all safe; Arthur is the head of the form, and sure to be able to construe, and that will tide on safely till the hour strikes.

Arthur proceeds to read out the passage in Greek before construing it, as the custom is. Tom, who isn't paying much attention, is suddenly caught by the falter in his voice as he reads the two lines: —

ἀλλὰ σὺ τόν γ' ἐπέεσσι μαραιφάμενος κατέρυκες,
Σῇ τ' ἀγανοφροσύνῃ καὶ σοῖς ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσιν.

He looks up at Arthur. "Why, bless us," thinks he, "what can be the matter with the young 'un? He's never going to

get floored. He's sure to have learned to the end." Next moment he is reassured by the spirited tone in which Arthur begins construing, and betakes himself to drawing dogs' heads in his notebook, while the master evidently enjoying the change, turns his back on the middle bench and stands before Arthur, beating a sort of time with his hand and foot and saying "Yes, yes," "very well," as Arthur goes on.

But as he nears the fatal two lines, Tom catches that falter and again looks up. He sees that there is something the matter — Arthur can hardly get on at all. What can it be?

Suddenly at this point Arthur breaks down altogether, and fairly bursts out crying, and dashes the cuff of his jacket across his eyes, blushing up to the roots of his hair, and feeling as if he should like to go down suddenly through the floor. The whole form are taken aback; most of them stare stupidly at him, while those who are gifted with presence of mind find their places and look steadily at their books, in hopes of not catching the master's eye and getting called up in Arthur's place.

The master looks puzzled for a moment, and then seeing, as the fact is, that the boy is really affected to tears by the most touching thing in Homer, perhaps in all profane poetry put together, steps up to him and lays his hand kindly on his shoulder, saying, "Never mind, my little man, you've construed very well. Stop a minute, there's no hurry."

Now, as luck would have it, there sat next above Tom that day, in the middle bench of the form, a big boy, by name Williams, generally supposed to be the cock of the shell, therefore, of all the school below the fifths. The small boys, who are great speculators on the prowess of their elders, used to hold forth to one another about Williams' great strength, and to discuss whether East or Brown would take a licking from him. He was called Slogger Williams, from the force with which it was supposed he could hit. In the main, he was a rough, good-natured fellow enough, but very much alive to his own dignity. He reckoned himself the king of the form, and kept up his position with a strong hand, especially in the matter of forcing boys not to construe more than the legitimate forty lines. He had already grunted and grumbled to himself when Arthur went on reading beyond the forty lines. But now that he had broken down just in the middle of all the long words, the slogger's wrath was fairly roused.

"Sneaking little brute," muttered he, regardless of prudence, "clapping on the waterworks just in the hardest place; see if I don't punch his head after fourth lesson."

"Whose?" said Tom, to whom the remark seemed to be addressed.

"Why, that little sneak, Arthur's," replied Williams.

"No, you shan't," said Tom.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Williams, looking at Tom with great surprise for a moment, and then giving him a sudden dig in the ribs with his elbow, which sent Tom's books flying on the floor, and called the attention of the master, who turned suddenly round, and seeing the state of things said: —

"Williams, go down three places, and then go on."

The slogger found his legs very slowly, and proceeded to go below Tom and two other boys with great disgust, and then turning round and facing the master, said, "I haven't learned any more, sir; our lesson is only forty lines."

"Is that so?" said the master, appealing generally to the top bench. No answer.

"Who is the head boy of the form?" said he, waxing wroth.

"Arthur, sir," answered three or four boys, indicating our friend.

"Oh, your name's Arthur. Well now, what is the length of your regular lesson?"

Arthur hesitated a moment, and then said, "We call it only forty lines, sir."

"How do you mean, you call it?"

"Well, sir, Mr. Graham says we ain't to stop there, when there's time to construe more."

"I understand," said the master. "Williams, go down three more places, and write me out the lesson in Greek and English. And now, Arthur, finish construing."

"Oh! would I be in Arthur's shoes after fourth lesson?" said the little boys to one another; but Arthur finished Helen's speech without any further catastrophe, and the clock struck four, which ended third lesson.

Another hour was occupied in preparing and saying fourth lesson, during which Williams was bottling up his wrath; and when five struck, and the lessons for the day were over, he prepared to take summary vengeance on the innocent cause of his misfortune.

Tom was detained in school a few minutes after the rest, and on coming out into the quadrangle, the first thing he saw was a small ring of boys, applauding Williams, who was holding Arthur by the collar.

"There, you young sneak," said he, giving Arthur a cuff on the head with his other hand, "what made you say that——"

"Hullo!" said Tom, shouldering into the crowd, "you drop that, Williams; you shan't touch him."

"Who'll stop me?" said the slogger, raising his hand again.

"I," said Tom; and suiting the action to the word, struck the arm which held Arthur's arm so sharply, that the slogger dropped it with a start, and turned the full current of his wrath on Tom.

"Will you fight?"

"Yes, of course."

"Huzza, there's going to be a fight between Slogger Williams and Tom Brown!"

The news ran like wildfire about, and many boys who were on their way to tea at their several houses turned back, and sought the back of the chapel, where the fights come off.

"Just run and tell East to come and back me," said Tom to a small schoolhouse boy, who was off like a rocket to Harrowell's, just stopping for a moment to poke his head into the schoolhouse hall, where the lower boys were already at tea, and sing out, "Fight! Tom Brown and Slogger Williams."

Up start half the boys at once, leaving bread, eggs, butter, sprats, and all the rest to take care of themselves. The greater part of the remainder follow in a minute, after swallowing their tea, carrying their food in their hands to consume as they go. Three or four only remain, who steal the butter of the more impetuous, and make to themselves an unctuous feast.

In another minute East and Martin tear through the quadrangle carrying a sponge, and arrive at the scene of action just as the combatants are beginning to strip.

Tom felt he had got his work cut out for him, as he stripped off his jacket, waistcoat, and braces. East tied his handkerchief round his waist, and rolled up his shirt sleeves for him: "Now, old boy, don't you open your mouth to say a word, or try to help yourself a bit, we'll do all that; you keep all your breath and strength for the slogger." Martin meanwhile folded

the clothes, and put them under the chapel rails; and now Tom, with East to handle him and Martin to give him a knee, steps out on the turf, and is ready for all that may come: and here is the slogger too, all stripped, and thirsting for the fray.

It doesn't look a fair match at first glance: Williams is nearly two inches taller, and probably a long year older than his opponent, and he is very strongly made about the arms and shoulders; "peels well," as the little knot of big fifth-form boys, the amateurs, say; who stand outside the ring of little boys, looking complacently on, but taking no active part in the proceedings. But down below he is not so good by any means; no spring from the loins, and feebleish, not to say shipwrecky, about the knees. Tom, on the contrary, though not half so strong in the arms, is good all over, straight, hard, and springy from neck to ankle, better perhaps in his legs than anywhere. Besides, you can see by the clear white of his eye, and fresh bright look of his skin, that he is in tiptop training, able to do all he knows; while the slogger looks rather sodden, as if he didn't take much exercise and ate too much tuck. The timekeeper is chosen, a large ring made, and the two stand up opposite one another for a moment, giving us time just to make our little observations.

"If Tom'll only condescend to fight with his head and heels," as East mutters to Martin, "we shall do."

But seemingly he won't, for there he goes in, making play with both hands. Hard all, is the word; the two stand to one another like men; rally follows rally in quick succession, each fighting as if he thought to finish the whole thing out of hand. "Can't last at this rate," say the knowing ones, while the partisans of each make the air ring with their shouts and countershouts, of encouragement, approval, and defiance.

"Take it easy, take it easy — keep away, let him come after you," implores East, as he wipes Tom's face after the first round with wet sponge, while he sits back on Martin's knee, supported by the Madman's long arms, which tremble a little from excitement.

"Time's up," calls the timekeeper.

"There he goes again, hang it all!" growls East as his man is at it again as hard as ever. A very severe round follows, in which Tom gets out and out the worst of it, and is at last hit clean off his legs, and deposited on the grass by a right-hander from the slogger.

Loud shouts rise from the boys of slogger's house, and the schoolhouse are silent and vicious, ready to pick quarrels anywhere.

"Two to one in half-crowns on the big 'un," says Rattle, one of the amateurs, a tall fellow, in thunder-and-lightning waistcoat, and puffy, good-natured face.

"Done!" says Groove, another amateur of quieter look, taking out his notebook to enter it — for our friend Rattle sometimes forgets these little things.

Meantime East is freshening up Tom with the sponges for next round, and has set two other boys to rub his hands.

"Tom, old boy," whispers he, "this may be fun for you, but it's death to me. He'll hit all the fight out of you in another five minutes, and then I shall go and drown myself in the island ditch. Feint him — use your legs! draw him about! he'll lose his wind then in no time, and you can go into him. Hit at his body too, we'll take care of his frontispiece by and by."

Tom felt the wisdom of the counsel, and saw already that he couldn't go in and finish the slogger off at mere hammer and tongs, so changed his tactics completely in the third round. He now fights cautious, getting away from and parrying the slogger's lunging hits, instead of trying to counter, and leading his enemy a dance all round the ring after him. "He's funking; go in, Williams," "Catch him up," "Finish him off," scream the small boys of the slogger party.

"Just what we want," thinks East, chuckling to himself, as he sees Williams, excited by these shouts and thinking the game in his own hands, blowing himself in his exertions to get to close quarters again, while Tom is keeping away with perfect ease.

They quarter over the ground again and again, Tom always on the defensive.

The slogger pulls up at last for a moment, fairly blown.

"Now then, Tom," sings out East, dancing with delight. Tom goes in in a twinkling, and hits two heavy body blows, and gets away again before the slogger can catch his wind; which when he does he rushes with blind fury at Tom, and being skillfully parried and avoided, overreaches himself and falls on his face, amid terrific cheers from the schoolhouse boys.

"Double your two to one?" says Groove to Rattle, notebook in hand.

"Stop a bit," says that hero, looking uncomfortably at Williams, who is puffing away on his second's knee, winded enough, but little the worse in any other way.

After another round the slogger too seems to see that he can't go in and win right off, and has met his match or thereabouts. So he too begins to use his head and tries to make Tom lose patience and come in before his time. And so the fight sways on, now one, and now the other, getting a trifling pull.

Tom's face begins to look very one-sided — there are little queer bumps on his forehead, and his mouth is bleeding; but East keeps the wet sponge going so scientifically, that he comes up looking as fresh and bright as ever. Williams is only slightly marked in the face, but by the nervous movement of his elbows you can see that Tom's body blows are telling. In fact, half the vice of the slogger's hitting is neutralized, for he daren't lunge out freely for fear of exposing his sides. It is too interesting by this time for much shouting, and the whole ring is very quiet.

"All right, Tommy," whispers East; "hold on's the horse that's to win. We've got the last. Keep your head, old boy."

But where is Arthur all this time? Words cannot paint the poor little fellow's distress. He couldn't muster courage to come up to the ring, but wandered up and down from the great fives court to the corner of the chapel rails. Now trying to make up his mind to throw himself between them, and try to stop them; then thinking of running in and telling his friend Mary, who he knew would instantly report it to the doctor. The stories he had heard of men being killed in prize fights rose up horribly before him.

Once only, when the shouts of "Well done, Brown!" "Huzza for the schoolhouse!" rose higher than ever, he ventured up to the ring, thinking the victory was won. Catching sight of Tom's face in the state I have described, all fear of consequences vanishing out of his mind, he rushed straight off to the matron's room, beseeching her to get the fight stopped, or he should die.

But it's time for us to get back to the close. What is this fierce tumult and confusion? The ring is broken, and high and angry words are being bandied about: "It's all fair," — "It isn't," — "No hugging;" the fight is stopped. The combatants, however, sit there quietly, tended by their seconds, while

their adherents wrangle in the middle. East can't help shouting challenges to two or three of the other side, though he never leaves Tom for a moment, and plies the sponges as fast as ever.

The fact is, that at the end of the last round, Tom, seeing a good opening, had closed with his opponent, and after a moment's struggle had thrown him heavily, by the help of the fall he had learned from his village rival in the vale of White Horse. Williams hadn't the ghost of a chance with Tom at wrestling; and the conviction broke at once on the slogger faction, that if this were allowed their man must be licked. There was a strong feeling in the school against catching hold and throwing, though it was generally ruled all fair within certain limits; so the ring was broken and the fight stopped.

The schoolhouse are overruled — the fight is on again, but there is to be no throwing; and East in high wrath threatens to take his man away after next round (which he doesn't mean to do, by the way), when suddenly young Brooke comes through the small gate at the end of the chapel. The schoolhouse faction rush to him. "Oh, hurra! now we shall get fair play."

"Please, Brooke, come up, they won't let Tom Brown throw him."

"Throw whom?" says Brooke, coming up to the ring. "Oh! Williams, I see. Nonsense! of course he may throw him if he catches him fairly above the waist."

Now, young Brooke, you're in the sixth, you know, and you ought to stop all fights. He looks hard at both boys. "Anything wrong?" says he to East, nodding at Tom.

"Not a bit."

"Not beat at all?"

"Bless you, no! heaps of fight in him. Ain't there, Tom?"

Tom looks at Brooke and grins.

"How's he?" nodding at Williams.

"So, so; rather done, I think, since his last fall. He won't stand above two more."

"Time's up!" the boys rise again and face one another. Brooke can't find it in his heart to stop them just yet, so the round goes on, the slogger waiting for Tom, and reserving all his strength to hit him out should he come in for the wrestling dodge again, for he feels that that must be stopped, or his sponge will soon go up in the air.

And now another newcomer appears on the field, to wit, the under porter, with his long brush and great wooden re-

ceptacle for dust under his arm. He has been sweeping out the schools.

"You'd better stop, gentlemen," he says; "the doctor knows that Brown's fighting — he'll be out in a minute."

"You go to Bath, Bill," is all that that excellent servitor gets by his advice. And being a man of his hands, and a stanch upholder of the schoolhouse, can't help stopping to look on for a bit, and see Tom Brown, their pet craftsman, fight a round.

It is grim earnest now, and no mistake. Both boys feel this, and summon every power of head, hand, and eye to their aid. A piece of luck on either side, a foot slipping, a blow getting well home, or another fall, may decide it. Tom works slowly round for an opening; he has all the legs, and can choose his own time: the slogger waits for the attack, and hopes to finish it by some heavy right-handed blow. As they quarter slowly over the ground, the evening sun comes out from behind a cloud and falls full on Williams' face. Tom starts in; the heavy right hand is delivered, but only grazes his head. A short rally at close quarters, and they close: in another moment the slogger is thrown again heavily for the third time.

"I'll give you three to two on the little one in half-crowns," said Groove to Rattle.

"No, thank 'ee," answers the other, diving his hands further into his coat tails.

Just at this stage of the proceedings, the door of the turret which leads to the doctor's library suddenly opens, and he steps into the close, and makes straight for the ring, in which Brown and the slogger are both seated on their seconds' knees for the last time.

"The doctor! the doctor!" shouts some small boy who catches sight of him, and the ring melts away in a few seconds, the small boys tearing off, Tom collaring his jacket and waistcoat, and slipping through the little gate by the chapel, and round the corner to Harrowell's with his backers, as lively as need be; Williams and his backers making off not quite so fast across the close; Groove, Rattle, and the other bigger fellows trying to combine dignity and prudence in a comical manner, and walking off fast enough, they hope, not to be recognized, and not fast enough to look like running away.

Young Brooke alone remains on the ground by the time

the doctor gets there, and touches his hat, not without a slight inward qualm.

"Hah! Brooke. I am surprised to see you here. Don't you know that I expect the sixth to stop fighting?"

Brooke felt much more uncomfortable than he had expected, but he was rather a favorite with the doctor for his openness and plainness of speech; so blurted out, as he walked by the doctor's side, who had already turned back: —

"Yes, sir, generally. But I thought you wished us to exercise a discretion in the matter, too — not to interfere too soon."

"But they have been fighting this half-hour and more," said the doctor.

"Yes, sir, but neither was hurt. And they're the sort of boys who'll be all the better friends now, which they wouldn't have been if they had been stopped any earlier — before it was so equal."

"Who was fighting with Brown?" said the doctor.

"Williams, sir, of Thompson's. He is bigger than Brown, and had the best of it at first, but not when you came up, sir. There's a good deal of jealousy between our house and Thompson's, and there would have been more fights if this hadn't been let go on, or if either of them had had much the worst of it."

"Well but, Brooke," said the doctor, "doesn't this look a little as if you exercised your discretion by only stopping a fight when the schoolhouse boy is getting the worst of it?"

Brooke, it must be confessed, felt rather graveled.

"Remember," added the doctor, as he stopped at the turret door, "this fight is not to go on — you'll see to that. And I expect you to stop all fights in future at once."

"Very well, sir," said young Brooke, touching his hat, and not sorry to see the turret door close behind the doctor's back.

Meanwhile Tom and the stanchest of his adherents had reached Harrowell's, and Sally was bustling about to get them a late tea, while Stumps had been sent off to Tew, the butcher, to get a piece of raw beef for Tom's eye, which was to be healed offhand, so that he might show well in the morning. He was not a bit the worse except a slight difficulty in his vision, a singing in his ears, and a sprained thumb, which he kept in a cold-water bandage, while he drank lots of tea, and listened to the babel of voices talking and speculating of nothing but the fight, and how Williams would have given in after another fall

(which he didn't in the least believe), and how on earth the doctor could have gotten to know of it — such bad luck! He couldn't help thinking to himself that he was glad he hadn't won; he liked it better as it was, and felt very friendly to the slogger. And then poor little Arthur crept in and sat down quietly near him, and kept looking at him and the raw beef with such plaintive looks, that Tom at last burst out laughing.

"Don't make such eyes, young 'un," said he, "there's nothing the matter."

"Oh, but Tom, are you much hurt? I can't bear thinking it was all for me."

"Not a bit of it, don't flatter yourself. We were sure to have had it out sooner or later."

"Well, but you won't go on, will you? You'll promise me you won't go on?"

"Can't tell about that — all depends on the houses. We're in the hands of our countrymen, you know. Must fight for the schoolhouse flag, if so be."

However, the lovers of the science were doomed to disappointment this time. Directly after locking-up, one of the night fags knocked at Tom's door.

"Brown, young Brooke wants you in the sixth-form room."

Up went Tom to the summons, and found the magnates sitting at their supper.

"Well, Brown," said young Brooke, nodding to him, "how do you feel?"

"Oh, very well, thank you, only I've sprained my thumb, I think."

"Sure to do that in a fight. Well, you hadn't the worst of it, I could see. Where did you learn that throw?"

"Down in the country, when I was a boy."

"Hullo! why what are you now? Well, never mind, you're a plucky fellow. Sit down and have some supper."

Tom obeyed, by no means loath. And the fifth-form boy next him filled him a tumbler of bottled beer, and he ate and drank, listening to the pleasant talk, and wondering how soon he should be in the fifth, and one of that much-envied society.

As he got up to leave, Brooke said, "You must shake hands to-morrow morning; I shall come and see that done after first lesson."

And so he did. And Tom and the slogger shook hands

with great satisfaction and mutual respect. And for the next year or two, whenever fights were being talked of, the small boys who had been present shook their heads wisely, saying, "Ah! but you should just have seen the fight between Slogger Williams and Tom Brown!"

And now, boys all, three words before we quit the subject. I have put in this chapter on fighting of malice prepense, partly because I want to give you a true picture of what every-day school life was in my time, and not a kid-glove and go-to-meeting-coat picture; and partly because of the cant and twaddle that's talked of boxing and fighting with fists nowadays. Even Thackeray has given in to it; and only a few weeks ago there was some rampant stuff in the *Times* on the subject, in an article on field sports.

Boys will quarrel, and when they quarrel will sometimes fight. Fighting with fists is the natural and English way for English boys to settle their quarrels. What substitute for it is there, or ever was there, among any nation under the sun? What would you like to see take its place?

Learn to box, then, as you learn to play cricket and football. Not one of you will be the worse, but very much the better, for learning to box well. Should you never have to use it in earnest, there's no exercise in the world so good for the temper, and for the muscles of the back and legs.

As to fighting, keep out of it if you can, by all means. When the time comes, if it ever should, that you have to say "Yes" or "No" to a challenge to fight, say "No" if you can — only take care you make it clear to yourselves why you say "No." It's a proof of the highest courage, if done from true Christian motives. It's quite right and justifiable, if done from a simple aversion to physical pain and danger. But don't say "No" because you fear a licking, and say or think it's because you fear God, for that's neither Christian nor honest. And if you do fight, fight it out; and don't give in while you can stand and see.

BITTER-SWEET.

By J. G. HOLLAND.

[Josiah Gilbert Holland, novelist, editor, and poet, was born at Belchertown, Mass., in 1819; physician for three years; superintendent of schools in Vicksburg, Miss., for one; then 1849–1866 one of the editors of the *Springfield Republican*, for which he wrote the famous "Timothy Titcomb" letters to the young (collected 1858); in 1870, founded with Roswell Smith *Scribner's Magazine*, now the *Century;* was president of the New York Board of Education; and died in 1881. His chief books were the letters above; the poems "Bitter-Sweet" (1858) and "Kathrina" (1867); and the novels "Miss Gilbert's Career" (1861), "Arthur Bonnicastle" (1873), "Story of Sevenoaks" (1875), and "Nicholas Minturn" (1876).]

Israel —
Meetings like this are rare this side of Heaven,
And seem to me the best mementoes left
Of Eden's hours.
Grace — Most certainly the best,
And quite the rarest, but unluckily
The weakest, as we know; for sin and pain
And evils multiform, that swarm the earth,
And poison all our joys and all our hearts,
Remind us most of Eden's forfeit bliss.
David —
Forfeit through woman.
Grace — Forfeit through her power; —
A power not lost, as most men know, I think,
Beyond the knowledge of their trustful wives.
Mary — [*Rising, and walking hurriedly to the window.*
'Tis a wild night without.
Ruth — And getting wild
Within. Now Grace, I — all of us — protest
Against a scene to-night. Look! You have driven
One to the window blushing, and your lord,
With lowering brow, is making stern essay
To stare the fire-dogs out of countenance.
These honest brothers, with their honest wives,
Grow glum and solemn, too, as if they feared
At the next gust to see the windows burst,
Or a riven poplar crashing through the roof.
And think of me! — a simple-hearted maid
Who learned from Cowper only yesterday
(Or a schoolmaster, with a handsome face
And a strange passion for the text), the fact
That wedded bliss alone survives the fall.

I'm shocked; I'm frightened; and I'll never wed
Unless I — change my mind!

Israel — And I consent.

David —

And the schoolmaster with the handsome face
Propose.

Ruth — Your pardon, father, for the jest!
But I have never patience with the ills
That make intrusion on my happy hours.
I know the world is full of evil things,
And shudder with the consciousness. I know
That care has iron crowns for many brows;
That Calvaries are everywhere, whereon
Virtue is crucified, and nails and spears
Draw guiltless blood; that sorrow sits and drinks
At sweetest hearts, till all their life is dry;
That gentle spirits on the rack of pain
Grow faint or fierce, and pray and curse by turns;
That Hell's temptations, clad in Heavenly guise
And armed with might, lie evermore in wait
Along life's path, giving assault to all —
Fatal to most; that Death stalks through the earth,
Choosing his victims, sparing none at last;
That in each shadow of a pleasant tree
A grief sits sadly sobbing to its leaves;
And that beside each fearful soul there walks
The dim, gaunt phantom of uncertainty,
Bidding it look before, where none may see,
And all must go; but I forget it all —
I thrust it from me always when I may;
Else I should faint with fear, or drown myself
In pity. God forgive me! but I've thought
A thousand times that if I had His power,
Or He my love, we'd have a different world
From this we live in.

Israel — Those are sinful thoughts,
My daughter, and too surely indicate
A willful soul, unreconciled to God.

Ruth —

So you have told me often. You have said
That God is just, and I have looked around
To seek the proof in human lot, in vain.
The rain falls kindly on the just man's fields,
But on the unjust man's more kindly still;
And I have never known the winter's blast,

Or the quick lightning, or the pestilence,
Make nice discriminations when let slip
From God's right hand.
Israel— 'Tis a great mystery;
Yet God is just, and, — blessed be His name!
Is loving too. I know that I am weak,
And that the pathway of His Providence
Is on the hills where I may never climb.
Therefore my reason yields her hand to Faith,
And follows meekly where the angel leads.
I see the rich man have his portion here,
And Lazarus, in glorified repose,
Sleep like a jewel on the breast of Faith
In Heaven's broad light. I see that whom God loves
He chastens sorely, but I ask not why.
I only know that God is just and good:
All else is mystery. Why evil lives
Within His universe, I may not know.
I know it lives, and taints the vital air;
And that in ways inscrutable to me —
Yet compromising not his soundless love
And boundless power — it lives against His will.
Ruth—
I am not satisfied. If evil live
Against God's will, evil is king of all,
And they do well who worship Lucifer.
I am not satisfied. My reason spurns
Such prostitution to absurdities.
I know that you are happy; but I shrink
From your blind faith with loathing and with fear,
And feel that I must win it, if I win,
With the surrender, not of will alone,
But of the noblest faculty that God
Has crowned me with.
Israel— O blind and stubborn child!
My light, my joy, my burden and my grief!
How would I lead you to the wells of peace,
And see you dip your fevered palms and drink!
Gladly to purchase this would I lay down
The precious remnant of my life, and sleep,
Wrapped in the faith you spurn, till the archangel
Sounds the last trump. But God's good will be done.
I leave you with Him. . . . God will help you, Ruth.
Ruth—
To quench my reason? Can I ask the boon?
My lips would blister with the blasphemy.

I cannot take your faith; and that is why
I would forget that I am in a world
Where evil lives, and why I guard my joys
With such a jealous care.

David — There, Ruth, sit down!
'Tis the old question, with the old reply.
You fly along the path, with bleeding feet,
Where many feet have flown and bled before;
And he who seeks to guide you to the goal,
Has (let me say it, father) stopped far short,
And taken refuge at a wayside inn,
Whose haunted halls and mazy passages
Receive no light, save through the riddled roof,
Pierced thick by pilgrim staves, that Faith may lie
Upon its back, and only gaze on Heaven.
I would not banish evil if I could;
Nor would I be so deep in love with joy
As to seek for it in forgetfulness,
Through faith or fear.

Ruth — Teach me the better way,
And every expiration from my lips
Shall be a grateful blessing on your head;
And in the coming world I'll seek the side
Of no more gracious angel than the man
Who gives me brotherhood by leading me
Home with himself to heaven.

Israel — My son,
Be careful of your words! 'Tis no light thing
To take the guidance of a straying soul.

David —
I mark the burden well, and love it too,
Because I love the girl and love her lord,
And seek to vindicate His love to her
And waken hers for Him. Be this my plea:
God is almighty — all-benevolent;
And naught exists save by His loving will.
Evil, or what we reckon such, exists,
And not against His will; else the Supreme
Is subject, and we have in place of God
A phantom nothing, with a phantom name.
Therefore I care not whether He ordain
That evil live, or whether He permit;
Therefore I ask not why, in either case,
As if He meant to curse me, but I ask
What He would have this evil do for me?
What is its mission? what its ministry?

What golden fruit lies hidden in its husk?
How shall it nurse my virtue, nerve my will,
Chasten my passions, purify my love,
And make me in some goodly sense like Him
Who bore the cross of evil while He lived,
Who hung and bled upon it when He died,
And now, in glory, wears the victor's crown?

Israel —
If evil, then, have privilege and part
In the economy of holiness,
Why came the Christ to save us from its power
And bring us restoration of the bliss
Lost in the lapse of Eden?

David — And would you
Or Ruth have restoration of that bliss,
And welcome transplantation to the state
Associate with it?

Ruth — Would I? Would I not!
Oh, I have dreamed of it a thousand times,
Sleeping and waking, since the torch of thought
Flashed into flame at Revelation's touch,
And filled my spirit with its quenchless fire.
Most envious dreams of innocence and joy
Have haunted me, — dreams that were born in sin,
Yet swathed in stainless snow. . . .
And I have dreamed
Of sinless men and maids, mated in heaven,
Ere yet their souls had sought for beauteous forms
To give them human sense and residence,
Moving through all this realm of choice delights
For ever and for aye; with hands and hearts
Immaculate as light; without a thought
Of evil, and without a name for fear.
Oh, when I wake from happy dreams like these,
To the old consciousness that I must die,
To the old presence of a guilty heart,
To the old fear that haunts me night and day,
Why should I not deplore the graceless fall
That makes me what I am, and shuts me out
From a condition and society
As much above a sinful maiden's dreams
As Eden blest surpasses Eden curst?

David —
So you would be another Eve, and so —
Fall with the first temptation, like herself!
God seeks for virtue; you for innocence.

You'll find it in the cradle — nowhere else —
Save in your dreams, among the grown-up babes
That dwelt in Eden — powerless, pulpy souls
That showed a dimple for each touch of sin.
God seeks for virtue, and, that it may live,
It must resist, and that which it resists
Must live. Believe me, God has other thought
Than restoration of our fallen race
To its primeval innocence and bliss. . . .

Ruth —

You're very bold, my brother, very bold.
Did I not know you for an earnest man,
When sacred themes move you to utterance,
I'd chide you for those most irreverent words,
Which make essential to the Christian scheme
That which the scheme was made to kill, or cure.

David —

Yet they do save some very awkward words,
That limp to make apology for God,
And, while they justify Him, half confess
The adverse verdict of appearances.
I am ashamed that in this Christian age
The pious throng still hug the fallacy
That this dear world of ours was not ordained
The theater of evil; for no law
Declared of God from all eternity
Can live a moment save by lease of pain.
Law cannot live, e'en in God's inmost thought,
Save by the side of evil. What were law
But a weak jest without its penalty?
Never a law was born that did not fly
Forth from the bosom of Omnipotence
Matched, wing-and-wing, with evil and with good,
Avenger and rewarder — both of God.

Ruth —

I face your thought and give it audience;
But I cannot embrace it till it come
With some of truth's credentials in its hands —
The fruits of gracious ministries.

David — Does he
Who, driven to labor by the threatening weeds,
And forced to give his acres light and air
And traps for dew and reservoirs for rain,
Till, in the smoky light of harvest time,
The ragged husks reveal the golden corn,
Ask truth's credentials of the weeds? Does he

Who prunes the orchard boughs, or tills the field,
Or fells the forests, or pursues their prey,
Until the gnarly muscles of his limbs
And the free blood that thrills in all his veins
Betray the health that toil alone secures,
Ask truth's credentials at the hand of toil?
Do you ask truth's credentials of the storm,
Which, while we entertain communion here,
Makes better music for our huddling hearts
Than choirs of stars can sing in fairest nights?
Yet weeds are evils — evils toil and storm.
We may suspect the fair, smooth face of good;
But evil, that assails us undisguised,
Bears evermore God's warrant in its hands.

TITBOTTOM'S SPECTACLES.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

(From "Prue and I.")

[GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, the distinguished American author and lecturer, was born at Providence, R.I., February 24, 1824. In his youth he worked on a farm, and a portion of the time was a member of the Brook Farm Community. After a four years' visit to Europe and the Orient, he obtained a position on the New York *Tribune;* assumed the editorship of *Putnam's Magazine;* and in 1853 entered the lecture field, in which he acquired immediate popularity. After the suspension of *Putnam's*, he became editor of the "Easy Chair," in *Harper's Monthly* (1858), and in 1860 the leading editorial writer of *Harper's Weekly*, in which he advocated the cause of the Union and emancipation. He was a prominent figure in political as well as literary circles, being twice a delegate to Republican national conventions, presidential elector (1868), and president of the National Civil Service Reform League. He died at his home on Staten Island, August 31, 1892. "Nile Notes of a Howadji," "Lotus-Eating," "Potiphar Papers," and "Prue and I" are his chief books.]

PRUE and I do not entertain much; our means forbid it. In truth, other people entertain for us. We enjoy that hospitality of which no account is made. We see the show, and hear the music, and smell the flowers, of great festivities, tasting, as it were, the drippings from rich dishes.

Our own dinner service is remarkably plain, our dinners, even on state occasions, are strictly in keeping, and almost our only guest is Titbottom. I buy a handful of roses as I come up from the office, perhaps, and Prue arranges them so prettily in a glass dish for the center of the table, that, even when I have hurried out to see Aurelia step into her carriage to go out

to dine, I have thought that the bouquet she carried was not more beautiful because it was more costly.

I grant that it was more harmonious with her superb beauty and her rich attire. And I have no doubt that if Aurelia knew the old man, whom she must have seen so often watching her, and his wife, who ornaments her sex with as much sweetness, although with less splendor, than Aurelia herself, she would also acknowledge that the nosegay of roses was as fine and fit upon their table, as her own sumptuous bouquet is for herself. I have so much faith in the perception of that lovely lady.

It is my habit, — I hope I may say, my nature, — to believe the best of people, rather than the worst. If I thought that all this sparkling setting of beauty, — this fine fashion, — these blazing jewels, and lustrous silks, and airy gauzes, embellished with gold-threaded embroidery and wrought in a thousand exquisite elaborations, so that I cannot see one of those lovely girls pass me by, without thanking God for the vision, — if I thought that this was all, and that, underneath her lace flounces and diamond bracelets, Aurelia was a sullen, selfish woman, then I should turn sadly homeward, for I should see that her jewels were flashing scorn upon the object they adorned, that her laces were of a more exquisite loveliness than the woman whom they merely touched with a superficial grace. It would be like a gayly decorated mausoleum, — bright to see, but silent and dark within.

"Great excellences, my dear Prue," I sometimes allow myself to say, "lie concealed in the depths of character, like pearls at the bottom of the sea. Under the laughing, glancing surface, how little they are suspected! Perhaps love is nothing else than the sight of them by one person. Hence every man's mistress is apt to be an enigma to everybody else.

"I have no doubt that when Aurelia is engaged, people will say she is a most admirable girl, certainly; but they cannot understand why any man should be in love with her. As if it were at all necessary that they should! And her lover, like a boy who finds a pearl in the public street, and wonders as much that others did not see it as that he did, will tremble until he knows his passion is returned; feeling, of course, that the whole world must be in love with this paragon, who cannot possibly smile upon anything so unworthy as he.

"I hope, therefore, my dear Mrs. Prue," I continue, and my wife looks up, with pleased pride, from her work, as if I were

such an irresistible humorist, "you will allow me to believe that the depth may be calm, although the service is dancing. If you tell me that Aurelia is but a giddy girl, I shall believe that you think so. But I shall know, all the while, what profound dignity, and sweetness, and peace, lie at the foundation of her character."

I say such things to Titbottom, during the dull season, at the office. And I have known him sometimes to reply, with a kind of dry, sad humor, not as if he enjoyed the joke, but as if the joke must be made, that he saw no reason why I should be dull because the season was so.

"And what do I know of Aurelia, or any other girl?" he says to me with that abstracted air; "I, whose Aurelias were of another century, and another zone."

Then he falls into a silence which it seems quite profane to interrupt. But as we sit upon our high stools, at the desk, opposite each other, I leaning upon my elbows, and looking at him, he, with sidelong face, glancing out of the window, as if it commanded a boundless landscape, instead of a dim, dingy office court, I cannot refrain from saying: —

"Well!"

He turns slowly, and I go chatting on, — a little too loquacious perhaps, about those young girls. But I know that Titbottom regards such an excess as venial, for his sadness is so sweet that you could believe it the reflection of a smile from long, long years ago.

One day, after I had been talking for a long time, and we had put up our books, and were preparing to leave, he stood for some time by the window, gazing with a drooping intentness, as if he really saw something more than the dark court, and said slowly: —

"Perhaps you would have different impressions of things, if you saw them through my spectacles."

There was no change in his expression. He still looked from the window, and I said: —

"Titbottom, I did not know that you used glasses. I have never seen you wearing spectacles."

"No, I don't often wear them. I am not very fond of looking through them. But sometimes an irresistible necessity compels me to put them on, and I cannot help seeing."

Titbottom sighed.

"Is it so grievous a fate to see?" inquired I.

"Yes; through my spectacles," he said, turning slowly, and looking at me with wan solemnity.

It grew dark as we stood in the office talking, and, taking our hats, we went out together. The narrow street of business was deserted. The heavy iron shutters were gloomily closed over the windows. From one or two offices struggled the dim gleam of an early candle, by whose light some perplexed accountant sat belated, and hunting for his error. A careless clerk passed, whistling. But the great tide of life had ebbed. We heard its roar far away, and the sound stole into that silent street like the murmur of the ocean into an inland dell.

"You will come and dine with us, Titbottom?"

He assented by continuing to walk with me, and I think we were both glad when we reached the house, and Prue came to meet us, saying: —

"Do you know I hoped you would bring Mr. Titbottom to dine?"

Titbottom smiled gently, and answered: —

"He might have brought his spectacles with him, and have been a happier man for it."

Prue looked a little puzzled.

"My dear," I said, "you must know that our friend, Mr. Titbottom, is the happy possessor of a pair of wonderful spectacles. I have never seen them, indeed; and, from what he says, I should be rather afraid of being seen by them. Most short-sighted persons are very glad to have the help of glasses; but Mr. Titbottom seems to find very little pleasure in his."

"It is because they make him too farsighted, perhaps," interrupted Prue, quietly, as she took the silver soup ladle from the sideboard.

We sipped our wine after dinner, and Prue took her work. Can a man be too farsighted? I did not ask the question aloud. The very tone in which Prue had spoken, convinced me that he might.

"At least," I said, "Mr. Titbottom will not refuse to tell us the history of his mysterious spectacles. I have known plenty of magic in eyes (and I glanced at the tender blue eyes of Prue), but I have not heard of any enchanted glasses."

"Yet you must have seen the glass in which your wife looks every morning, and, I take it, that glass must be daily enchanted," said Titbottom, with a bow of quaint respect to my wife.

I do not think I have seen such a blush upon Prue's cheek since — well, since a great many years ago.

"I will gladly tell you the history of my spectacles," began Titbottom. "It is very simple; and I am not at all sure that a great many other people have not a pair of the same kind. I have never, indeed, heard of them by the gross, like those of our young friend, Moses, the son of the Vicar of Wakefield. In fact, I think a gross would be quite enough to supply the world. It is a kind of article for which the demand does not increase with use. If we should all wear spectacles like mine, we should never smile any more. Or — I am not quite sure — we should all be very happy."

"A very important difference," said Prue, counting her stitches.

"You know my grandfather Titbottom was a West Indian. A large proprietor, and an easy man, he basked in the tropical sun, leading his quiet, luxurious life. He lived much alone, and was what people call eccentric — by which I understand, that he was very much himself, and, refusing the influence of other people, they had their revenges, and called him names. It is a habit not exclusively tropical. I think I have seen the same thing even in this city.

"But he was greatly beloved — my bland and bountiful grandfather. He was so large-hearted and open-handed. He was so friendly, and thoughtful, and genial, that even his jokes had the air of graceful benedictions. He did not seem to grow old, and he was one of those who never appear to have been very young. He flourished in a perennial maturity, an immortal middle age.

"My grandfather lived upon one of the small islands — St. Kitt's, perhaps — and his domain extended to the sea. His house, a rambling West Indian mansion, was surrounded with deep, spacious piazzas, covered with luxurious lounges, among which one capacious chair was his peculiar seat. They tell me, he used sometimes to sit there for the whole day, his great, soft, brown eyes fastened upon the sea, watching the specks of sails that flashed upon the horizon, while the evanescent expressions chased each other over his placid face, as if it reflected the calm and changing sea before him.

"His morning costume was an ample dressing gown of gorgeously flowered silk, and his morning was very apt to last all day. He rarely read; but he would pace the great piazza for

hours, with his hands buried in the pockets of his dressing gown, and an air of sweet reverie, which any book must be a very entertaining one to produce.

"Society, of course, he saw little. There was some slight apprehension that, if he were bidden to social entertainments, he might forget his coat, or arrive without some other essential part of his dress; and there is a sly tradition in the Titbottom family, that once, having been invited to a ball in honor of a new governor of the island, my grandfather Titbottom sauntered into the hall towards midnight, wrapped in the gorgeous flowers of his dressing gown, and with his hands buried in the pockets, as usual. There was great excitement among the guests, and immense deprecation of gubernatorial ire. Fortunately, it happened that the governor and my grandfather were old friends, and there was no offense. But, as they were conversing together, one of the distressed managers cast indignant glances at the brilliant costume of my grandfather, who summoned him, and asked courteously: —

"'Did you invite me, or my coat?'

"'You, in a proper coat,' replied the manager.

"The governor smiled approvingly, and looked at my grandfather.

"'My friend,' said he to the manager, 'I beg your pardon, I forgot.'

"The next day, my grandfather was seen promenading in full ball dress along the streets of the little town.

"'They ought to know,' said he, 'that I have a proper coat, and that not contempt, nor poverty, but forgetfulness, sent me to a ball in my dressing gown.'

"He did not much frequent social festivals after this failure, but he always told the story with satisfaction and a quiet smile.

"To a stranger, life upon those little islands is uniform even to weariness. But the old native dons, like my grandfather, ripen in the prolonged sunshine, like the turtle upon the Bahama banks, nor know of existence more desirable. Life in the tropics, I take to be a placid torpidity.

"During the long warm mornings of nearly half a century, my grandfather Titbottom had sat in his dressing gown, and gazed at the sea. But one calm June day, as he slowly paced the piazza after breakfast, his dreamy glance was arrested by a little vessel, evidently nearing the shore. He called for his spy-glass, and, surveying the craft, saw that she came from the

neighboring island. She glided smoothly, slowly, over the summer sea. The warm morning air was sweet with perfumes, and silent with heat. The sea sparkled languidly, and the brilliant blue sky hung cloudlessly over. Scores of little island vessels had my grandfather seen coming over the horizon, and cast anchor in the port. Hundreds of summer mornings had the white sails flashed and faded, like vague faces through forgotten dreams. But this time he laid down the spyglass, and leaned against a column of the piazza, and watched the vessel with an intentness that he could not explain. She came nearer and nearer, a graceful specter in the dazzling morning.

"'Decidedly, I must step down and see about that vessel,' said my grandfather Titbottom.

"He gathered his ample dressing gown about him, and stepped from the piazza, with no other protection from the sun than the little smoking cap upon his head. His face wore a calm, beaming smile, as if he loved the whole world. He was not an old man; but there was almost a patriarchal pathos in his expression, as he sauntered along in the sunshine towards the shore. A group of idle gazers was collected, to watch the arrival. The little vessel furled her sails, and drifted slowly landward, and, as she was of very light draught, she came close to the shelving shore. A long plank was put out from her side, and the debarkation commenced.

"My grandfather Titbottom stood looking on, to see the passengers as they passed. There were but a few of them, and mostly traders from the neighboring island. But suddenly the face of a young girl appeared over the side of the vessel, and she stepped upon the plank to descend. My grandfather Titbottom instantly advanced, and, moving briskly, reached the top of the plank at the same moment; and with the old tassel of his cap flashing in the sun, and one hand in the pocket of his dressing gown, with the other he handed the young lady carefully down the plank. That young lady was afterwards my grandmother Titbottom.

"For, over the gleaming sea which he had watched so long, and which seemed thus to reward his patient gaze, came his bride that sunny morning.

"'Of course, we are happy,' he used to say to her, after they were married: 'for you are the gift of the sun I have loved so long and so well.' And my grandfather Titbottom would lay his hand so tenderly upon the golden hair of his

young bride, that you could fancy him a devout Parsee, caressing sunbeams.

"There were endless festivities upon occasion of the marriage; and my grandfather did not go to one of them in his dressing gown. The gentle sweetness of his wife melted every heart into love and sympathy. He was much older than she, without doubt. But age, as he used to say with a smile of immortal youth, is a matter of feeling, not of years.

"And if, sometimes, as she sat by his side on the piazza, her fancy looked through her eyes upon that summer sea, and saw a younger lover, perhaps some one of those graceful and glowing heroes who occupy the foreground of all young maidens' visions by the sea, yet she could not find one more generous and gracious, nor fancy one more worthy and loving, than my grandfather Titbottom.

"And if, in the moonlit midnight, while he lay calmly sleeping, she leaned out of the window, and sank into vague reveries of sweet possibility, and watched the gleaming path of the moonlight upon the water, until the dawn glided over it — it was only that mood of nameless regret and longing, which underlies all human happiness; or it was the vision of that life of cities and the world, which she had never seen, but of which she had often read, and which looked very fair and alluring across the sea, to a girlish imagination, which knew that it should never see that reality.

"These West Indian years were the great days of the family," said Titbottom, with an air of majestic and regal regret, pausing, and musing, in our little parlor, like a late Stuart in exile, remembering England.

Prue raised her eyes from her work, and looked at him with subdued admiration; for I have observed that, like the rest of her sex, she has a singular sympathy with the representative of a reduced family.

Perhaps it is their finer perception which leads these tender-hearted women to recognize the divine right of social superiority so much more readily than we; and yet, much as Titbottom was enhanced in my wife's admiration by the discovery that his dusky sadness of nature and expression was, as it were, the expiring gleam and late twilight of ancestral splendors, I doubt if Mr. Bourne would have preferred him for bookkeeper a moment sooner upon that account. In truth, I have observed, down town, that the fact of your ancestors

doing nothing, is not considered good proof that you can do anything.

But Prue and her sex regard sentiment more than action, and I understand easily enough why she is never tired of hearing me read of Prince Charlie. If Titbottom had been only a little younger, a little handsomer, a little more gallantly dressed — in fact, a little more of a Prince Charlie, I am sure her eyes would not have fallen again upon her work so tranquilly, as he resumed his story.

"I can remember my grandfather Titbottom, although I was a very young child, and he was a very old man. My young mother and my young grandmother are very distinct figures in my memory, ministering to the old gentleman, wrapped in his dressing gown, and seated upon the piazza. I remember his white hair, and his calm smile, and how, not long before he died, he called me to him, and laying his hand upon my head, said to me: —

"'My child, the world is not this great sunny piazza, nor life the fairy stories which the women tell you here, as you sit in their laps. I shall soon be gone, but I want to leave with you some memento of my love for you, and I know of nothing more valuable than these spectacles, which your grandmother brought from her native island, when she arrived here one fine summer morning, long ago. I cannot tell whether, when you grow older, you will regard them as a gift of the greatest value, or as something that you had been happier never to have possessed.'

"'But, grandpapa, I am not shortsighted.'

"'My son, are you not human?' said the old gentleman; and how shall I ever forget the thoughtful sadness with which, at the same time, he handed me the spectacles.

"Instinctively I put them on, and looked at my grandfather. But I saw no grandfather, no piazza, no flowered dressing gown; I saw only a luxuriant palm tree, waving broadly over a tranquil landscape, pleasant homes clustered around it; gardens teeming with fruit and flowers; flocks quietly feeding; birds wheeling and chirping. I heard children's voices, and the low lullaby of happy mothers. The sound of cheerful singing came wafted from distant fields upon the light breeze. Golden harvests glistened out of sight, and I caught their rustling whispers of prosperity. A warm, mellow atmosphere bathed the whole.

"I have seen copies of the landscapes of the Italian painter Claude, which seemed to me faint reminiscences of that calm

and happy vision. But all this peace and prosperity seemed to flow from the spreading palm as from a fountain.

"I do not know how long I looked, but I had, apparently, no power, as I had no will, to remove the spectacles. What a wonderful island must Nevis be, thought I, if people carry such pictures in their pockets, only by buying a pair of spectacles! What wonder that my dear grandmother Titbottom has lived such a placid life, and has blessed us all with her sunny temper, when she has lived surrounded by such images of peace!

"My grandfather died. But still, in the warm morning sunshine upon the piazza, I felt his placid presence, and as I crawled into his great chair, and drifted on in reverie through the still tropical day, it was as if his soft dreamy eye had passed into my soul. My grandmother cherished his memory with tender regret. A violent passion of grief for his loss was no more possible than for the pensive decay of the year.

"We have no portrait of him, but I see always, when I remember him, that peaceful and luxuriant palm. And I think that to have known one good old man — one man who, through the chances and rubs of a long life, has carried his heart in his hand, like a palm branch, waving all discords into peace, helps our faith in God, in ourselves, and in each other, more than many sermons. I hardly know whether to be grateful to my grandfather for the spectacles; and yet when I remember that it is to them I owe the pleasant image of him which I cherish, I seem to myself sadly ungrateful.

"Madam," said Titbottom to Prue, solemnly, "my memory is a long and gloomy gallery, and only remotely, at its further end, do I see the glimmer of soft sunshine, and only there are the pleasant pictures hung. They seem to me very happy along whose gallery the sunlight streams to their very feet, striking all the pictured walls into unfading splendor."

Prue had laid her work in her lap, and as Titbottom paused a moment, and I turned towards her, I found her mild eyes fastened upon my face, and glistening with many tears. I knew that the tears meant that she felt herself to be one of those who seemed to Titbottom very happy.

"Misfortunes of many kinds came heavily upon the family after the head was gone. The great house was relinquished. My parents were both dead, and my grandmother had entire charge of me. But from the moment that I received the gift of the spectacles, I could not resist their fascination, and I with-

drew into myself, and became a solitary boy. There were not many companions for me of my own age, and they gradually left me, or, at least, had not a hearty sympathy with me; for, if they teased me, I pulled out my spectacles and surveyed them so seriously that they acquired a kind of awe of me, and evidently regarded my grandfather's gift as a concealed magical weapon which might be dangerously drawn upon them at any moment. Whenever, in our games, there were quarrels and high words, and I began to feel about my dress and to wear a grave look, they all took the alarm, and shouted, 'Look out for Titbottom's spectacles,' and scattered like a flock of scared sheep.

"Nor could I wonder at it. For, at first, before they took the alarm, I saw strange sights when I looked at them through the glasses.

"If two were quarreling about a marble or a ball, I had only to go behind a tree where I was concealed and look at them leisurely. Then the scene changed, and it was no longer a green meadow with boys playing, but a spot which I did not recognize, and forms that made me shudder, or smile. It was not a big boy bullying a little one, but a young wolf with glistening teeth and a lamb cowering before him; or, it was a dog faithful and famishing — or a star going slowly into eclipse — or a rainbow fading — or a flower blooming — or a sun rising — or a waning moon.

"The revelations of the spectacles determined my feeling for the boys, and for all whom I saw through them. No shyness, nor awkwardness, nor silence, could separate me from those who looked lovely as lilies to my illuminated eyes. But the vision made me afraid. If I felt myself warmly drawn to any one, I struggled with the fierce desire of seeing him through the spectacles, for I feared to find him something else than I fancied. I longed to enjoy the luxury of ignorant feeling, to love without knowing, to float like a leaf upon the eddies of life, drifted now to a sunny point, now to a solemn shade — now over glittering ripples, now over gleaming calms, — and not to determined ports, a trim vessel with an inexorable rudder.

"But sometimes, mastered after long struggles, as if the unavoidable condition of owning the spectacles were using them, I seized them and sauntered into the little town. Putting them to my eyes I peered into the houses and at the people who passed me. Here sat a family at breakfast, and I stood at the window

looking in. O motley meal! fantastic vision! The good mother saw her lord sitting opposite, a grave, respectable being, eating muffins. But I saw only a bank bill, more or less crumbled and tattered, marked with a larger or lesser figure. If a sharp wind blew suddenly, I saw it tremble and flutter; it was thin, flat, impalpable. I removed my glasses, and looked with my eyes at the wife. I could have smiled to see the humid tenderness with which she regarded her strange *vis-à-vis*. Is life only a game of blindman's buff? of droll cross-purposes?

"Or I put them on again, and then looked at the wives. How many stout trees I saw, — how many tender flowers, — how many placid pools; yes, and how many little streams winding out of sight, shrinking before the large, hard, round eyes opposite, and slipping off into solitude and shade, with a low, inner song for their own solace.

"In many houses I thought to see angels, nymphs, or, at least, women, and could only find broomsticks, mops, or kettles, hurrying about, rattling and tinkling, in a state of shrill activity. I made calls upon elegant ladies, and after I had enjoyed the gloss of silk, and the delicacy of lace, and the glitter of jewels, I slipped on my spectacles, and saw a peacock's feather, flounced, and furbelowed, and fluttering; or an iron rod, thin, sharp, and hard; nor could I possibly mistake the movement of the drapery for any flexibility of the thing draped.

"Or, mysteriously chilled, I saw a statue of perfect form, or flowing movement, it might be alabaster, or bronze, or marble, — but sadly often it was ice, and I knew that after it had shone a little, and frozen a few eyes with its despairing perfection, it could not be put away in the niches of palaces for ornament and proud family tradition, like the alabaster, or bronze, or marble statues, but would melt, and shrink, and fall coldly away in colorless and useless water, be absorbed in the earth and utterly forgotten.

"But the true sadness was rather in seeing those who, not having the spectacles, thought that the iron rod was flexible, and the ice statue warm. I saw many a gallant heart, which seemed to me brave and loyal as the crusaders, pursuing, through days and nights, and a long life of devotion, the hope of lighting at least a smile in the cold eyes, if not a fire in the icy heart. I watched the earnest, enthusiastic sacrifice. I saw the pure resolve, the generous faith, the fine scorn of doubt, the impatience of suspicion. I watched the grace, the ardor, the

glory of devotion. Through those strange spectacles how often I saw the noblest heart renouncing all other hope, all other ambition, all other life, than the possible love of some one of those statues.

"Ah me! it was terrible, but they had not the love to give. The face was so polished and smooth, because there was no sorrow in the heart, — and drearily, often, no heart to be touched. I could not wonder that the noble heart of devotion was broken, for it had dashed itself against a stone. I wept, until my spectacles were dimmed, for those hopeless lovers; but there was a pang beyond tears for those icy statues.

"Still a boy, I was thus too much a man in knowledge, — I did not comprehend the sights I was compelled to see. I used to tear my glasses away from my eyes, and, frightened at myself, run to escape my own consciousness. Reaching the small house where we then lived, I plunged into my grandmother's room, and, throwing myself upon the floor, buried my face in her lap, and sobbed myself to sleep with premature grief.

"But when I awakened, and felt her cool hand upon my hot forehead, and heard the low sweet song, or the gentle story, or the tenderly told parable from the Bible, with which she tried to soothe me, I could not resist the mystic fascination that lured me, as I lay in her lap, to steal a glance at her through the spectacles.

"Pictures of the Madonna have not her rare and pensive beauty. Upon the tranquil little islands her life had been eventless, and all the fine possibilities of her nature were like flowers that never bloomed. Placid were all her years; yet I have read of no heroine, of no woman great in sudden crises, that it did not seem to me she might have been. The wife and widow of a man who loved his home better than the homes of others, I have yet heard of no queen, no belle, no imperial beauty, whom in grace, and brilliancy, and persuasive courtesy she might not have surpassed.

"Madam," said Titbottom to my wife, whose heart hung upon his story, "your husband's young friend, Aurelia, wears sometimes a camelia in her hair, and no diamond in the ball-room seems so costly as that perfect flower, which women envy, and for whose least and withered petal men sigh; yet, in the tropical solitudes of Brazil, how many a camelia bud drops from the bush that no eye has ever seen, which, had it flowered and been noticed, would have gilded all hearts with its memory.

"When I stole these furtive glances at my grandmother, half fearing that they were wrong, I saw only a calm lake, whose shores were low, and over which the sun hung unbroken, so that the least star was clearly reflected. It had an atmosphere of solemn twilight tranquillity, and so completely did its unruffled surface blend with the cloudless, star-studded sky, that, when I looked through my spectacles at my grandmother, the vision seemed to me all heaven and stars.

"Yet, as I gazed and gazed, I felt what stately cities might well have been built upon those shores, and have flashed prosperity over the calm, like coruscations of pearls. I dreamed of gorgeous fleets, silken-sailed, and blown by perfumed winds, drifting over those depthless waters and through those spacious skies. I gazed upon the twilight, the inscrutable silence, like a God-fearing discoverer upon a new and vast sea bursting upon him through forest glooms, and in the fervor of whose impassioned gaze a millennial and poetic world arises, and man need no longer die to be happy.

"My companions naturally deserted me, for I had grown wearily grave and abstracted: and, unable to resist the allurements of my spectacles, I was constantly lost in the world, of which those companions were part, yet of which they knew nothing.

"I grew cold and hard, almost morose; people seemed to me so blind and unreasonable. They did the wrong thing. They called green, yellow; and black, white. Young men said of a girl, 'What a lovely, simple creature!' I looked, and there was only a glistening wisp of straw, dry and hollow. Or they said, 'What a cold, proud beauty!' I looked, and lo! a Madonna, whose heart held the world. Or they said, 'What a wild, giddy girl!' and I saw a glancing, dancing mountain stream, pure as the virgin snows whence it flowed, singing through sun and shade, over pearls and gold dust, slipping along unstained by weed or rain, or heavy foot of cattle, touching the flowers with a dewy kiss, — a beam of grace, a happy song, a line of light, in the dim and troubled landscape.

"My grandmother sent me to school, but I looked at the master and saw that he was a smooth round ferule, or an improper noun, or a vulgar fraction, and refused to obey him. Or he was a piece of string, a rag, a willow wand, and I had a contemptuous pity. But one was a well of cool, deep water, and looking suddenly in, one day, I saw the stars.

"That one gave me all my schooling. With him I used to walk by the sea, and, as we strolled and the waves plunged in long legions before us, I looked at him through the spectacles, and as his eyes dilated with the boundless view, and his chest heaved with an impossible desire, I saw Xerxes and his army, tossed and glittering, rank upon rank, multitude upon multitude, out of sight, but ever regularly advancing, and with confused roar of ceaseless music prostrating themselves in abject homage. Or, as with arms outstretched and hair streaming on the wind, he chanted full lines of the resounding Iliad, I saw Homer pacing the Ægean sands of the Greek sunsets of forgotten times.

"My grandmother died, and I was thrown into the world without resources, and with no capital but my spectacles. I tried to find employment, but everybody was shy of me. There was a vague suspicion that I was either a little crazed, or a good deal in league with the prince of darkness. My companions, who would persist in calling a piece of painted muslin, a fair and fragrant flower, had no difficulty; success waited for them around every corner, and arrived in every ship.

"I tried to teach, for I loved children. But if anything excited a suspicion of my pupils, and putting on my spectacles, I saw that I was fondling a snake, or smelling at a bud with a worm in it, I sprang up in horror and ran away; or, if it seemed to me through the glasses, that a cherub smiled upon me, or a rose was blooming in my buttonhole, then I felt myself imperfect and impure, not fit to be leading and training what was so essentially superior to myself, and I kissed the children and left them weeping and wondering.

"In despair I went to a great merchant on the island, and asked him to employ me.

"'My dear young friend,' said he, 'I understand that you have some singular secret, some charm, or spell, or amulet, or something, I don't know what, of which people are afraid. Now you know, my dear,' said the merchant, swelling up, and apparently prouder of his great stomach than of his large fortune, 'I am not of that kind. I am not easily frightened. You may spare yourself the pain of trying to impose upon me. People who propose to come to time before I arrive, are accustomed to arise very early in the morning,' said he, thrusting his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and spreading the fingers like two fans, upon his bosom. 'I think I have heard some-

thing of your secret. You have a pair of spectacles, I believe, that you value very much, because your grandmother brought them as a marriage portion to your grandfather. Now, if you think fit to sell me those spectacles, I will pay you the largest market price for them. What do you say?'

"I told him I had not the slightest idea of selling my spectacles.

"'My young friend means to eat them, I suppose,' said he, with a contemptuous smile.

"I made no reply, but was turning to leave the office, when the merchant called after me:—

"'My young friend, poor people should never suffer themselves to get into pets. Anger is an expensive luxury, in which only men of a certain income can indulge. A pair of spectacles and a hot temper are not the most promising capital for success in life, Master Titbottom.'

"I said nothing, but put my hand upon the door to go out, when the merchant said, more respectfully:—

"'Well, you foolish boy, if you will not sell your spectacles, perhaps you will agree to sell the use of them to me. That is, you shall only put them on when I direct you, and for my purposes. Hallo! you little fool!' cried he, impatiently, as he saw that I intended to make no reply.

"But I had pulled out my spectacles and put them on for my own purposes, and against his wish and desire. I looked at him, and saw a huge, bald-headed wild boar, with gross chaps and a leering eye—only the more ridiculous for the high-arched, gold-bowed spectacles, that straddled his nose. One of his fore hoofs was thrust into the safe, where his bills receivable were hived, and the other into his pocket, among the loose change and bills there. His ears were pricked forward with a brisk, sensitive smartness. In a world where prize pork was the best excellence, he would have carried off all the premiums.

"I stepped into the next office in the street, and a mild-faced, genial man, also a large and opulent merchant, asked me my business in such a tone that I instantly looked through my spectacles, and saw a land flowing with milk and honey. There I pitched my tent, and stayed till the good man died, and his business was discontinued.

"But while there," said Titbottom, and his voice trembled away into a sigh, "I first saw Preciosa. Despite the spectacles, I saw Preciosa. For days, for weeks, for months, I did not take

my spectacles with me. I ran away from them, I threw them up on high shelves, I tried to make up my mind to throw them into the sea, or down the well. I could not, I would not, I dared not, look at Preciosa through the spectacles. It was not possible for me deliberately to destroy them; but I awoke in the night, and could almost have cursed my dear old grandfather for his gift.

"I sometimes escaped from the office, and sat for whole days with Preciosa. I told her the strange things I had seen with my mystic glasses. The hours were not enough for the wild romances which I raved in her ear. She listened, astonished and appalled. Her blue eyes turned upon me with sweet deprecation. She clung to me, and then withdrew, and fled fearfully from the room.

"But she could not stay away. She could not resist my voice, in whose tones burnt all the love that filled my heart and brain. The very effort to resist the desire of seeing her as I saw everybody else gave a frenzy and an unnatural tension to my feeling and my manner. I sat by her side, looking into her eyes, smoothing her hair, folding her to my heart, which was sunken deep and deep — why not forever? — in that dream of peace. I ran from her presence, and shouted, and leaped with joy, and sat the whole night through, thrilled into happiness by the thought of her love and loveliness, like a wind harp, tightly strung, and answering the airiest sigh of the breeze with music.

"Then came calmer days — the conviction of deep love settled upon our lives — as after the hurrying, heaving days of spring comes the bland and benignant summer.

"'It is no dream, then, after all, and we are happy,' I said to her, one day; and there came no answer, for happiness is speechless.

"'We are happy, then,' I said to myself; 'there is no excitement now. How glad I am that I can now look at her through my spectacles.'

"I feared lest some instinct should warn me to beware. I escaped from her arms, and ran home and seized the glasses, and bounded back again to Preciosa. As I entered the room I was heated, my head was swimming with confused apprehensions, my eyes must have glared. Preciosa was frightened, and rising from her seat, stood with an inquiring glance of surprise in her eyes.

"But I was bent with frenzy upon my purpose. I was merely aware that she was in the room. I saw nothing else. I heard nothing. I cared for nothing, but to see her through that magic glass, and feel at once all the fullness of blissful perfection which that would reveal. Preciosa stood before the mirror, but alarmed at my wild and eager movements, unable to distinguish what I had in my hands, and seeing me raise them suddenly to my face, she shrieked with terror, and fell fainting upon the floor, at the very moment that I placed the glasses before my eyes, and beheld — *myself*, reflected in the mirror before which she had been standing.

"Dear madam," cried Titbottom, to my wife, springing up and falling back again in his chair, pale and trembling, while Prue ran to him and took his hand, and I poured out a glass of water — "I saw myself."

There was silence for many minutes. Prue laid her hand gently upon the head of our guest, whose eyes were closed, and who breathed softly like an infant in sleeping. Perhaps, in all the long years of anguish since that hour, no tender hand had touched his brow, nor wiped away the damps of a bitter sorrow. Perhaps the tender, maternal fingers of my wife soothed his weary head with the conviction that he felt the hand of his mother playing with the long hair of her boy in the soft West India morning. Perhaps it was only the natural relief of expressing a pent-up sorrow.

When he spoke again, it was with the old subdued tone, and the air of quaint solemnity.

"These things were matters of long, long ago, and I came to this country soon after. I brought with me premature age, a past of melancholy memories, and the magic spectacles. I had become their slave. I had nothing more to fear. Having seen myself, I was compelled to see others, properly to understand my relations to them. The lights that cheer the future of other men had gone out for me; my eyes were those of an exile turned backwards upon the receding shore, and not forwards with hope upon the ocean.

"I mingled with men, but with little pleasure. There are but many varieties of a few types. I did not find those I came to clearer-sighted than those I had left behind. I heard men called shrewd and wise, and report said they were highly intelligent and successful. My finest sense detected no aroma of purity and principle; but I saw only a fungus that had fat-

tened and spread in a night. They went to the theaters to see actors upon the stage. I went to see actors in the boxes, so consummately cunning, that others did not know they were acting, and they did not suspect it themselves.

"Perhaps you wonder it did not make me misanthropical. My dear friends, do not forget that I had seen myself. That made me compassionate, not cynical.

"Of course, I could not value highly the ordinary standards of success and excellence. When I went to church and saw a thin, blue, artificial flower, or a great sleepy cushion expounding the beauty of holiness to pews full of eagles, half eagles, and threepences, however adroitly concealed they might be in broadcloth and boots: or saw an onion in an Easter bonnet weeping over the sins of Magdalen, I did not feel as they felt who saw in all this, not only propriety, but piety.

"Or when at public meetings an eel stood up on end, and wriggled and squirmed lithely in every direction, and declared that, for his part, he went in for rainbows and hot water — how could I help seeing that he was still black and loved a slimy pool?

"I could not grow misanthropical when I saw in the eyes of so many who were called old, the gushing fountains of eternal youth, and the light of an immortal dawn, or when I saw those who were esteemed unsuccessful and aimless, ruling a fair realm of peace and plenty, either in their own hearts, or in another's — a realm and princely possession for which they had well renounced a hopeless search and a belated triumph.

"I knew one man who had been for years a byword for having sought the philosopher's stone. But I looked at him through the spectacles and saw a satisfaction in concentrated energies, and a tenacity arising from devotion to a noble dream which was not apparent in the youths who pitied him in the aimless effeminacy of clubs, nor in the clever gentlemen who cracked their thin jokes upon him over a gossiping dinner.

"And there was your neighbor over the way, who passes for a woman who has failed in her career, because she is an old maid. People wag solemn heads of pity, and say that she made so great a mistake in not marrying the brilliant and famous man who was for long years her suitor. It is clear that no orange flower will ever bloom for her. The young people make their tender romances about her as they watch her, and think of her solitary hours of bitter regret and wasting longing, never to be satisfied.

white lily, whose stem was broken, but which was fresh, and luminous, and fragrant still."

"That was a miracle," interrupted Prue.

"Madam, it was a miracle," replied Titbottom, "and for that one sight I am devoutly grateful for my grandfather's gift. I saw that although a flower may have lost its hold upon earthly moisture, it may still bloom as sweetly, fed by the dews of heaven."

The door closed, and he was gone. But as Prue put her arm in mine, and we went upstairs together, she whispered in my ear: —

"How glad I am that you don't wear spectacles."

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

By FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

(From the "Sparrowgrass Papers.")

[FREDERICK SWARTWOUT COZZENS, an American writer, was born in New York city, March 5, 1818; died in Brooklyn, N.Y., December 23, 1869. He was in early life a leading wine merchant of New York and editor of the *Wine Press*, a trade paper for which he wrote articles on the cultivation of the grape and the manufacture of wine. Subsequently he contributed to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, *Putnam's*, etc., and published the popular "Sparrowgrass Papers" (1856), "Prismatics," "Acadia: a Sojourn among the Bluenoses," "True History of Plymouth."]

IT is a good thing to live in the country, — to escape from the prison walls of the metropolis — the great brickery we call "the city" — and to live amid blossoms and leaves, in shadow and sunshine, in moonlight and starlight, in rain, mist, dew, hoarfrost, and drought, out in the open campaign, and under the blue dome that is bounded by the horizon only. It is a good thing to have a well with dripping buckets, a porch with honey buds and sweet bells, a hive embroidered with nimble bees, a sundial mossed over, ivy up to the eaves, curtains of dimity, a tumbler of fresh flowers in your bedroom, a rooster on the roof, and a dog under the piazza.

When Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, with our heads full of fresh butter, and cool, crisp radishes for tea, with ideas entirely lucid respecting milk, and a looseness of calculation as to the number in family it would take a good

Harvesting in Brittany

From the painting by A. Moreau.

Ad. Moreau pinx.

H. Formstecher sc

Mrs. Sparrowgrass, who is a notable housewife, said to me one day, "Now, my dear, we shall soon have plenty of eggs, for I have been buying a lot of young chickens." There they were, each one with as many feathers as a grasshopper, and a chirp not louder. Of course we looked forward with pleasant hopes to the period when the first cackle should announce the milk-white egg, warmly deposited in the hay which we had provided bountifully. They grew finely, and one day I ventured to remark that our hens had remarkably large combs, to which Mrs. S. replied, Yes, indeed, she had observed that; but if I wanted to have a real treat, I ought to get up early in the morning and hear them crow. "Crow!" said I, faintly; "our hens crowing! Then, by 'the cock that crowed in the morn, to wake the priest all shaven and shorn,' we might as well give up all hopes of having any eggs," said I; "for, as sure as you live, Mrs. S., our hens are all roosters!" And so they were roosters! they grew up and fought with the neighbor's chickens, until there was not a whole pair of eyes on either side of the fence.

A *dog* is a good thing to have in the country. I have one which I raised from a pup. He is a good, stout fellow, and a hearty barker and feeder. The man of whom I bought him said he was thoroughbred, but he begins to have a mongrel look about him. He is a good watch dog, though; for the moment he sees any suspicious-looking person about the premises he comes right into the kitchen and gets behind the stove. First we kept him in the house, and he scratched all night to get out. Then we turned him out, and he scratched all night to get in. Then we tied him up at the back of the garden, and he howled so that our neighbor shot at him twice before daybreak. Finally we gave him away, and he came back; and now he is just recovering from a fit, in which he has torn up the patch that has been sown for our spring radishes.

A good, strong gate is a necessary article for your garden, — a good, strong, heavy gate, with a dislocated hinge, so that it will neither open nor shut. Such a one have I. The grounds before my fence are in common, and all the neighbors' cows pasture there. I remarked to Mrs. S., as we stood at the window in a June sunset, how placid and picturesque the cattle looked, as they strolled about, cropping the green herbage. Next morning I found the innocent creatures in my garden. They had not left a green thing in it. The corn in the milk, the beans on the poles, the young cabbages, the tender lettuce,

even the thriving shoots on my young fruit trees had vanished. And there they were, looking quietly on the ruin they had made. Our watch dog, too, was forgathering with them. It was too much: so I got a large stick and drove them all out, except a young heifer, whom I chased all over the flower beds, breaking down my trellises, my woodbines and sweet briers, my roses and petunias, until I cornered her in the hot bed. I had to call for assistance to extricate her from the sashes, and her owner has sued me for damages. I believe I shall move in town.

* * * * * * *

We have put a dumb waiter in our house. A dumb waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, everything can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble, and, if the baby gets to be unbearable on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him in one of the shelves and letting him down upon the help. To provide for contingencies, we had all our floors deafened. In consequence, you cannot hear anything that is going on in the story below; and, when you are in the upper room of the house, there might be a Democratic ratification meeting in the cellar and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement, it would not disturb us; but, to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows. Besides, Mrs. Sparrowgrass had bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphia, — such a rattle as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first and make inquiries afterwards.

One evening Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing, when it struck me a glass of ice water would be palatable. So I took the candle and a pitcher and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump, in the kitchen, is more convenient; but a well with buckets is certainly most picturesque. Unfortunately, our well water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out. First I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement hall, and then I went to the kitchen door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her and slept with it under her pillow. Then I retraced my steps, bolted the basement door, and went up into the dining room.

As is always the case, I found, when I could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well; but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors; there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile; I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb waiter, got in myself with the lamp, let myself down, until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go.

We came down so suddenly that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult; it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at midnight, with no fire, and the air not much above the zero point. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent: instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five. My first impulse was to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door; it was locked: I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If ever I felt angry at anybody it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers and looked out at the sky: not a star was visible; it was as black as ink overhead. Then I thought of Baron Trenck, and the prisoner of Chillon. Then I made a noise. I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened: it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the staircase. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us: how could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it? Mrs. Sparrowgrass called once or twice, and then got frightened; the next thing I heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. Sparrowgrass was springing the rattle. That called out our neighbor, already wide awake: he came to the rescue with a bull terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window he shot at

me, but fortunately just missed me. I threw myself under the kitchen table and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up everybody around, broken in the basement door with an ax, gotten into the kitchen with his cursed savage dogs and shooting iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me; and then he wanted me to explain it! But what kind of an explanation could I make to him? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the whole matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you, in your own house, as if you were a jail-bird. He knows all about it, however: somebody has told him; *somebody* tells everybody everything in our village.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

By WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

[William Allen Butler: An American poet and author, born in Albany, N.Y., in 1825. He is a graduate of the University of New York (1843), a lawyer, and the author of "Nothing to Wear: an Episode in City Life" (1855), a biography of Martin Van Buren (1862), "Domesticus" (1886), a story of labor troubles, and many short poems, grave and juvenile.]

Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
  Has made three separate journeys to Paris;
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
  That she, and her friend Mrs. Harris,
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery,)
Spent six consecutive weeks, without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping:
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below:

For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;—
All of them different in color and pattern —
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive, and much more ethereal:
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of,
From ten-thousand-franc robes to twenty-sou frills;
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore —
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills!

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer *Arago*,
Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest, that they invested
Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, embroideries, worked underclothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
Gave *good-by* to the ship, and *go-by* to the duties.
Her relations at home all marveled, no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
For an actual belle and a possible bride;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
And the truth came to light, and the dry-goods beside
Which, in spite of collector and custom-house sentry,
Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
This merchandise went, in twelve carts, up Broadway,
This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert — this, you know, is between us —

That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
  Like Powers' Greek Slave or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say I have heard her declare,
  When at the same moment she had on a dress
  Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called "her affections,"
And that rather decayed but well-known work of art
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling her "heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted
  Not by moonbeam, nor starbeam, by fountain or grove;
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
  Beneath the gas fixtures, we whispered our love,
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions.
It was one of the quietest business transactions,
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like — now stop, don't you speak —
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call;
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff, —
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be
That as long as I choose, I am perfectly free —
For this is a kind of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the Stuckup's grand ball —

Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe —
I considered it only my duty to call
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her — as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual — I found (I won't say, I caught) her
Intent on the pier glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if, perhaps, it didn't need cleaning.
She turned, as I entered — "Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"
"So I did," I replied; "but the dinner is swallowed
And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more;
So being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
And now, will your ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"
The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, *mon cher*,
I should like above all things to go with you there;
But really and truly — I've nothing to wear!"
"Nothing to wear! Go just as you are:
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stuckup horizon." She turned up her nose
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"
So I ventured again — "Wear your crimson brocade."
(Second turn up of nose) — "That's too dark by a shade."
"Your blue silk" — "That's too heavy;" "Your pink" — "That's too light."
"Wear tulle over satin" — "I can't endure white."
"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch," —
"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."
"Your brown moire-antique" — "Yes, and look like a Quaker:"
"The pearl-colored," — "I would, but that plaguy dressmaker
Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock"
(Here the nose took again the same elevation) —

"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."
"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
As more *comme il faut* ——" "Yes, but, dear me, that lean
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen;"
"Then that splendid purple, that sweet mazarine;
That superb point d'aguille, that imperial green,
That zephyr-like tarlatan, that rich grenadine"—
"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"
Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.
"Then wear," I exclaimed in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous toilet, which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation,
And by all the grand court were so very much courted."
The end of the nose was portentously turned up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
And that, and the most of my dresses, are ripped up!"
Here I ripped out something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"
And proved very soon the last act of our session.
"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you. Oh! you men have no feeling
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures!
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers,
Your silly pretense — why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher),
"I suppose if you dared, you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, sir — yes, on the spot;
You're a brute and a monster, and — I don't know what."
I mildly suggested the words — Hottentot,
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief;
But this only proved as spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;
It blew, and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed,
To express the abusive; and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears;

And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-
Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.
Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat too.
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry — I hardly knew how —
On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and upstairs in my own easy chair;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject; and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,
But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear!" . . .

Oh! ladies, dear ladies, the next time you meet,
Please trundle your hoops just outside Regent Street,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes where misfortune and guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built;
Where hunger and vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold,
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor;
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of hell,
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door!

Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare —
Spoiled children of Fashion — you've nothing to wear!

And oh! if perchance there should be a sphere
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare and the glitter and tinsel of time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretense,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love; —
O daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

PRINCE BISMARCK'S LETTERS.

[Otto Edouard Leopold, Prince Von Bismarck: A famous Prussian statesman and diplomat; born at Schönhausen, Prussia, April 1, 1815. In 1847 he entered the Prussian Landtag. In 1851 he was Prussian ambassador at Frankfort; in 1859 ambassador to Russia; in 1862 ambassador to France. In 1862 he became Prussian minister of foreign affairs. In 1867 he was made chancellor of the North German Confederation, and in 1871 the first chancellor of the German empire. On March 18, 1890, soon after the accession of William II., he resigned from office and thereafter lived in retirement until his death, July 30, 1898. A collection of his letters was published during his lifetime. His memoirs were announced, in August, 1898, for simultaneous publication in the German, English, and French languages.]

To Freiherr von Schleinitz.

Petersburg, *May* 12, 1859.

I have brought away, as the result of my experience, from the eight years of my official life at Frankfort, the conviction that the present arrangements of the Bund form for Prussia an oppressive and, in critical times, a perilous tie, without affording us in exchange the same equivalents which Austria derives from them, while she retains at the same time a much greater freedom of separate action. The two Powers are not measured by the princes and governments of the smaller states with the same measure; the interpretation of the objects and laws of the Bund are modified according to the requirements of the Austrian policy. . . . *Invariably we found ourselves confronted by the same compact majority, the same demand on Prussia's compliance.* In the Eastern question, Austria's spe-

cific weight proved itself so superior to ours that even the unison of the wishes and inclinations of the allied governments, with the endeavors of Prussia, could only oppose to her a temporarily resisting dam. Almost without exception, our allies gave us then to understand, or even openly declared, that they were powerless to uphold the Bund with us, if Austria meant to go her own way, although it is indubitable that the laws of the Bund and true German interests were on the side of our peaceful policy; this was, at any rate at that time, the opinion of almost all the allied princes. Would these ever in a similar manner sacrifice their own inclinations and interests to the needs or even to the security of Prussia? Certainly not, since their attachment to Austria rests predominantly on false interests, which dictate to both sides a united front against Prussia, the repression of all progressive development of Prussia's power and influence as a lasting basis of their common policy. The completion of the present formation of the Bund, by placing Austria at its head, is the natural aim of the policy of the German princes and their ministers. This can only be achieved in their sense at the expense of Prussia, and is necessarily directed against her alone, as long as Prussia will not limit herself to the useful task of insuring her allies, who have an equal interest and duty in the matter as herself, against too great a preponderance on the part of Austria, and to bear, with never-failing complacency and devotion to the wishes of the majority, the disproportion of her duties to her rights in the Bund. This tendency of the policy of the middle States will reappear with the constancy of the magnet after every transitory oscillation, because it represents no arbitrary product of single circumstances or persons, but forms for the smaller States a natural and necessary result of the conditions of the Bund. We have no means of coming to a satisfactory and reliable arrangement with her within the circle of the present Diet treaties.

Since the time our allies in the Bund, nine years ago, commenced, under Austria's leadership, to bring to the light of day, from the hitherto disregarded arsenal of the fundamental laws of the Bund, such principles as can promote their system; and since the time the resolutions, which could only have significance in the sense of their originators, so far as they were supported by the agreement of Prussia and Austria, were attempted to be worked with the object of keeping Prussian policy in a state of tutelage, we have had to experience unin-

terruptedly the pressure of the situation in which we have been placed by the conditions of the Bund and its eventual historical development. We had to tell ourselves, however, that in quiet and regular times we might indeed, with able management, weaken the evil in its consequences, though we could do nothing to effect a cure; while, in dangerous times like the present, it is only too natural that the other side, which finds itself in possession of all the advantages of the arrangements, willingly admits that much irregularity has occurred, but declares, "in the general interest," the present moment utterly unsuited to bring bygone matters and "internal" disputes into discussion. For us, however, an opportunity, if we leave the present one unused, will perhaps not turn up again so soon, and we must afterwards once more resignedly confine ourselves to the fact that in more orderly times the matter admits of no alteration.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has taken up a position which has the undivided applause of all those who are capable of entertaining any judgment concerning Prussian policy, and who do not allow their view of it to be dimmed by party passions. With respect to this position, a part of our allies of the Bund seek by inconsiderate and fanatical endeavors to lead us astray. If the statesmen of Bamberg are so wantonly ready to follow the first impulse of the war cry of the indiscriminating and changeable opinion of the hour, they do so perhaps not without the secret thought of the facility with which a small State can, in case of need, change its colors. But when they want, at the same time, to avail themselves of the arrangements of the Bund to send a power like Prussia under fire, if we are expected to stake our lives and property for the political wisdom and thirst for action of governments to whose existence our protection is indispensable; if these States want to give us the directing impulse, and if, as a means to this end, they contemplate *theories of the rights of the Bund, the recognition of which would put an end to all independence of Prussian policy;* then, in my judgment, if we do not want to surrender altogether, it will be time to remember that the leaders who expect us to follow them serve other interests than those of Prussia, and that they so understand the cause of Germany, which they are always talking about, that it cannot, at the same time, be the cause of Prussia.

I am going, perhaps, too far in expressing the view that we

ought to seize upon every legitimate occasion which our allies offer us, to attain that revision of our mutual relations which Prussia needs that she may be able to live permanently in orderly relations with the smaller German States. I think we should readily take up the gauntlet, and should look upon it as no misfortune, but as an improving step of the crisis toward convalescence, were a majority in Frankfort to arrive at a resolution in which we perceive an overstepping of its competency, an arbitrary alteration of the object for which the Bund exists, and a breach of the treatise in connection with the Bund. *The more unequivocally such a violation comes to light the better.* In Austria, France, Russia, we shall not easily find the conditions again so favorable for allowing us an improvement of our position in Germany, and our allies of the Bund are on the best road to afford us a perfectly just occasion for it, and without even our aiding their arrogance. Even the *Kreutz Zeitung*, as I see by last Sunday's copy, is startled at the idea that a Frankfort majority could without further ado dispose of the Prussian army. *Not only in this paper* have I hitherto observed with apprehension what supremacy Austria has created for herself in the German press by the cleverly laid net of her influence, and how well she knows how to wield this weapon. Without this, the so-called public opinion would hardly have got up to such a height; I say "the so-called," for the real mass of the population is never inclined to war, if the actual sufferings of heavy oppression have not provoked them. It has come to such a pitch that under the cloak of general German sentiment hardly a Prussian paper dares to avow Prussian patriotism. The general "cant" plays a great part in this; not less the florins, which never fail Austria for such a purpose. The majority of newspaper contributors write for their livelihood, the majority of papers have income for their main object; and in some of our papers, and others, an experienced reader may easily discover whether they have again received a subvention from Austria, are soon expecting it, or by threatening hints want to bring it about.

I think we could cause an important change in the tone of public feeling if, in answer to the arrogance of our German brethren of the Bund, we were to touch in the press the chords of independent policy. Perhaps things are going on in Frankfort which will afford us the most ample occasion for doing so.

In these eventualities the wisdom of our precautionary mili-

tary measures may be turned to account towards other points of the compass, and thereby give emphasis to our position. Then will Prussia's self-reliance sound a louder, and perhaps more successful, tone than the present daily one of the Bund. *The word "German," instead of "Prussian," I would fain see inscribed upon our flag when first we are united with the rest of our countrymen in a closer and more efficient bond than hitherto;* the magic of it is lost if one wastes it on the present daily tangle of the affairs of the Bund.

I fear that your —— at this epistolary inroad on the field of my former activity will mentally give me a *ne sutor ultra crepidam* reminder; but I never intended making an official *exposé*, rather merely to lay before you the evidence of a person, well acquainted with the subject, against the Bund.

I see in our relation with the Bund an error of Prussia's, which, sooner or later, we shall have to repair "ferro et igni," unless we take advantage betimes of a favorable season to employ a healing remedy against it. If the Bund were simply abolished to-day, without putting anything in its stead, I believe that by virtue of this negative acquisition better and more natural relations than heretofore would be formed between Prussia and her German neighbors.

BISMARCK.

TO HIS WIFE.

Moscow, *June* 6, 1859.

I will send you at least a sign of life from here, while I am waiting for the Samovar, and a young Russian in a red shirt is exerting himself behind me with vain attempts to light a fire — he puffs and blows, but it will not burn. After having complained so much about the scorching heat lately, I awoke to-day between Twer and here, and thought I was dreaming when I saw the country and its fresh verdure covered far and wide with snow. I shall wonder at nothing again, and having convinced myself of the fact beyond all doubt, I turned quickly on the other side to sleep and roll on farther, although the play of colors — from green to white — in the red dawn of day was not without its charm. I do not know if the snow still lies at Twer; here it has thawed away, and a cool gray rain is rattling on the green tin of the roofs. Green has every reason to be the Russian favorite color. Of the 500 miles I have passed in traveling here I have slept away about 200, but each handbreadth

of the remainder was green in every shade. Towns and villages, and more particularly houses, with the exception of the railway stations, I did not observe. Bushy forests with birch trees cover swamp and hill, a fine growth of grass beneath, long tracts of meadow land between; so it goes on for 50, 100, 200 miles. Plowed land I do not remember to have remarked, nor heather, nor sand. Solitary grazing cows or horses awoke one at times to the presumption that there might be human beings in the neighborhood. Moscow, seen from above, looks like a field of young wheat; the soldiers are green, the cupolas green, and I do not doubt that the eggs on the table before me were laid by green hens. You will want to know how I come to be here; I, also, have already asked myself this question, and the answer I received was that change is the soul of life. The truth of this profound saying becomes especially obvious after having lived for ten weeks in a sunny room of a hotel, with the lookout on pavement. The charms of moving become rather blunted if they occur repeatedly within a short period; I therefore determined to forego them, handed over all paper to ——, gave Engel my keys, declared that I would put up in a week at Stenbock's house, and drove to the Moscow station. This was yesterday at noon, and this morning, at eight o'clock, I alighted here at the Hôtel de France. First of all I shall pay a visit to a charming acquaintance of former times, who lives in the country, about twenty versts from here; to-morrow evening I shall be here again; Wednesday and Thursday shall visit the Kremlin and so forth; and Friday or Saturday sleep in the beds which Engel will meantime buy. Slow harnessing and fast driving lies in the character of this people. I ordered the carriage two hours ago: to every call which I have been uttering for each successive ten minutes of an hour and a half, the answer is, "Immediately," given with imperturbably friendly composure; but there the matter rests. You know my exemplary patience in waiting, but everything has its limits; afterwards there will be wild galloping, so that on these bad roads horse and carriage break down, and at last we reach the place on foot. I have meanwhile drunk three glasses of tea and annihilated several eggs; the efforts at getting warm have also so perfectly succeeded, that I feel the need of fresh air. I should, out of sheer impatience, commence shaving if I had a glass. This city is very straggling, and very foreign-looking with its green-roofed churches and innumerable cupolas; quite

different to Amsterdam, but both the most original cities I know. No German guard has a conception of the luggage people drag with them into the railway carriage; not a Russian goes without two real pillows in white pillow-cases, children in baskets, and masses of eatables of every kind. Out of politeness they bowed me into a sleeping car, where I was worse off than in my seat. Altogether it is astonishing to me to see the fuss made here about a journey.

ARCHANGELSKI, *Late in the Evening.*

This day last year I did not even dream that I should now be sitting here, of all places in the world; by the river on which Moscow stands, about fifteen miles above the town, with widely extended landscape-gardening around, is situated a mansion in the Italian style; in front of it stretches a broad, terraced, sloping turf; hedges like those at Schönbrunn border down to the river; and to the left of it, near the water, stands a summer house, in the six rooms of which I move in a solitary circle. On the other side of the water a wide moonlit plain; on this side lawn, hedges, and orangery. In the fireplace the wind is howling and the flame flickering; from the walls all pictures are looking ghostlike at me, statues from without point through the window. To-morrow I am going with my hosts back to Moscow; from there they go, the day after to-morrow, *via* Petersburg to Berlin. I remain till Friday, if it is God's will, *to see what is to be seen.* As for the rest, this pen is too bad, I am going to bed, broad and cold though it looks. Good night! God be with you, and all under the roof of Reinfeld.

TO ——, AFTER READING A LIFE AND LETTERS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

[For biographical sketch, see page 42.]

"Curst be he that moves my bones."
— *Shakespeare's Epitaph.*

YOU might have won the Poet's name,
If such be worth the winning now,
And gained a laurel for your brow
Of sounder leaf than I can claim;

But you have made the wiser choice,
A life that moves to gracious ends
Thro' troops of unrecording friends,
A deedful life, a silent voice:

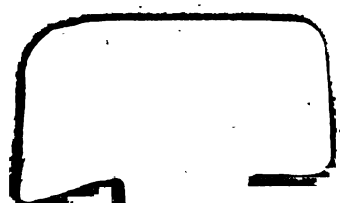
And you have missed the irreverent doom
Of those that wear the Poet's crown:
Hereafter, neither knave nor clown
Shall hold their orgies at your tomb.

For now the Poet cannot die,
Nor leave his music as of old,
But round him ere he scarce be cold
Begins the scandal and the cry:

"Proclaim the faults he would not show:
Break lock and seal: betray the trust:
Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know."

Ah shameless! for he did but sing
A song that pleased us from its worth;
No public life was his on earth,
No blazoned statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best:
His worst he kept, his best he gave.
My Shakespeare's curse on clown and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest!

Who make it seem more sweet to be
The little life of bank and brier,
The bird that pipes his lone desire
And dies unheard within his tree,

Than he that warbles long and loud
And drops at Glory's temple-gates,
For whom the carrion vulture waits
To tear his heart before the crowd!